

JULY 1947

THE

Atlantic



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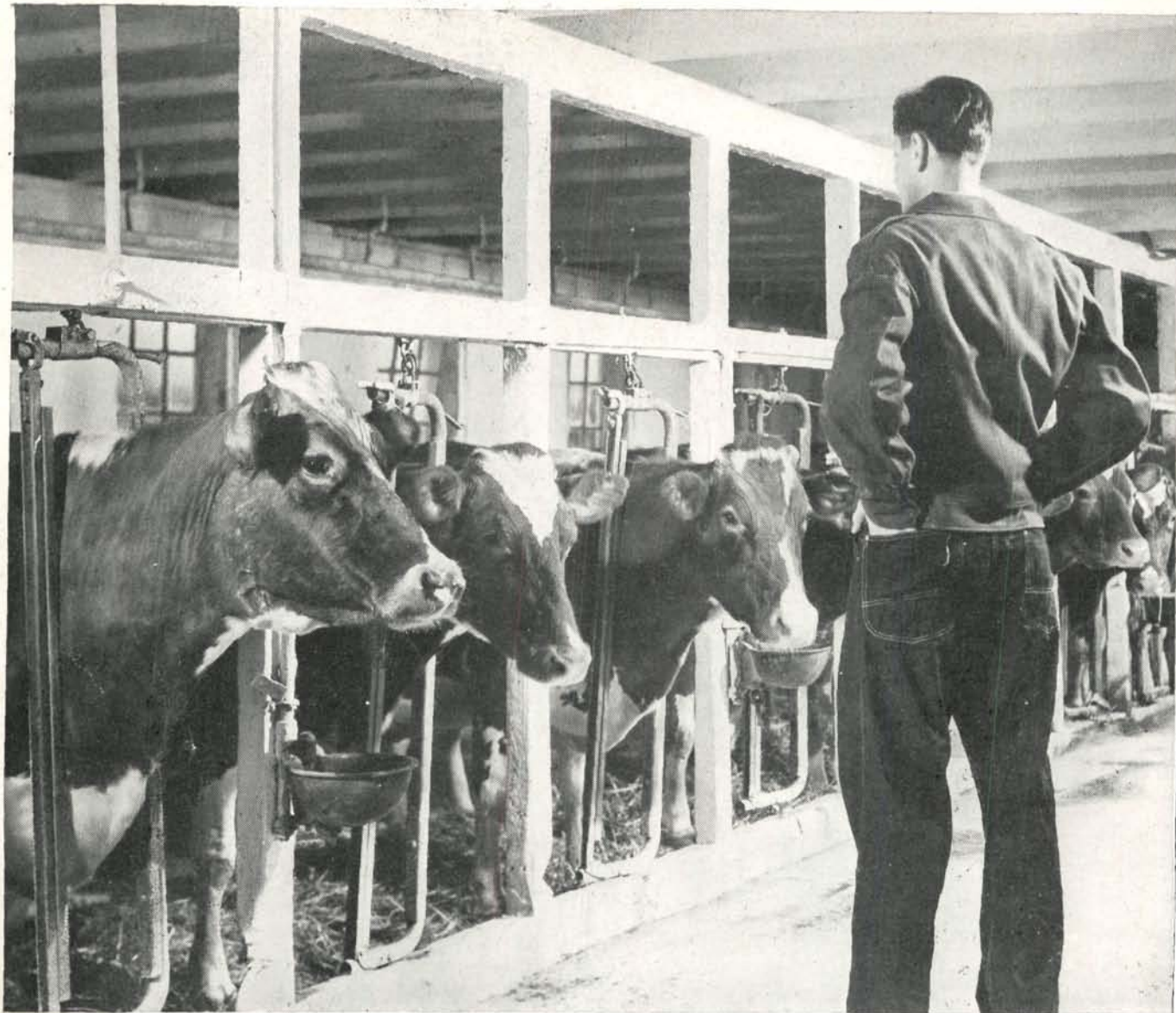
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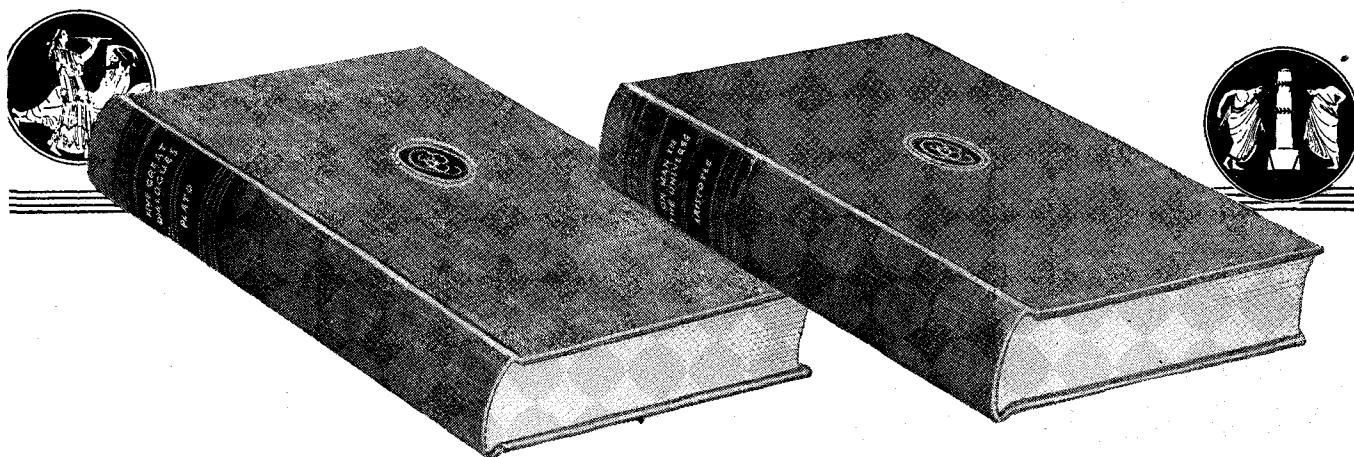
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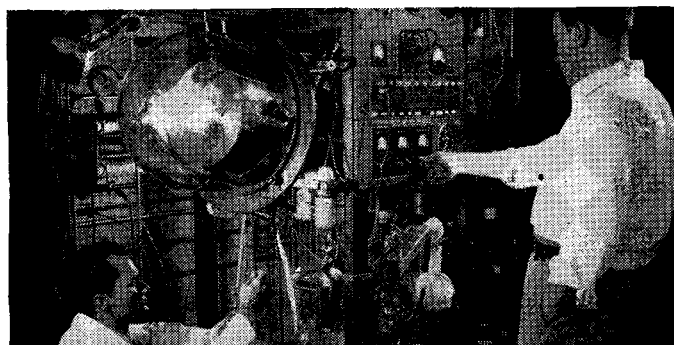
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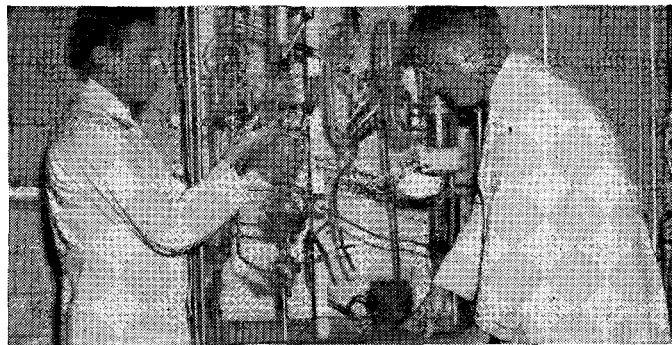
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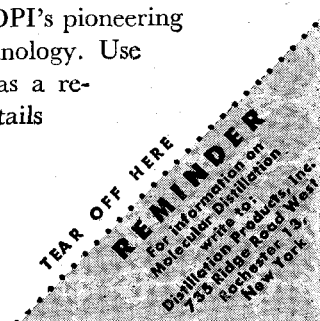
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Washington

AT the Treasury no stock is taken in the talk of a slump in the immediate future. Prognostications to that effect are believed to be as harmful as they are wrong. They cater to those psychological forces which are just as potent in influencing the economy as economic forces. It is believed that they foment the non-coöperative attitude of Russia. Moscow is averse to any bargaining until the "inevitable" depression has hit America. In that event the Russians feel they might pick up advantages as at a fire sale. Indeed, they think that America might then withdraw from Europe.

The Administration is wedded to the theory of the compensatory economy — that is, the release of buying power by tax reductions when a tail spin is indicated — but thinks we are still in a state of inflation. The latest government figures for employment indicate that except for "frictional" unemployment, due to seasonality and necessary adjustments in a system of free enterprise, the country is fully employed.

To be sure, there are bad spots, as in the falling off in construction. But it is felt that with wants and effective demand far from satiated, the ironing out of these bad spots will come without a slump. Only one of these bad spots causes genuine alarm. That is the world's dollar poverty. Our exports are now running at the astounding rate of 16 billion dollars a year. This cannot be kept up for the simple reason that neither the dollars nor the goods and services are available to pay for exports of such dimensions.

Imports this year will be around 8 billion dollars, and the 8-billion-dollar gap is being met out of dollars borrowed or saved. With the free supply dwindling fast, even in Canada, there is bound to be a crisis sooner or later unless remedial measures are taken, and such a crisis would have an impact throughout the American economy.

Remember 1920? In that year there was a break in the cotton market as a result of the cancellation of foreign orders, and the plight of the cotton growers in the South was passed on to everybody who sold anything to the South.

Lend-lease for peace

Harold E. Stassen has called for a return to a monster lend-lease program. He would earmark a tenth of our national production for abroad for ten years. That would be roughly equivalent to the maintenance of our present export trade, but it would directly serve reconstruction and would be devoted to projects of which we approve.

Eventual repayment would come in a variety of political and economic forms. Of major interest is Mr. Stassen's emphasis on critical materials of which we are short as a result of wartime sacrifice or exhaustion. He would list these materials so that when Europe has been restored to production (mainly, according to Mr. Stassen, by revival of coal output in the Ruhr), we could command a quota of these materials.

The Stassen plan created a vast amount of interest in the Capital. It is realized that the foreign exchange crisis must be fended off somehow, but the magnitude of the Stassen prescription staggered most people. There was, of course, the usual criticism of a political nature. Stassen's rivals for Republican favor called it "premature." The State Department was silent, though there are indications to show that some big integrated plan is in the making. The hint had already been given by Under Secretary Acheson.

Government by lobby

Lobbyists have become an essential feature of our government. They have been called the "invisible government." Yet there is nothing invisible about



What every bride shouldn't know:

WHAT it feels like to be poor . . .

What it feels like when your first-born needs an expensive doctor—and you can't afford it . . .

What it's like wanting a home of your own . . . and never quite getting it . . .

What it's like having your kids grow up not knowing whether they'll ever get to college . . .

What it's like to see your friends able to travel abroad—but never you . . .

What it's like to have to keep telling yourself, "He may not have money, but he's my Joe."

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their operations. You will see them in the corridors of the Capitol every day, buttonholing or conferring with the legislators. Their aid is indispensable, and Representative Estes Kefauver goes so far as to say in block letters in his current book, *A Twentieth Century Congress*, that "Congress cannot function today without lobbyists."

There are a number of contributing causes: the confusion and planlessness of the business of drafting laws, the complexity of present-day problems, the increasing role of government in our life, and the lack of enough expert aid at the Congressman's elbow. The legislators are so overburdened with work that lobby-inspired bills get by for want of adequate research and study time.

Newcomers with a passion for good government are always appalled by this sloppiness. They are dismayed at the easy dependence on lobbyists by the old-timers. It is so convenient to let some lawyer or trade association do the donkey work in drafting new legislation. But the spectacle makes the freshmen itch for reform.

It would be invidious to try to pick out the most influential of the lobbies. There is certainly no counterpart for that genius of the Anti-Saloon League, the late Wayne B. Wheeler. But there are scores of the ablest men in industry and labor who devote their talents to influencing legislation. Their activities have been exposed in at least two investigations. One was the Caraway inquiry; the other was the famous public utility probe conducted by the Federal Trade Commission.

Who is a lobbyist?

All that came out of these investigations was a bill requiring lobbyists to register. This was put into the law under the La Follette-Monroney Act of last year. The trouble lay in definition. A lobbyist is a person who devotes a "major portion" of his time to influencing legislation. But how prove that lobbying takes up most of a person's time? It is so easy to demonstrate the contrary that relatively few lobbyists have complied with the registration requirements of the La Follette-Monroney Act.

The real remedy for the power of the lobby is, of course, to put the Federal legislature in a position to rely on its own resources. Already a start has been made in this direction by the La Follette-Monroney Act. Congress has strengthened the bill-drafting service in the two houses, enlarged the legislative reference service of the Library of Congress, and given the committees more aid through the provision of expert staffs.

Representative Kefauver thinks this is just a beginning in enabling Congress to become independent of

lobbyists. The problem as he sees it is to give the legislators more time as well as more help to do their work. Thus he would limit debate in the Senate, do away with the intolerable burden of non-legislative duties, and improve the liaison with the Executive branch of government.

By this last suggestion he does not mean that Congress should rely on experts in Executive employ. There is too much of that already. In a way, reliance upon the Executive is just as bad as reliance upon the outside aid of lobbyists. What is needed is the time that is now wasted in haggling with the Executive in matters that might be adjusted by a better method of liaison.

New laws and old habits

Doubtless these steps will one day be formulated in a new measure. The chief preoccupation of reformers of Congress at present is to realize in performance the partial reorganization effected under the La Follette-Monroney Act of 1946. It is clear from the hubbub in Congress that this reform is not being administered according to plan.

Old habits rise superior to new laws. Backsliding is to be observed in the establishment of special committees and the reappearance of secret hearings in violation of the spirit and purpose of the La Follette-Monroney Act. It is to be seen in the way that the streamlined committee system under the new law is spawning virtually autonomous subcommittees.

Perhaps it was naïve to expect order out of accustomed chaos in spite of the legislative mandate. Legislators' minds require to be brought abreast of the laws they themselves enact. But the chief handicap in making the transition is the absence of policy committees in Congress. This change would have equipped Congressional reorganization with steering gear. It was omitted from the law because of the bitter opposition of Speaker Rayburn. He said he wasn't going to allow these "kids" to take away his prerogatives.

Speakers are traditionally jealous of their power, and in times past they have virtually been the czars of the popular branch of Congress. The nature of their dictatorial powers is indicated by the fact that it was Speaker Rayburn himself who deleted all reforms displeasing to himself before allowing the La Follette-Monroney bill to come to the floor of the House.

The "larks" and the "owls"

The strenuous social life in the Capital leaves little time for thinking. People were well aware of this during the war, when parties broke up before eleven. Secretary Marshall, a man of the most rigorous personal habits himself, nurses his time so that he may keep his brain in rested condition for decisions. He



Atlantic Monthly and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

AWARDS FOR ATLANTIC "FIRSTS"

in these years many men and women are having their first try at writing fiction. Some of them have returned to college from the services; some of them are in business; some are venturing forth as free-lances. The *Atlantic* feels that special encouragement should be held out to all writers of promise who have not yet established themselves. Throughout 1947 we will, therefore, reserve space in each issue for *Atlantic* "Firsts" — stories by new writers.

Atlantic "Firsts" will be paid for at our top fee. And at six-month intervals the *Atlantic* editors, with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, will make two awards, the first of \$1500, the second of \$750, to the authors of those "Firsts" which we have published and which in the opinion of the *Atlantic* editors are the most promising. It should be understood that these stories will be judged as stories, and that MGM, like the *Atlantic*, is primarily interested in discovering and advancing the work of new writers. Neither one-act plays nor scenarios will be eligible for these awards. But if there are film possibilities in the prize winners, MGM will have the option to buy any of them at \$5000 each.

Candidates for *Atlantic* "Firsts" may run between 2000 and 20,000 words. The prize winners will be selected from the "Firsts" published in each six-month calendar period, January to June, and July to December, and the judgment of the editors will be final. The words "*Atlantic First*" must appear on the first page of each manuscript submitted.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts

is what Dr. Harvey Cushing would have called a "lark." That is to say, he works better in the morning, and by four o'clock he considers himself unfitted to make decisions.

The other branch of the human family Dr. Cushing called the "owls," and you will see them still at it any time of night in the State Department. While they are at work, Secretary Marshall is doing his thinking at home, or relaxing with friends. He is seldom seen at parties and functions.

Kennan and State Department planning

Secretary Marshall has set up a separate planning division in the State Department. This branch will have no administrative work to do. It is headed by 43-year-old George F. Kennan, by common consent our most brilliant student of Russia. Kennan learned his Russian in the thirties while a language student in Berlin. He was posted to Moscow in 1934. Since then he has served two additional terms in the Soviet capital, the last being from 1944 to 1945, when he came home to lecture at the War College.

His dispatches from Moscow are said to have vied with General Marshall's dispatches from China for insight and exposition. They showed not only a historical background, but also an understanding born of deep reflection on Russian psychology. Never didactic, he eschews the Communist approach to things Russian, but thinks in terms of Russian mystique and Russian expansionism. He knows there is such a thing as public opinion in Russia.

It is this opinion that we are seeking to reach through the Voice of America broadcasts. Kennan is enthusiastic for them. In his judgment, the men in the Kremlin fear more than anything else the comparison that their people might make with life abroad. His knowledge of Russia is supplemented by extensive experience in Eastern Europe, where he has served in Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Austria, and Czechoslovakia.

When Kennan came home two years ago, he was allowed to go on a lecture tour, so as to contribute his lore to public understanding. Wherever he went he wrote back his impressions to the State Department. And it is said his letters about the domestic scene were a match for his dispatches from Moscow.

Under Kennan there will be about a dozen foreign service officials who will think out our diplomatic strategy, though their immediate assignment is to draft some kind of continental plan for the resuscitation of Western Europe.

They will not live in any ivory tower. It is contemplated that they will gather testimony like any Congressional committee from specialists in private

life. Experts will be called in as required. An innovation will be the man-bites-dog practice of asking the views of newspapermen with special knowledge. This is only one of many reforms of State Department practice going on under Secretary Marshall.

Our underpaid diplomats

Marshall's chief headache is the constant loss of subordinates going back into the foreign service field or retiring into private life. There were about fifteen men in the Department when he came who could be called policy-makers. Eight of them either have left or are leaving.

Nothing can be done about the foreign service officials; after four years in the Department they are obliged by law to return to the field. But something can be done about officials not in the foreign service. That something is either to raise their salaries or to give them adequate allowances. Allowances are paid in varying amounts to foreign service officials and heads of missions abroad. But in Washington there is no such budget, and entertaining must be done — unless at the official Blair House — out of the official's own pocket.

If salaries were adequate, this wouldn't matter. But they are not. The Under Secretaries are paid \$12,000 a year; Assistant Secretaries, \$10,000. It was said, when the able Dean Acheson resigned as Under Secretary, that he could no longer afford to draw on capital in order to hold down his job. The same is true of at least two of the Assistant Secretaries. Secretary Marshall is thinking of asking Congress for a special fund similar to the President's fund with which to eke out his staff's remuneration.

THE MOOD OF THE CAPITAL

The mood of the Capital is beset by the clouds on the horizon made up of the Russo-Western clash. But it still lacks perspective. It is all very well to justify tax reduction on the grounds that the recession calls for relief in all income brackets. Some believe this argument. Others think with the Administration that the picture is overdrawn, and simply feel called upon to redeem their promises to the electorate. But it is another thing to expect them to reconcile tax reduction with the bill for reconstruction aid that is in the offing.

In default of fundamental thought about foreign affairs — that is, how to stop Communist erosion of impoverished countries in Western Europe — the Republicans are getting aroused over Communist activities at home. It seems clear that there will be a special session this fall for consideration of comprehensive reconstruction as the best anti-totalitarian weapon.

Norwich, Conn.

Dear ATLANTIC.

So thoroughly have I enjoyed the last issue that I am wondering if you would care to send a complimentary copy to my friend whose name and address are enclosed. If you will write her, I am inclined to feel that she, too, would like to follow the ATLANTIC each month.

In passing, it may interest you to know that mine is the third-generation household in which the ATLANTIC is a most welcome guest.

Sincerely,

M. W. Jones

Naturally, we were delighted to send a sample copy of the ATLANTIC, as requested. Are there any names to which you would like us to send a complimentary copy? If so, just jot them down below, and we will mail one off without delay.

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Europe

THE Continent is heading into a long-expected "dollar crisis." The delegates who assembled at Geneva in April to construct the International Trade Organization found their project stuck in the doldrums, thanks to a threat of high tariffs from Washington, which shows signs of reverting to the ostrich policy of the nineteen-twenties.

Under Secretary of State Will Clayton, leader of the American delegation, had to scurry home in May to do battle for his country's trade policy. The whole gigantic international effort mustered behind the project, from Bretton Woods to last winter's London Conference, is under fire from powerful special interests eager for new tariff protection, and from all the avowed foes of reciprocal trade pacts.

The jeopardy facing the International Trade Organization is serious for all European nations. It highlights the possibility that adequate corrective measures may not be taken to prevent open and furious trade war between the United States and the rest of the world. Such a struggle, induced by economic unwisdom and the pressures of economic distress following World War I, led to disaster. Now Europe is wondering if the hopes for liberation of world trade, which were built up on the thesis of the International Trade Organization, are to be dashed by the country which originated the idea.

A second European perplexity stems from Secretary of State Marshall's reluctant admission that the Greek-Turkish aid program marks the limits of American intentions with respect to large foreign loans and grants-in-aid for reconstruction purposes, at least during the present session of the Congress. These developments are being interpreted in Europe — rightly or wrongly — as new evidence of ebbing enthusiasm in the United States for an adequate foreign-assistance program.

Last winter, when the United States retreated from its original agreement to adhere to the International Relief Organization, and instituted unilateral action, there were forebodings in Europe. The growing coolness of Congress toward the Administration's substitute program, and the stormy course of the \$350,000,000 foreign-relief appropriation, make Europeans question whether the United States has a policy which can weather the next critical year.

Neither in England nor on the Continent is there much optimism that the urgent pleas of Henry Wallace for a broad policy of planned expenditures for rehabilitation will be heeded, or that Harold Stassen's more conservative proposals along the same line will win substantial support, or that there will be action to implement Dean Acheson's blunt warnings that assistance on a huge annual scale is essential to American domestic stability and to world recovery.

The race for reconstruction

This situation develops at an unusually awkward moment for the economy of Europe. There is little doubt that hunger can be withstood until the harvests begin to come in next month. The deeper question concerns reconstruction plans. Unless these can be speeded up, the forces generating social and political explosion may prove unmanageable next winter. Dwindling dollar reserves and due dates on short-term credits are worrying almost every capital on the Continent.

The Norwegians, who foresaw these difficulties, have negotiated the first private bank loan arranged by any European country since the start of the recent war — \$10,000,000 from a New York bankers' group headed by Kuhn, Loeb and Harriman, Ripley. The Dutch have been close behind the Norwegians. But these loans are relatively small. Even France, which obtained a \$250,000,000 credit through the Interna-

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EUROPE (Continued)

tional Bank in May, finds her ambitious Monnet Plan drifting toward the reefs.

Until Secretary Marshall indicated the growing coldness on Capitol Hill, Paris had hoped to obtain four times that amount — all of which France sorely needs for new development of her agriculture and industries. Europe is more sharply aware than is Washington of the tremendous pressure of present economic and social facts. Europeans simply do not believe that the efficient way for us to combat political extremism is to export arms and talk tough.

Borrowed money and rising prices

The financial difficulties produced by the "dollar crisis" are reflected in other ways. Rising American prices have diminished the value of loans which commit the borrower to purchase in the American market. Europe's economic hazards are dramatized further by difficulties in getting payments really flowing in the form of exports to the United States. Here is a phenomenon that reminds Europeans unpleasantly of the nineteen-twenties.

American policy in Greece and the Middle East, and certain hints dropped by Washington about pooling resources for joint development, have raised alarm. In every capital in Europe lively fears are expressed that political conditions attached to future American credits may "impair sovereignty." That is a polite way of saying that American interests, driven by immense surplus productive capacity, have an eye on economic preserves hitherto viewed as exclusively national. Turkey's wariness about conditions attached to her \$100,000,000 military loan received significant applause in the European press, though scant attention in the United States.

Despite the continuing crisis at home and political enigmas throughout her empire, France has taken the precaution to enact a law which forbids any foreign enterprise to operate in her territories unless more than half the ownership is French. To supplement this safeguard, the French are pressing energetically the export of industry to Morocco and other colonies. During March, 124 new French companies, capitalized at nearly 300,000,000 francs, opened operations in Morocco. Previously, fewer than 50 old French companies were in business there.

Anglo-Russian trade pact

A direct consequence of the European "dollar crisis" is visible in the tremendous power drive for trade pacts throughout the entire European area during the past three months. By this means, in the view of many economists in England and on the Continent, the dollar problem can be to some extent bypassed. The motivating idea behind this drive is to trade, wherever possible, directly in raw materials, goods, and services, under arrangements devised to bring about a more or less balanced exchange.

It is not surprising that Great Britain, Europe's most experienced large-scale trader, is taking the lead in

this movement. The British are trying to reopen commerce with the Soviet Union for the first time since 1938. Britain's trade mission to Moscow, headed by Harold Wilson, has succeeded in ironing out difficulties which during the past two years have prevented trade between the two nations.

Having broken the technical impasse between private British firms and the Soviet Foreign Trading Corporation, Mr. Wilson returned to London with the outline of a broad agreement. It covers both immediate and long-term commercial programs, though there is still much technical work to be done on details.

The Anglo-Russian treaty will provide for large purchases of lumber and timber equipment by the Soviet Union and, eventually, heavy compensatory shipments of lumber to Britain. Russian cotton — the acreage of which is to be greatly expanded during the next two years — and British rubber, wool, machine tools, and electrical machinery and equipment are involved.

The Anglo-Russian commercial pact is not expected to move into real operation for several months, after the Russian harvests are in and some of the present strains caused by food shortages are relieved. As an indication of the effort of directors of Britain's high policy to moderate the tensions between East and West, its significance is unmistakable.

While at Moscow, the British trade delegation conferred with Bulgarian, Yugoslav, and Hungarian trade missions which were also at the Russian capital on commercial missions. Great Britain does not intend to permit the political blockade instituted by differences between Russia and the United States to stand in the way of resumption of commercial activity beneficial to her strained economy.

Poland dickers

The Poles have negotiated a three-year trade treaty at London. Here, again, part of the war-torn fabric of European commerce has been skillfully rewoven. The new Anglo-Polish trade treaty, already agreed upon in principle, follows adjustment of the long-standing dispute between the two countries over disposition of the Polish gold reserves deposited in London during the war, and a new policy on the part of England, furthering the return of Polish exiles to their native land.

This trade pact will involve British exports of wool, rubber, tin, and graphite, in return for Polish eggs, poultry, bacon, butter, textiles, and furniture. Simultaneously, Poland has resumed trade relations with Finland, and has negotiated with Yugoslavia a highly important commercial pact which will operate during the next five years.

Norway seeks to balance her trade commitments in the dollar area with similar agreements. Within the past six weeks the Norwegian-French trade treaty of 1946 has been entirely overhauled and expanded. The new treaty envisions exchanges of whale oil, cod liver oil, fish, pulp, lime, zinc, paper, wines, chemicals, textiles, machinery, glass, and other items on a 6,000,000,000 franc basis over the next year.

In the Danube basin

The nations in the Danube basin are working like beavers to restore the trade structure in that area. This trend is the more notable because of the fact that the whole Balkan area is still bubbling with political unrest and in almost every country the maneuvering for control over government and policy continues. The one great lesson which most of the Danubian states seem to have learned from the recent war, and from the convulsions which have followed it, is that regional development of Danubia offers them their one best prospect for the future.

Czechoslovakia's plans for a huge new river port on the Danube at Komárno, to be built by Skoda, indicates substantial expansion of water-borne traffic on that greatest of Europe's inland waterways. Her new accord with Yugoslavia, like the commercial treaty she has just inaugurated with Poland, is an earnest of energy which can be measured by the rapid growth, these past six months, of her export trade to the whole Danube area.

The Czech trade treaty and another lately framed by Yugoslavia and Hungary bear direct relationship to Tito's campaign for new industries in the federated Yugoslav republic. This drive is proceeding despite the great handicaps of food shortages, poverty, and political strife.

Yugoslavia's new five-year plan is probably beyond her capacity. Its value is that it sets a target for the people and provides the country with a clear idea of what it wants to do. All of Yugoslavia's recent trade treaties are geared to this program. She is sending ores to Czechoslovakia in exchange for machinery, and ores to Hungary in return for the services of Hungarian electrical engineers who will build her power plants. Almost all these exchanges represent direct deals in goods and services — without the use of currency.

The recent Communist-directed shifts in Danubian governments have sharpened the division between East and West, but they are unlikely to halt the development of present trade trends in the Danube Valley itself. The real victims of the Communist coups, unhappily, are the genuinely democratic elements. They are now cut off and surrounded. And Austria, for some months longer at least, will remain a battleground for big-power politics.

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Canada

THE position of Canada vis-à-vis the United States is becoming extraordinarily difficult. So long as Great Britain was an economically powerful nation, Canada was not too greatly controlled by either Britain or the United States; and it caused no trouble that she systematically sold to one and bought from the other.

But the United States is now the most powerful nation in the world; and economically it seems to Canadians to be pursuing the same policy as after the First World War. It is rushing, Canada fears, and taking the world with it, down a steep slope to the sea of world depression, entirely on account of the fact that no other nation has any hard money.

The Canadian balance of trade with the United States is currently running at a rate which, if maintained, would put the Dominion 900 millions in the hole by the end of the year. Canada's balance of trade with the world as a whole is quite all right; but because the favorable part of it is with nations which cannot pay in hard money, or money which can be converted into U.S. funds, it does nothing to redress the balance with the United States.

Canadians are therefore faced with the urgent necessity of reducing this balance by any possible means. Ultimately, of course, it would reduce itself by natural means, but the only natural means is a severe depression. As long as Canadians have good incomes and good business prospects, they will go on spending money heavily in the United States, which is the chief source of most of their luxuries (including travel) and of a large part of their capital goods and imported raw materials.

Canada, like most countries in the present precarious state of the world, will do anything rather than face a severe depression. She will consequently

resort to artificial means of reducing the adverse balance of trade with the United States, and hope that they will work.

The most promising of these means is some form of stimulus to gold production, which has been as high as 200 million dollars a year, but fell off sharply with the rise in labor costs and the loss of the 10 per cent premium after the war. Gold is about the only article the export of which to the United States is susceptible of great and rapid increase. Demands for the re-establishment of the premium have been vigorous and insistent, and unless some alternative method of reducing the trade deficit is found, it is hard to see how these demands can long be resisted.

Back to barter?

During the war Canada's industrial capacity was increased by something like 100 per cent. But very little of the added product is salable in the United States, since it consists of goods identical with the products of American industry. Few of the other possible customers for it are in a position to pay U.S. funds. There are indications of a resumption of the barter transactions which characterized the period before World War II, and recently the governments of Canada and Argentina made a deal for the delivery of Canadian newsprint against Argentine oils and fats.

A great expansion of the system of international barter, or of the next thing to barter, — namely, a system of trading financed by soft money not convertible into U.S. dollars, — will be of use to Canada only if she can obtain from such soft-money sources all of that part of her present purchases from the United States which she cannot pay for without reducing her reserve of U.S. dollars — all, that is, which is not offset by her sales to the United

States of goods, services, and securities. And the soft-money countries are largely those which have been ravaged by war and will not be able to export on a big scale for several years.

Canadians hope that by some method or other the United States will make a greatly increased supply of American dollars available in the other countries of the world.

Canada's near-socialism

The Liberal Party under Mackenzie King has practically controlled the affairs of Canada since 1921, the first election after the First World War. The five-year interval of Conservative rule under R. B. Bennett was a product of the depression and reversed no Liberal policies. In fact, it started several policies, such as the nationalization of the Bank of Canada and of the broadcasting system, which the Liberals carried further.

Both the old parties were chiefly concerned during this period to block the progress of the Socialist Party without having to coalesce into a single party themselves, and both naturally adopted the method of enacting as much socialism as they thought would suffice to keep the electors from demanding a socialist government.

But the more advanced near-socialist measures which the Liberal Party has lately incorporated in its program threaten to put such a strain on the taxes that the Conservatives have been able to fight them without admitting that they are opposed to the measures themselves — an admission which would be fatal to the party's prospects.

There is obviously a limit to the total amount that can be taken out of a limited national income by way of taxes on personal and corporation income and inheritance. And the Conservatives in Ontario and their allies, the purely French-Canadian party called Union Nationale, in Quebec are taking the ground that the Liberals are destroying the autonomy of the provinces by taking away their sources of revenue.

This looks like a difficult matter to get the electors excited about, but the two provincial governments, whose provinces represent nearly two thirds of the population and even more of the wealth of the country, are working with tremendous effort in close coöperation with the Dominion Conservatives. They have at last found an issue upon which the French of Quebec and the Conservatives of Ontario can combine with some degree of plausibility.

Canadian Democrats

The curious thing about it is that the Liberals were originally — as were the Democrats in the

United States — the party maintaining the rights of the local sovereignty as against the national sovereignty. But they have been so long in power at Ottawa, and have committed themselves to such immense national welfare schemes, that they have become centralizers by pure force of circumstances and cannot now withdraw.

They have committed themselves to the proposition that a uniform level of social welfare should prevail throughout the nation, and to that end the major welfare schemes should be financed out of the national treasury in order that the poorer provinces may enjoy the average level at some expense to the richer ones. This is highly popular with the Atlantic coast and prairie provinces, but they have less than a third of the votes; Ontario and British Columbia are "rich" provinces, and Quebec is about average in taxable wealth and is intensely attached to provincial rights.

The Conservatives have not for many years past expected to do much in any of the poorer provinces anyhow, and their problem has been to reconcile the French of Quebec and the somewhat imperialist Conservatives of Ontario so that they could combine against the Liberals, a thing which they have not done since they threw out Laurier in 1911. It looks as if the present tactics might have some prospect of succeeding, though if they do, it will be largely because of the weaknesses which always develop in a party which has been long in power. Mr. King's health, which is uncertain, is a major factor in the situation.

Canada at Uncle Sam's side

Should the Conservative-Union Nationale combination come to power in the near future, it will probably take over about nine tenths of the Liberal policies, dropping only the more extreme of the Liberal social welfare ideas, and even these it will declare to be excellent in themselves but proper for execution by the provinces and not the Dominion. It may even adopt a system of grants-in-aid to help the poorer provinces.

The truth is that all the traditional policies of the Conservatives have ceased to be useful. They were the high-tariff party; but a high tariff against British goods is now impossible because the British owe Canada money and must be permitted to repay in goods, and a high tariff against American goods is useless on the classes of goods which Canada not produce and ineffective on the classes of which are already made in Canada by brave American corporations. There is no sign tariff will be even mentioned as a campaign

The Conservatives were the strong-Protection party; but it is no longer possible

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CANADA (continued)

cept sentimentally) about "Canada at Britain's side" without keeping in mind the fact that Canada will henceforth be of no use there unless she is also at the side of the United States at the same time. The external policies of Canada are fast becoming a nonpartisan matter, and may be entirely so in the next election. The Conservatives were usually the centralizing party as long as provincial rights meant chiefly the preservation of the special privileges of Quebec; they are now the most vociferous of provincialists.

The burden of controls

The great advantage the Conservatives have, outside of the Dominion-provincial relations question, is that they can promise, and should be better able than the Liberals to effect, a real reduction of the horde of officials and bureaus and regulators and inspectors who dug themselves in during the war and whom the present government has not the courage to throw out.

The Liberals have had to apply to Parliament for a continuation of the special powers which enabled them to operate these controls during the war and for two years after it, but the Conservatives put up a good fight for a much greater reduction of the controls than the government was willing to accept, and this attitude is undoubtedly popular with the country.

On the other hand the governments of both Ontario and Quebec are unpopular with labor on account of their attitude during the recent strikes, and their unwillingness to adopt more modern labor legislation now that the ending of the war has thrown the labor problem back into the provincial arena. The Quebec government had a new labor bill ready during the past session, but organized labor regarded it as unacceptable and it was not even introduced.

There is a general belief that the political power of labor is very much less than it was before the public realized the extent to which the Communists have infiltrated into the unions; but this belief still remains to be tested. The Communists have just provided themselves with a daily newspaper in Toronto, but its influence is not likely to be great except in the more leftist unions.

Both in economics and in international politics Canada is, for geographical reasons, very closely tied in with the United States. That is not very surprising at a time when the whole world, both for its prosperity or depression and for its peace or conflict, is more dependent on what the United States does than it has ever been on the policies of a single nation before.

But the tie-in of Canada is closer and more intimate than that of any other nation. It is well that there is so great a similarity between the characters, the habits, and the political ideals of the two peoples.

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Latin America

THUS far in 1947, most of the Latin American governments have moved steadily toward the Right. In Argentina, though arrangements for deporting eight more former Nazi agents were publicized late in May, actually the Perón government continues to strengthen its neo-fascist controls over Argentine politics and economy.

In Brazil, the Communist Party has been outlawed by congressional legislation, and, nominally at least, driven underground. In Chile, a cabinet crisis has been utilized to kick the Communists out of President Gabriel González Videla's government, in spite of the fact that 50,000-odd Communist votes last fall furnished the marginal plurality which elected him. In Guatemala, President Arevalo revoked the freedom of the press which has functioned in Central America's strongest republic since its liberal revolution of 1944, and restored traditionally tough Guatemalan censorship.

In Nicaragua, too, there was an apparently rightist, and certainly authoritarian, development. Twenty-five days after he was inaugurated president as the picked man of ostensibly retiring dictator Anastasio Somoza, 75-year-old Dr. Leonardo Argüello was thrown out of office by a Somoza-ordered military coup. Argüello's apparent error was that in his early official appointments he tried to be a real, instead of a puppet, president.

The forms were gone through in a congressional choice of a Somoza stooge, Benjamin Lacayo Sacasa, as Provisional President. Sacasa immediately appointed Somoza as Minister of War, Navy, and Aviation, and as commander of the National Guard.

Right face!

In all but a few instances, the reasons for this rightward march are in the open. One outstanding provo-

cation is that many leftist activities in Latin America have fallen into the control of Communists, or have been infiltrated by them. This gives the conservative and reactionary opposition — the big landholding, financial, and growing industrial employer interests, and the Church — something alarming to swing at.

Also, the fact of so much Communist influence, and the exaggeration of it, give the reactionary interests their chance to swing further to the right, when they do swing; than might be possible if their opponents were merely "democratic" leftists, like Venezuela's Betancourt.

This appears to have been the case in Brazil's official dissolution of the Communist Party. When the conservative majority in the Brazilian congress took its swing at the Communists, it did the job with a whoop and a holler and no legalistic punches pulled. As a result, Rio de Janeiro's dissolution statute went somewhat further than Brazil's great and good friend, the Washington State Department, would have liked to see it go. The State Department has enough trouble with Moscow already without stirring up any more on the Western Hemisphere front.

Neither did Washington's custodians of inter-American good-neighborliness like the idea of the Communist and fellow-traveler press throughout Latin America screaming that the wicked imperialist of the North was paying for the assassination of all true "liberalism" in Latin America.

Uncle's help wanted

Most of the Latin American republics want and desperately need United States loans, investments, and economic favors. So it is understandable that compliance with the rich uncle's presumed political tastes sometimes outruns what the State Department would not dream of even unofficially advising.

After all, most Latin American political leaders are addicted to sweeping gestures by tradition and temperament. Therefore, when it is a question of a policy of conciliation and appeasement toward a potential benefactor who, technically speaking, may not have asked anything, an extra sweep or two to a gesture may seem, at least to Latin American tacticians, just what is needed to make a gesture convincing.

Closely affected governments like the Brazilian and Chilean have read plenty into the signs of the slow "making-up" process between the Washington government and President Juan Domingo Perón's in Buenos Aires. Here and there more is being read into the atmosphere of reconciliation than is contained in the signs themselves.

Following President Truman's announcement that Washington was satisfied with the action taken by Argentina to comply with the anti-Nazi provisions of the Act of Chapultepec, Spruille Braden, who had fought long and hard against appeasement of the Perón regime, resigned. It was as clear a signal as could be given that the businessmen's ideas of letting bygones be bygones with Perón would prevail in Washington's official diplomatic policies.

If Perónism in Argentina was doing so well simply by sticking to its rightist and even neo-fascist guns, after having given, since long before Pearl Harbor, considerable provocation to the United States by doing so, why should conservatives and reactionaries in other Latin American republics stint themselves in battling their liberal and leftist elements around as a means of conciliating Uncle Sam?

This type of rationalization, as its popularity spreads in Latin America, may be watched as a source of other developments besides Brazil's law dissolving the Communist Party. The rationalization accounts in considerable part for the stepping up of activities against the Betancourt regime in Venezuela. It lies in the background of subtle efforts and propaganda now under way to shovel away the improvements from thirty-five years of social revolutionary experiment in Mexico, and to reconvert the late Don Porfirio Díaz's republic as nearly as possible into a "businessman's country."

President Alemán's visit to the United States this spring involved hopeful expectations of gringo credit and investments in Mexico amounting to projected totals of close to 600 million dollars. If veering to the right will help the Alemán government to get them, Mexican patriots can be trusted to cheer.

Unified defense of the Hemisphere

But some documentation of United States preference is still more direct. On May 26, in an official message

to Congress, President Truman revived a 1946 project for military aid to Latin America.

The President's message did not stop with proposing supply of military equipment to Western Hemisphere nations and United States training for their armed forces. It also left it up to the Chief Executive to accept in payment from the Latin American governments, not only cash or property, but "any other direct or indirect benefit which the President may determine to be adequate and satisfactory."

This arrangement, unusual for peacetime, would give Mr. Truman and his successors, certainly in the case of slightly used arms equipment, power to offer the Latin American states bargain deals on armaments, in return for practically any "indirect benefit" a Latin American ruler might think it expedient to confer upon Washington.

Chile's red purge

Some of the Latin American rightward trends, however, are perhaps less closely tied to Washington's new policy. In dropping the three Communist members from his cabinet in April, Chile's President González Videla no doubt saw certain potential economic advantages in his United States relationship. But placating Washington is unlikely to have been his main incentive.

Much more serious than the loss of gringo approval, the presence of reds in the Chilean cabinet was an invitation to a rightist revolution with plenty of help from Perón's bully-boy allies in Chilean politics. The Santiago cabinet shuffle, then, had more to do with domestic and South American power politics than it had with getting in line with the Truman Doctrine.

Similarly, nothing much is to be made out of the course of the Paraguayan revolution as a projection of Washington's Left-Right struggle. The Paraguayan rebels are simply trying to replace a peculiarly offensive dictator with one they hope will prove less offensive. In spite of their unfavorable but indecisive military record, they still have a chance to do this by negotiating, provided the late spring efforts of a former Brazilian Ambassador to Paraguay to do some mediating between the forces prove effective.

Guatemala's loss of a free press and some associated civil liberties reflects a deep-seated difficulty, more than a century old, of fairly decent Latin American leaders like President Arevalo who try to govern constitutionally. Much of the free press becomes an irresponsible agitation press. Irresponsible agitations collect dangerous followings. *El Presidente* becomes a dictator in order to keep from being ousted by a worse dictator.

ATLANTIC *Repartee*

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"The Soldier Dead Come Home"

● Writing with deep conviction, Beatrice Ayer Patton, widow of General George S. Patton, Jr., of the Third Army, has firmly opposed the repatriation of the war dead, a project discussed by David L. Cohn in our May issue. In the following letter, she brings to the attention of *Atlantic* readers a new proposal: —

Sir:

I enclose an extract from a letter asking me to be the speaker at the dedication of a Field of Honor. It seems to me that the spreading of an idea like this will do more against "repatriation" of the war dead than anything I have yet seen. I hope you can use it.

BEATRICE AYER PATTON
South Hamilton, Mass.

The excerpt to which Mrs. Patton refers is as follows: —

FIELD OF HONOR COMMITTEE

JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK

April 22, 1947

DEAR MRS. PATTON:

There is a great deal of earnest thought being given among the thousands of families of our war dead to the question of whether or not to ask removal from foreign burial places.

Sunset Hill Cemetery in this city has in our opinion performed a unique and valuable service in the establishment of its Field of Honor.

There will not be any burials in the Field of Honor. Families having men lost at sea, missing in action, or buried overseas, and not to be returned, upon application are assigned an individual memorial space similar to a regular grave. Here an individual memorial marker will be erected and the family may visit, and place flowers, just as if the burial were actually there.

This Committee is planning to provide a central

memorial for the Field of Honor and has already provided for placement of temporary markers at each of the eighty-six simulated graves already applied for. We are planning a dedication ceremony to take place the evening of Memorial Day, Friday, May 30, or Saturday, May 31.

The Field of Honor serves the spiritual purposes of the families without the heartaches attendant upon removal. We believe the idea could be extended to other communities.

Very truly yours,

FRED M. ABBOTT

Chairman, Field of Honor Committee

The Morals of Science

Sir:

It is not in the national interest to let the exchange between Norbert Wiener ("A Scientist Rebels," January *Atlantic*) rest with the reply by Louis N. Ridenour ("The Scientist Fights for Peace," May *Atlantic*). Wiener is not the pacifist objector as he is made out to be, witness his war work in the past years. And to call him "unpractical" begs the question. Wiener's letter was the moral statement of an individual: "I personally will have no more to do with this business as it is." Which is no more practical, but as full of significance, than Luther's "Here I stand; I can do no otherwise."

"Overlooking the astonishing lack of logic," says Ridenour, "that is involved in imposing one's own censorship while simultaneously rejecting that of others, I feel that Wiener is wrong in this attitude." Ridenour appears never to have met this particular astonishing lack of logic. It is called the Protestant attitude. Its opposite is totalitarianism. Thanks to that particular lack of logic, people who refused to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles went out and invented this country. If we overlook that trifling precedent, we are apt to run into strange lines of reasoning.

You cannot enlighten the people about weapons which are kept secret and about consequences which

1946

1947

Atlantic Prizes

to

High School and Private School Students

The Atlantic Contests for High School and Private School Students for 1946-1947 (*closing date April 10*) were open to all students using the Atlantic in a course during some part of the 1946-1947 school year.

Essay Contest

PRIZE—\$25.00

Chiaroscuro, by Constance Towson, Laurel School, Shaker Heights, Ohio; *Ethel Andrews, Instructor.*

HONORABLE MENTION

The Way He Likes to Grow, by Susan Savage, Kent Place School, Summit, New Jersey; *Florence E. Wolfe, Instructor.*

Winter Interlude, by Carol Wunderlich, Lewis and Clark High School, Spokane, Washington; *Marian Pettis, Instructor.*

On the Conestoga Wagon, by J. William Keyes, Jr., Germantown Friends School, Philadelphia; *Irvin C. Poley, Instructor.*

Story Contest

PRIZE—\$25.00

The Agate, by Shirley Bridge, West High School, Minneapolis; *Wanda Orton, Instructor.*

HONORABLE MENTION

Tangled Web, by Lucia P. Pierce, Waynflete School, Portland, Maine; *Betty B. van Baaren, Instructor.*

Sometimes I Wonder, by Gloria Prudden, Westover School, Middlebury, Connecticut; *Elizabeth H. Kellogg, Instructor.*

Cherries Out of Season, by Paulette Dougherty, The Chapin School, New York City; *Corinne L. Olli, Instructor.*

Poetry Contest

PRIZE—\$25.00

Georgia Lynchin', by Evelyn Moore, Sunset Hill School, Kansas City, Missouri; *Margaret Radcliffe, Instructor.*

HONORABLE MENTION

Thanatopsis: 1947, by Richard H. Nelson, U. S. Grant High School, Portland, Oregon; *Lydia L. Anderson, Instructor.*

The Battle of Agincourt, by Hope Gilson, Bancroft School, Worcester, Massachusetts; *Dorothy T. Peckham, Instructor.*

Idyl of the Gorge, by Richard H. Nelson, U. S. Grant High School, Portland, Oregon; *Lydia L. Anderson, Instructor.*

Disillusionment, by Brenda McCauley, Mt. Lebanon High School, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; *Virginia A. Elliott, Instructor.*

SCHOLARSHIP AWARD

The University of Pittsburgh,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

announces the award of a Four-Year Scholarship (free tuition) to Shirley Bridge, West High School, Minneapolis (*Wanda Orton, instructor*), for her story, *The Agate*.

are tied up with an analytical discussion of the weapons. We are left with the fact that the "responsibility of the scientist is unique in no important way. It is identical with the social responsibility of every other thinking man." Which lies, obviously, in "a sincere effort to create a successful world organization." On this particular chapter, the resolutions of the scientists have no more authority than those of an amorphous mass of citizenry expressing pious wishes and waiting for a policy from above.

This, in sum, is Ridenour's democratic creed. It corresponds in its framework to that of many so-called "progressives." It works out into nothing democratic at all, unless it be what east of the Meridian of Despair is called Totalitarian Democracy.

GEORGE DE SANTILLANA
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir:

Congratulations on your publication of Louis N. Ridenour's article. Ridenour, it seems to me, offers a saner and more mature view of the scientist's "social responsibilities" than Wiener's, which seemed to have a childish and petulant ring. I think, however, that Ridenour underestimates the potentialities of the scientist's position.

I recently returned to this country after spending eight years abroad, two of them as correspondent and broadcaster for the National Broadcasting Company. In these years I had the opportunity to study human reactions in some twenty-seven countries, including the Middle East and the Far East. People showed varying degrees of faulty and inadequate evaluations; but what struck me most was the general predominance of primitive metaphysical formulations, most of them entirely inadequate to deal with present conditions.

It seems to me that if people generally are to bring their methods of evaluation up to date, they must borrow the scientist's way of working.

When a scientist discovers a fact that does not fit in an old theory, he discards the theory and builds a new one. Then he tests it to see if it better accounts for the new facts as well as the old ones. Thus the scientist is constantly rejecting old theories and building new ones. For him nothing is sacred except his freedom to reject the old and build anew; perhaps this accounts for his astonishing successes. Apparently, today we have to do something similar with political, economic, and social theories as well as daily-life evaluations.

GUTHRIE E. JANSSEN
Lime Rock, Conn.

I Personally —

Sir:

I wish to express my surprise and regret that you should publish Martha Gellhorn's decadent story, "Miami-New York, 1944" (*May Atlantic*). If such an adventure could take place, it seems to me it should be of interest only to an attending psychiatrist! It is unworthy of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

MRS. ALFRED M. TOZZER
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir:

"Miami-New York" is bad enough; but what possible excuse could you have for printing the poem "The Carnival," by Phoebe Pierce (May *Atlantic*)? Is it true, as Gretchen Finletter says, that literature is a true picture of the morals of its period — or does this just reflect the mind of the editor? Of course there are such people as those in "The Carnival," but we don't associate with them. Why do we have to read about them?

H. J. McWILLIAMS
Mineral Point, Wis.

Sir:

Your story "Miami-New York, 1944" is typical of the gilded filth and dirt of the modern mind, adrift in a world of meaningless gadgets with no standard of values but the sensual, the mundane, the material. Compare this story with *Atlantic* fiction of 1912, say, and you get the measure of mankind's descent to Avernus in a generation and why we are where we are. Yes, this mirrors our days faithfully, and I suppose that is the purpose of your existence as a magazine.

A. H. P.
Toronto, Ont., Canada

Sir:

Philippe Le Corbeiller's "Man in Transit" (May *Atlantic*) is the most stimulating magazine article I have read in a long time. Brief though it is, it transcends in significance the voluminous and turgid generalizations of Pitirim Sorokin and Arnold Toynbee, hopelessly bogged down as they are in a morass of theological and moralistic prepossessions.

With regard to Mr. Le Corbeiller's central thesis, that "the field of science is not infinite," may I suggest that the great 200-inch telescope about to be erected on Mount Palomar in California, which will extend our knowledge of the universe to a distance of one billion light-years, may bring us somewhat closer to a solution of the basic problem as to the extent of space and the size of the universe.

MAURICE PARMELEE
Chicago, Ill.

Sir:

Nowadays, the lack of parental control makes teaching a thankless and unattractive task. It is difficult to command the respect of children who know neither control nor authority at home.

Isabel Stephens does not raise this point in her article "What Hope for Women Teachers?" (April *Atlantic*), but I believe it is an important one.

MRS. R. L. STRINA
Vancouver, B.C., Canada

Sir:

"What Hope for Women Teachers?" is an excellent presentation of the beliefs of college students.

To Mrs. Stephens's explanations I should like to

add one more which I believe automatically, perhaps unconsciously, eliminates the thought of teaching from many young minds before they reach, or while they are in, the age for serious consideration of professions. If a young girl is to be interested in a profession, the people she meets in that work must represent the type of person she wishes to be. Youth is a habitual mimic. If a grade school youngster dreams of being a "reporter," the few journalists he knows must be fascinating individuals whose habits and actions are most enviable. Later, when he is a high school student thoughtfully weighing various careers, his selection will be influenced to a large extent by the actions of his heroes. This is even truer of adolescent girls.

Yet in city (defined as "exceeding 80,000 inhabitants") schools most children dislike their teachers as *people* from an early age, because the types of persons teaching in large schools are unattractive and uninteresting to youngsters.

The high school girl considers her teachers all "old fogies" who never had, nor wanted to have, any of the associations or interests which she believes worth while. Thus any thought of teaching will be unhesitatingly tossed aside as wholly undesirable. Years before qualifying for metropolitan teaching, the vital, dynamic teachers, to whom the young girl students could look with personal respect, have married or abandoned the field. While this happens, the urban child retains her ruthless opinion of teachers in general.

Admittedly, this difficult situation is less prevalent in the nation's smaller schools and in towns. Here new teaching blood, fresh from college, is introduced every year or two. But can we recruit sufficient teachers from the smaller towns alone to alleviate the teaching crisis?

MRS. ROBERT A. LAUTERBACH
Denver, Col.

Sir:

In his very frank confession ("Bosses and Machines," May *Atlantic*) Edward J. Flynn says that he secured the nomination of two Jews, two Italians, and two Roman Catholics, having regard primarily not to fitness for office but to "geography." Such a policy tends to maintain the division of the people into groups on a basis of race and religion. Thus the very purposes of liberty — unity and democracy — are defeated in the sordid scramble for party success, not to speak of the "exempt" jobs and other perquisites of the machine.

Mr. Flynn says this machine politics is not confined to the Democratic Party in the Bronx, but is widespread in both parties throughout the country. And the result? Ask J. Edgar Hoover, or just look around. The university presidents and the superintendents of schools might well scratch their heads over this.

CEPHAS GUILLET
New York City



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BOSSSES ARE BUNK

A Reply to Ed Flynn

by FIORELLO H. LA GUARDIA

ED FLYNN, in a most amazing article in the May issue of the *Atlantic*, extols the virtues of the political boss. Mr. Flynn pats himself on the back, makes a few confessions, and then concludes: "While bosses are inevitable under our system of government, bad bosses are not." I take issue with this conclusion. There "ain't no such thing" as a good boss. If he is good, he is not a political boss; and if he is a political boss, he's no good.

We have had political bosses in this country for over one hundred years. History fails to record a political boss who rendered patriotic and useful service, watched the taxpayers' dollars, supported only good, competent, and qualified candidates for office, who was unselfish and gave his all to the community. The history of political bosses is a sordid story.

A political boss is as unnecessary as he is evil. He continues to exist by default. He is on his way out. It will not be today or the day after tomorrow, but within the next ten years the political boss will be but a sad memory.

Generally, the domain of a political boss is within the confines of a city. There have been and there are state political bosses. Notwithstanding what has been said of the inevitability of a political boss

in a city, I am in a position to say, from actual experience, that it is possible to administer a great city without the benefit of politicians. I never had any use for a political boss and I never permitted a political boss to come within a mile of City Hall when I was Mayor of New York City. I starved both the Democratic and Republican machines in what was once the most corrupt city in the country.

Mr. Flynn, in his autobiographic article, does not mention any contributions of the political machine to the good of the community or to the city. He doesn't for the simple reason that there are none. The political boss and his political machine are not interested in such things. Mr. Flynn is silent on the history of political machines and political bosses. He is silent on the graft and pilferage of political bosses and political machines.

In one thing he is right. There is no difference between a Democratic and a Republican machine. Of course, there are sincere, honest, patriotic, unselfish Democrats and Republicans, but they are not dues-paying members of the political machine. Because of agreement on some historic, fundamental principle, such as central government as opposed to states' rights, tariff as against free trade, gold versus silver, Americans are informally associated with a party. Unfortunately they have very little to say in the selection of their candidates, except on occasional splits in parties and in open-primary fights. Party affiliation in the early days was almost hereditary. That custom still lingers. But, as we go on,

The only man to be elected for three consecutive terms as Mayor of New York, a Fusion candidate who defeated both the Democratic and Republican machines, FIORELLO H. LA GUARDIA explodes Ed Flynn's argument that city machines and political bosses are indispensable in American democracy.

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there is more and more shifting in accordance with the issue of the day and the comparative merits of candidates. The party must not be confused with the political machine.

As Mr. Flynn says, it is difficult for unorganized, independent, law-abiding, public-spirited, patriotic citizens to fight and beat a machine. That is the only reason for its continued existence. The machine always has enough hangers-on, job holders, payroll leeches eating from the public trough, who with their families maintain a solid phalanx to keep the political machine and the boss in power.

Our country has produced in almost every age great political leaders. These men were leaders and not bosses. They were interested in issues and principles. They would not stoop to the low level of a political boss or live on the perquisites, privilege, pilfering, patronage, or other devious means on which most political bosses of our country made huge fortunes and nearly all lived in luxury.

The political boss of the Bronx talks about his County machine. He endeavors to create the impression that his County machine is different from that other notorious and well-known County machine, Tammany Hall. I want to correct that misapprehension. It so happens that there are five Counties within the City. Political parties are organized along County lines. We have five Tammany Halls with one single thought, with the same philosophy, and with the same dirty background. They are all alike. Mr. Flynn's organization happens to be the Tammany of the Bronx.

It is quite true, as Mr. Flynn says, that the law makes the machines possible. Sure, the law is made by political bosses and their henchmen in the legislature, both Democratic and Republican, who always agree on intrenching the machine and protecting the boss.

The political machine is as expensive as it is detrimental. Who maintains these politicians? Mr. Flynn, in his article, asks: "How do I maintain the majority support of the Executive Committee?" Then Mr. Flynn answers his own question: "To begin with, I always see to it that the key party workers have exempt positions, if they want them." And let me tell you, they all want them! Invariably these exempt positions are given to district leaders and ward heelers who are not qualified to fill the positions, and therefore the taxpayers must pay someone else to do the work. The ward heeler, of course, having the say, does the wirepulling, the fixing, and any political dirty work, all "for the good of the order."

But that isn't enough. Mr. Flynn makes further confessions. These are his words: "Still, to use the

political parlance, all the District Leaders have been 'taken care of' during my entire term as County Leader." Taken care of by whom? By the taxpayers, at great cost, and at the expense of efficiency and good government.

Not enough yet. Each of these leaders and Executive Committeemen, party workers, has cousins and sisters and aunts. I have been saying that for the past thirty years. It wasn't so very long ago that Mr. Flynn himself denied it. But now we have it right from Mr. Flynn's own mouth, for in the same article he says: "The families also — sons, daughters, husbands, wives — of the District Leaders are taken care of in some way or other. Sometimes they are given exempt positions, and sometimes they get help from us in the line of civil service promotion. . . . I cannot deny that it has been extremely important to my remaining as leader." And, may I add, lucrative to the entire gang!

So we see here the picture of this political riffraff that I have called clubhouse loafers put into key positions, and as a result our civil service prostituted and demoralized by favoritism through political influence on promotions. And for the past fourteen years Mr. Flynn has had this power in such important branches of our Federal government as the Post Office, Customs, and Internal Revenue. (Oh, oh — what pickings!) Too bad that he hasn't in the Bronx one or two Indian reservations. Imagine the clubhouse pinochle croupier in charge of an Indian reservation!

2

THE boss and the machine are not inevitable. I am in a position to speak with authority. There were no such appointments made in my administration, which lasted for twelve years as Mayor of the City of New York. True, I was elected on a Fusion ticket. I was also nominated by the Republican Party. It was tried on me. Republican Chairmen of all five Counties expected to get patronage from me. I was asked, I was cajoled, I was browbeaten, I was threatened — but no soap.

In the course of my campaign, I stated publicly that I was not running for Mayor of New York to put one set of politicians out in order to put another set of politicians in. I reminded the politicians of the statement. "Oh," said they, "that was only campaign talk. You didn't mean it." I wasn't fooling! I knew that had I acceded to the demand or followed custom, I could have built a powerful political machine. I was interested in good government — not in bad politics. I could have built a personal machine. I did not want that. I wanted to be a

good Mayor and knew from my experience that it would be tough going. I not only demonstrated that it could be done but I also demonstrated that it is the kind of government that the people want.

It isn't only the job that is given to the political boss when he puts his man in. The loyalty of that man goes to the boss and not to the community. He owes his job to the boss and therefore he, in turn, must do the bidding of the boss. In my forty years of public office, I have never known or heard of a political boss anywhere or a political machine any time demanding or exacting or requesting the *right thing* to be done. This has been confirmed in my talks with many mayors throughout the country, including Mayor James J. Walker. The right thing comes naturally. The proper kind of appointment comes without any pressure. Therefore, the political boss's function, in order to keep the machine together and to keep himself in office, is to control public officials to do his bidding, to do wrong things and appoint wrong men. That is what makes him the boss.

There are two things that the political machines, whether Republican or Democratic, cannot stand, and these are respectability and starvation. I starved the Republican and Democratic machines of New York for twelve long years. They are now getting the wrinkles out of their bellies and coming back into their own.

It is bad enough in a city government to have these ward heelers, party workers, and politicians put into jobs in functional departments of the government, but there is one thing from which Mr. Flynn shies clear. It is the damaging and demoralizing influence of political machines on the judicial system of our state. During my twelve years, when City departments were closed to the politicians, the Courts of the State of New York provided the happy hunting ground for patronage for the political machines. And it is right at this point that the final blow-up will come some day and put a permanent end to the might and power of the political boss. Some states have already solved this problem. My state has not.

In the City of New York alone, we have sixty-eight Justices of the State Supreme Court. During the past twenty years, every candidate has been picked by the political machine. The office of Supreme Court Judge is of great importance and of great influence. It is also greatly in demand. The term is fourteen years, and the salary now is \$28,000 a year.

The City is required to provide all the funds for the administration of justice, with the exception of part of the judges' salaries. But the City has no

say through its elected officials as to the number of personnel, control over the personnel, or the salaries. In addition to the Supreme Court, there are the County Courts, City Courts, and Surrogates' Courts — all under political control — costing the City in the neighborhood of \$10,000,000 a year. Some day the exempt personnel appointed by the Courts as confidential secretaries or personal attendants will be catalogued, and there will be a scandal when it is.

I wanted to clean up this situation as I did City departments. I could not do it. Why? Because the Courts did not permit me to do it. Every time I tried, the Courts would issue an injunction against me. Both parties in the Legislature refused legislation to cleanse the situation. On one occasion, when a notorious politician in the Second Judicial Department was appointed as a Special Clerk at a \$9000 a year salary, I ordered the Director of the Budget to investigate. It was a newly created position. The Director of the Budget was unable to get information and therefore referred it to the Commissioner of Investigation. We knew the character and past of the individual but were unable to ascertain if the job was necessary, if he did any work, what character of work he was supposed to do, if any, for the simple reason that an injunction was issued against the Mayor and the Commissioner and all City officials, preventing them from ascertaining any facts concerning this or any other clerk. Not only in this instance but in several instances where I sought to save the taxpayers money by eliminating unnecessary jobs in the Courts, which I knew were nothing but political appointments, I was enjoined by the very Court involved.

3

WHEN I took office in 1934, I availed myself of existing law and established a central Department of Purchase. Here was the first big blow to the politicians, who lost great pickings through the new system. We also channeled public works contracts and here was another loss of revenue.

The Borough of the Bronx was becoming known as the Borough of Comfort Stations. Comfort stations were going up one after another. When I took office, I looked into it. Why, it was all so simple. The comfort stations were just loaded with plumbing. Why? The Superintendent of Public Works under the then Borough President, part of Mr. Flynn's machine, was in the plumbing business. The thing became a joke.

Now, while Mr. Flynn acclaims his bossism of the Democratic machine, it must be said that he is

quite modest. Mr. Flynn is the boss not only of the Democratic machine of his County but also of the Republican machine. I ought to know. They both opposed my election. The Republican bosslet of that County is Mr. Flynn's stooge. He holds a \$9000 job through the influence of Boss Flynn, his Democratic opponent. This man has a \$9000 job, and no one has been able to ascertain if he has ever in any day done a lick of work. His official job is "Commissioner of Records of the Surrogate's Court," a job originally created to patch and mend old records. These old records were all mended twenty-five years ago, yet this \$9000 Commissioner, and a \$6000 Deputy to help him do nothing, continue on the payroll. I sought to abolish the job; was licked in the Courts. I sought to reduce the salary; was licked in the Courts. I thought I found a new way to fix a salary commensurate to the useless duties. Mr. Flynn had the law changed and the job put under the sole control of the Surrogate, who is picked by Mr. Flynn and is a machine man.

Now the question will naturally be asked: Are there no good Republicans in Bronx County to put an end to this combination? Mr. Flynn has answered that question. The workers, the captains, the leaders, their sisters and their cousins and their aunts all have jobs. Therefore enough Democrats can be spared to enroll as Republicans and beat every effort of the respectable Republicans of that County to clean up the mess.

We could at one time have elected a Borough President, had Mr. Flynn's Republican stooge gone along with the other counties on a Fusion ticket. Oh no. He insisted upon running a third candidate in order to cut the Fusion vote. That was their only source of patronage in the County, besides the Courts, which Mr. Flynn had during my time.

Now we come to another interesting point. Mr. Flynn tells of his machine, how he keeps it together, and of its power. What good does it do to anyone outside of the individuals within the machine? When did Mr. Flynn ever win an election? He states he has been the boss for twenty-five years. All right. That takes us to 1922. Who was the candidate for Governor? Al Smith. Did Ed Flynn have anything to do with his carrying the Bronx? Why, not at all. Al Smith came as near getting a unanimous vote in the Bronx as it is possible for a candidate to do. In 1928, who was the candidate for President of the United States? Al Smith. And who was the candidate for Governor? Franklin D. Roosevelt. Did Ed Flynn have anything to do with carrying the County for these two candidates? Why, not at all. And from 1932 to date, through

four Presidential campaigns, did Franklin D. Roosevelt need Ed Flynn's machine to carry the Bronx? On the contrary, Smith and Roosevelt for the past twenty-five years elected Flynn's local ticket.

When Mr. Ed Flynn had a real contest he lost the election. And again I am in a position to talk, because I licked him and both machines in the only real contest he has ever had.

I will concede, as Ed Flynn claims, that the District Attorney's Office in Bronx County is most efficiently administered. It was a source of delight during my time as Mayor to work with this office. However, Mr. Flynn stuck his chin out when he said that the racketeer Terrenova was afraid of Bronx County. Terrenova prospered, flourished, was all-powerful until I became Mayor and put the bum out of business! And, incidentally, while we're talking about racketeers, why stop at this one? How about the murderous, villainous, slimy racketeers and gangsters who were protected, who had close association with important officials, who flashed gold deputy sheriffs' badges, and often had a voice in the picking of candidates? Where? Only where there was a political boss. None of these operated in New York City after I eliminated boss control. The Police Department is under the Mayor. Freed from political control, it cleaned the City of gangsters and racketeers, and my successor is making every sincere effort to keep it clean. Will the bosses let him?

Will we continue the political, partisan, municipal government? I hope not. I don't believe that a Chief Executive of a city can possibly work with a machine and give good government. The politicians will want control; they'll wear him down; they'll break his heart. The machine is callous.

The cost of government is constantly increasing. No city can afford the luxury of partisan, political, boss-ruled government. Many cities have already nonpartisan elections of municipal officials.

More and more people are taking active part in public affairs. The political boss cannot stand watching. Primary laws are being liberalized, giving more power to the voters in the selection of candidates. Many states have already provided for proper methods of selection of judges on merit and qualification. The present system cannot continue. Once the courts are taken out of politics, the machine will be greatly weakened.

It is not at all hopeless. It has been done and we must keep on doing it.

Mr. Flynn has rendered a great public service in "the confessions of a tired and outgoing political boss." Thanks, Ed.

America Finances

While he was President of the United States Chamber of Commerce ERIC JOHNSTON toured Russia, interviewed Stalin, traveled widely in Europe and in South America. And last year, as President of the Motion Picture Association of America, he made an intensive study of England. Out of this experience comes his philosophy that the United States must export the idea of freedom and the techniques of industrialization: American capital and American skill must join forces with foreign capital to build a new economy.

PARTNERSHIP CAPITALISM

by ERIC JOHNSTON

1

NOT long ago, I had lunch with two friends, one of whom belongs to the "political left," the other to the "economic right." They seldom agree on anything except the time of day, but on that occasion they joined in berating me soundly for having spoken favorably of America's new foreign policy. This business of loans to Greece and Turkey — this business of the United States stretching itself to help out this country's economy or that country's economy — this business of forcefully stopping Communist expansion — and aggression everywhere — they were upset and angry about it.

"Why," said my friend from the left, "it's imperialistic. It's dollar diplomacy. We're using the excuse of stopping Russia to grab everything for America. That'll get us into trouble."

"Look!" interrupted my friend from the right. "We've enough to do here at home. We can't give away this country's substance. It's like a sailor on a spree. We'll never get the money back — not a dime of it. And we'll wind up in the poorhouse if we try it."

"Well, I'm sure of one thing," I put in, "you both can't be right. We can't give away our substance and be imperialistic at the same time. And if we're imperialistic, we're certainly going about it in a very strange way."

I asked my leftish friend if he'd ever heard of any other "imperialist" nation which gave away its possessions and cut its armed forces to about a tenth of their full strength.

"We just gave the Philippines their independence," I reminded him, "and every time we turn around we take a new whack at the appropriation bills for the Army and the Navy and the Air Force. We're telling our generals and our admirals they've got to cut, cut, and cut."

And to my friend on the right who predicted na-

tional bankruptcy, I said: "We're still paying for the war, and loans to help other nations help themselves are an investment in future peace. Unless the world can get back on its feet, we're never going to have peace. It's cheaper to build a peaceful world than to fight another war. The way I look at it, America is embarked on the greatest venture in her history. It's a complete break with the past, and there's no turning back!"

I don't think my friends realize there is more to this break with the past than happenstance. Two mighty events have come out of two world wars in our generation to shape profoundly the destiny of man and the course of history.

What was the most significant result of World War I? It was the Russian revolution from which Communist Russia emerged. This has affected all people everywhere ever since.

What was the most significant result of World War II? It was the emergence of America as the strongest and most powerful nation the world has ever seen. American production has nearly doubled since Hitler invaded Poland in 1939. We are strong because we have the mightiest production machine, and production is the yardstick of power in the modern world.

We know how Russia has used her power. She has used it to suppress man's freedoms, to promote the class struggle and the police state.

Today earnest, sincere people who are neither "right" nor "left" are asking how America will use her new and almost frightening power. They want to know what kind of leadership the United States is going to give to the world. Is it going to mean peace or is it going to mean war?

Those are fair questions, and they deserve answers. As an American businessman who has been fortunate enough to have visited around the world

in the last few years, I'd like to suggest how America can exert leadership to help give the world peace and stability.

2

AMERICA has come into world leadership by a fortuitous coincidence of history and geography. Within her own boundaries, she is fabulously endowed. That was not true of one-time leading powers. For the most part, they were poor at home in natural resources. They depended for their wealth on the take from conquered or exploited territories. America, by contrast, is rich materially; she is also rich morally and spiritually. The world never stood more in need of a world leader with that kind of dual strength.

I am conscious of the fact that swaggering, conquering nations of the past have made that same assertion to justify their actions. But we Americans are assuming a role of world leadership with more reluctance than swagger, and so far as conquering is concerned, our victory in the last war was a case of whipping aggressors who asked for it in a war we neither wanted nor inspired.

America has made two distinctive contributions for the betterment of the world. One is the concept of the dignity of man, the citizen. The other is the technique of mass production.

The idea of the essential, basic dignity of man, the citizen, was given political embodiment in the American Revolution. For the first time, the rights of man were written into a binding constitutional document with which our law must conform. This new political concept shook the world. For generations, thinking men in older lands beat paths to our doors to learn of this revolutionary thing called "the inalienable rights of man." Some took the idea home with them and tried to adapt it. Others stayed with us to become its most devoted advocates.

Then, about fifty years ago, another new American concept shook the world: the technique of mass production. It was precisely what men of free will and free choice needed. Together, the two American traditions — both sweepingly spectacular — have proved out a workable formula: that man can have free will and free choice and still have an abundance of material things to enjoy along with that freedom.

Again the world sent its emissaries here, to learn the magic touch American genius had given the machine.

I think the second contribution would not have come about without the first. The first created an environment in which initiative and inventive genius could come to their finest flowering. So they

did, and we achieved the technique of mass production in an atmosphere which glorified the right of man to experiment, to take a chance, to invest, to invent, and to harvest the profit of his own talents.

Both these concepts are as distinctly native to America as the bison and the redwood. Because they are so characteristically American, they must be made to stand out in our foreign policy. We're not going to force these two ideas down the throats of the rest of the world. It isn't to our purpose to force them on anybody. The truth is, they can't be forced; they can only be accepted. We are offering these concepts solely on the theory that they've worked so well for us, they ought to work as well for others.

Everyone here at home, of course, accepts the thought that individual freedom and freedom of choice ought to be universal, but I'd like to point out why I think mass production should be just as universal.

I am convinced mass production cannot be nationalistic. It must have mass markets. Fence it in, and periodically it sickens. Mass production must constantly expand. It forbids us to be nationalistic in thought or action. Mass production demands a mass world market. If there is anything which can ever bring the "one world" concept into being in its best and most reasonably logical sense, it will be the fruits of mass production made possible by large-scale investment.

Here in America, the machine and the technique of mass production have made us the rich man in a world street of poor neighbors. I think it is impossible for one rich man to retain his riches very long in a community of paupers. What is true of a rich man in a community is true of a rich nation in a world community of poor neighbors. The United States cannot long survive as an island of plenty in a world ocean of want. It can't be an oasis of prosperity in a desert of despair. One day the winds of envy and disgruntlement will whip up such a sandstorm they will bury that oasis.

I think our economic future lies in producing things by the billions for the billions of people in the world to buy, which means that those billions must have the wherewithal to buy them. I don't think there's any economic future in producing things by the millions for fewer millions to buy. There is no point or profit in producing by the billion without being able to sell to a billion customers. And only world industrialization will provide a billion customers.

That's why there's nothing altruistic in the foreign policy of freedom and industrialization which I am projecting. We have no intention, as I see

it, of playing Lady Bountiful around the world. Neither is it imperialistic. If it's imperialistic to try to help the vast mass of people around the world to be free, self-supporting, and self-reliant, then we need a new definition of imperialism. If it's "giving away our substance" to help others produce so that they may in turn buy from us, then we need a new definition of "giving."

3

THE policy I suggest is different from that followed by any other predominant nation in history. It is not my intention to say that all actions of world leaders of the past were bad. Each, of course, made positive contributions to civilization. But because of the economics of their times, past world leaders had to impoverish others to enrich themselves. Their prosperity was built on seizure of wealth from subjugated peoples.

Rome used her power to tax, enslave, and exploit. The legions of Rome flowed out around the then known world to bring back slaves, to bring back wealth, to collect taxes, to force tribute. It was always a case of "bringing back" whatever wealth could be pried loose from weaker nations and weaker peoples.

We skip some centuries, and then there was Spain as the great world power. In her heyday she sent out explorers and missionaries but she also used the power of the sword to conquer and bring back wealth. Every year Spanish galleons carried gold and silver from the New World. Without that plunder — which it was — the Spanish court could not have long survived. Again, it was a case of "take back"; never of "build up."

Britain succeeded as the dominant power. In the early days of her empire building, she followed a policy of "take back" instead of "build up." More enlightened, by far, than her predecessors, however, she ruled with an easier hand, and a few generations ago began to build a commonwealth of free and independent peoples. But the exploitation of subject peoples was her first use of her power.

Our policy as the world's predominant power must be different: we must put in before we can take out; we must invest before we can profit.

But actually there can be no investment, no industrialization, no recovery, no stability, so long as the haunting fear of aggression overhangs the world. Russia alone among the nations has been kicking at the doors of her neighbors. Wherever the door has been open, Russia has walked in. Wherever they have been locked, Russia has passed on.

Now we are telling Greece and Turkey we will help them lock their doors against aggression and assist them to rebuild their economies. And we're going to have to do the same for other nations. There has been a steady deterioration of Europe's economy and the morale of the people. Large-scale outside aid — food, raw materials, and machines — is necessary to avoid complete collapse and chaos in Europe. The job to be done is costing more today than if it had been done a year ago, and it will cost infinitely more to do a year from now if we put it off.

The sooner the American people become aware of these unpleasant facts the better, because America is the only nation which can undertake the task. What we are doing in Europe now is in effect a program of lend-lease for peace. Once the specter of aggression is removed and stability and order are achieved, then the way is open to launch a world industrialization program. Here is where American individuals and American private capital can play the major roles.

I want to suggest one approach which I think is a practical, workable way in which American enterprise can help build prosperity and peace around the world. It is "partnership capitalism."

There are other approaches and other techniques, but in partnership capitalism I place my greatest hope for world reconstruction and for lifting the living standards of people throughout the world.

Partnership capitalism is the natural handmaiden of the kind of world leadership for America which I am discussing. It involves just this: American capital and know-how in partnership with the capital, the manpower, and the resources in other countries. Its purpose is a mutual and coöperative development of industry among nations. In this way, America makes available to the world one of its greatest assets — the American capitalist, with his dollars plus his techniques.

Partnership capitalism is not just talk. It is already at work. There are notable examples. Take the Corning Glass Works of Corning, New York. This company is interested in expanding the glass business on a partnership basis around the globe. Several years ago, it went into partnership with a long-established glass company in Argentina. It invested cash and American know-how in exchange for a stock interest. It was a minority stock interest. Officers of Corning tell me that they are not interested in majority control or balance of power in the Argentine company.

Results today demonstrate the worth of partnership capitalism. Everyone has benefited. Argentina has a thriving and expanding glass industry, and America has received dividends through selling

equipment and machinery and supplies to that country's glass plants.

Corning has done the same thing with companies in Brazil and Chile, with the same stimulation of industry and beneficial results in those countries. And Corning expects to go into other countries.

Another example of partnership capitalism is the Ford Motor Company. It has promoted automobile production around the world by going into partnership with native capital. The Ford Motor Company of Dearborn, Michigan, has a stock interest in the Canadian and British Ford Motor companies. Ford Motor Company of Dearborn and Ford Motor Company of Canada have associated companies in Asia, Africa, Australia, and New Zealand. And Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, has associated companies in Central and South America. Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, and Ford Motor Company, Ltd., of England, have associated companies in Europe. In addition, there are separate Ford companies in France and Germany with manufacturing facilities.

I'd like to cite some examples from my own industry. There is an excellent illustration of partnership capitalism in Holland, where a Dutch-American syndicate was organized to buy and operate the Asta Theater in The Hague, and to build or buy and operate about a dozen other first-run motion picture theaters in leading cities of the Netherlands. Fifty per cent of the stock of the enterprise is owned by Dutch interests, and the other half is owned by American companies. The articles of agreement specifically stipulate that the American interest shall not at any time exceed 50 per cent and that at least half of the ten directors shall be citizens of the Netherlands.

Then there's the case of RKO Radio Pictures, Inc., which has contributed substantially to the development of the motion picture industry in Mexico. RKO took American capital and American know-how across the border in a voluntary partnership agreement with Mexican capital and resources. It was on a 50-50 basis. The project is not only giving employment to large numbers of persons but is giving Mexico a greater film-producing industry and helping Mexico develop its native culture.

There are numerous other examples of this kind

which could be cited, but it's only a beginning. I should like to see the practice vastly expanded. It has worked well where it has been tried. And it has worked well because it is the opposite of old-line capitalism which exploited peoples and countries.

In contrast to partnership capitalism, observe what recently happened to old-line capitalistic investments in Argentina. Within the last year, the British-owned railways and the American-owned telephone and telegraph companies in Argentina were bought out by the Argentine government. In effect, Argentina said to that type of British and American interests: "Go home! We don't want you."

Old-line capitalism, as illustrated by those two instances, functioned as a gamble of "outside interests" instead of joining forces with the nationals of the country in a coöperative venture.

To sum up:—

I think America can offer a new type of leadership to the world — a leadership based on mutuality and reciprocity. It can be an enlightened leadership, a twentieth-century kind of leadership, as different from older types of world leadership as the dawn differs from the dark of night.

Older kinds of world leadership held that man, the individual, was unimportant. Ours must insist that man, the individual, is supreme. Older kinds of leadership sought only to expand their own frontiers. Ours must offer new horizons of hope to peoples everywhere. Older leaderships were based on exploitation. Ours must be based on an extension of the two concepts which have brought America to her present might: the freedom and the dignity of man; the technique of mass production.

The kind of leadership I am suggesting is in tune with the times. Peoples have been promised their freedoms; they have been promised a chance to earn a livelihood, a chance to choose their governments by free elections, a chance to work out their own economic destiny. These promises must be redeemed.

And we have given our solemn pledge to coöperate in building a strong United Nations to ensure and perpetuate this peace. That pledge we intend to honor. We must be partners in peace. We must be partners in prosperity.

America Builds

In World War II the United States spent 330 billion dollars. An American businessman on the staff of the Reader's Digest, WILLARD R. ESPY proposes that by spending 100 million dollars a year on engineering projects in China, India, and Palestine we can increase the irrigated areas of the world by a sixth and add to the world's electric energy an amount equal to all the hydroelectric power produced in the United States. The projects he blueprints would be self-liquidating: in time they would result in a steady flow of orders for American goods.

A LEVER THAT CAN LIFT THE WORLD

by WILLARD R. ESPY

THE master problem of the world today is not Russia, or world government, or atomic energy. The master problem is still, as it has been always, the dragging poverty of two thirds of the earth's people.

Mohammed Bey, the Egyptian fellah, makes between \$12 and \$20 a year; Girja Das, in India, between two cents and five cents a day; Ling See, in China, a cent and a half an hour. Asia and the Near East are a poorhouse whose inhabitants have barely enough food to support existence — far too little to do a decent day's work. They die, on the average, at the age of twenty-five. They are without homes worthy of the name; they are incapacitated by disease and by lack of physical and moral hygiene; they are decimated by famine, pestilence, and war.

Their misery is a standing invitation to xenophobia, to social unrest, to fratricidal quarrels, to outside intervention — ultimately, perhaps, to the annihilation by atom and germ of East and West alike. Meanwhile, it is a drag on the progress of all other peoples.

A self-liquidating program which would set the East moving under its own power toward increased stability and higher living standards would raise the well-being of all the earth. Incidentally, it would be an excellent investment and stimulus for American business.

And such a program exists. There are a large number of projects and possibilities scattered about the five continents. Former War Production Board Chairman Donald Nelson, for instance, has urged the creation in China of the largest dam in the world, one that would irrigate 10 million acres and furnish twice as much electricity as was used in 1936 by all the factories and farms of Germany. Herbert Hoover has called for an irrigation scheme

in Iraq that would make room for millions of new settlers. James B. Hayes, formerly of the Tennessee Valley Authority, quit his post to become Chief Engineer of a Jordan Valley Authority in Palestine that may well revitalize the Near East. An American engineering firm has undertaken, on a cold cash basis, the fantastic task of industrializing Afghanistan. Shortly before his death, Franklin D. Roosevelt urged TVA's for the Arab world. The Indian government has approved a program which, according to New Delhi figures, could double the living standards of India's 400 million inhabitants. There is a river flowing uselessly through uncolonized African jungles that could produce more electrical energy than the 1946 consumption of the entire United States.

Considered separately, these possibilities are exciting enough. But I cannot help wondering what would happen if the separate blueprints were combined into one master program. "Give me a long enough lever and a place to stand," said Archimedes, "and I can lift the world." Perhaps the lever lies closer at hand than we realize. If so, the only nation with the technical know-how and the financial and material resources to operate it is the United States. Surely the challenge is as great as any nation has ever faced; the rewards may be even greater.

Electricity for China

A united and friendly China is a cardinal aim of American foreign policy. In furtherance of that aim, for two years we used the promise of a half-billion-dollar loan to keep the lid on China's civil war. The effort failed, for a half a billion dollars could not by itself solve China's poverty; and poverty is at the heart of her inner disaffections.

Multi-purpose dam projects now awaiting construction there would provide a far more effective

means to the same end. They can increase the electric production of China fifteenfold within the next twenty years. Today Ling See taps but one watt of electrical energy for every 180 available to Tom Smith, American. When the projects are completed, China will produce an added 115 billion kilowatt-hours of electricity a year — about as much as was used in 1936 by France, Germany, Russia, and the United Kingdom combined. To grasp faintly the immensity of this figure, reflect that one kilowatt-hour will do the work of ten men. The energy latent in the rivers of China will give her the equivalent of more than a billion slaves laboring eight hours a day, six days a week.

Hugh dams will rise on the Yangtze, the Te-Tu-Ho and Ma-Pien-Ho, the upper Ming-Kiang and Kwan-Hsien, the Tang-Lang Chuan, the Lung-Chi-Ho, and the upper reaches of the Yellow River. And long before these gargantuan enterprises are completed, 711 small thermal and hydroelectric plants, recommended and plotted by our Foreign Economic Administration, will be feeding power into China's arteries.

Most grandiose of the projected developments is that on the Yangtze River, 600 miles from Shanghai. This scheme, unique in engineering history, will some day irrigate 10 million acres, check floods that have ravaged China for centuries, and enable ocean-going ships to sail inland to Chungking. Costing a billion dollars, it will produce more than 81 billion kilowatt-hours of power a year. (The maximum capacity of the Yangtze generators will be 10,560,000 kilowatts. Kilowatt capacity should not be confused with the much greater figure on kilowatt-hours per year.) The Yangtze Dam will make possible electrified railroads, metallurgical industries, and vast quantities of nitrogen for China's soil.

John Savage, hard-headed American designer of Grand Coulee, Hoover, Bonneville, and most of the other dams named in this article, considers the Yangtze project the climax of his engineering career. Savage and his backers contend that nitrogen fertilizer can be furnished by the Yangtze development in such abundance that not only will China's soil be enriched, but 100 million sterile acres in the United States can be revived at a delivered price half that of present nitrogen imports. Nitrogen, they declare, can pay the entire cost of the Yangtze project within fifteen years of its completion — and leave 50 per cent of its power potential still available for China's own industrial development.

A preliminary to the Nelson proposal for Chinese TVA's has been put forward by Alex Taub, wartime Chief Engineer of the Foreign Economic Admin-

istration. Taub has detailed a ten-year industrialization program for China similar to one which he has already set up for Brazil. At his request, American concerns have supplied detailed specifications of what it would cost to put economically feasible units of their industries into China. The blueprint calls for 625 factories and 260 thermal power-producing plants, which will be erected on the sites selected for later hydroelectric developments. When the dams are ready, the thermal units will be used as auxiliaries or removed to other locations. The program begins with the production of coal — China's reserves are the fourth biggest in the world — and of steel. Next step will be power alcohol refineries to offset China's lack of oil. Like most of the other industrialization programs outlined here, one of the basic purposes of the Taub plan is to export American know-how, so that after an initial period of technical tutelage the Chinese can go ahead on their own.

Millions of Chinese must be trained in industry and millions of dollars must be invested in plants before power can release its full benefits to them. Countrymen must learn the art of coöperative farming; burned-off forests must be replanted; erosion-resistant crops must creep across the Chinese fields. But if the transition is carefully made, there can be progress and prosperity in China.

Food for India

The case of India, home of pestilence, of famine, of 400 million despairing and fanatical souls, has been called hopeless. The Director of Agricultural Production for India, however, estimated in 1945 that intensified irrigation could raise food production from 50 to 100 per cent, and that increased use of fertilizers would result in a further rise of 20 to 30 per cent. That the inefficiency of Indian workers results primarily from malnutrition is indicated by the experience of the Firestone Rubber Company, which by feeding workmen in India according to American standards was able to turn out as much per man per machine as did the Firestone organization in Akron, Ohio.

For India, as for China, the first step toward higher living standards and a more contented people is industrialization. The first requisite for industrialization is power. Besides controlling floods, conserving soil, and irrigating more than 5 million additional acres, dams envisaged under India's Bombay Plan would multiply her electric power by four, raising her to the first rank of industrial nations.

Listed, these developments are only strangely beautiful names: Kosi, Godavari, Tunga Bhadra,

Jog, Dhirangarh, Chambal, Demodar, Keshau, Bhakra, Larji. In operation, they represent a potential of 26 billion kilowatt-hours of electricity.

Most of the foregoing projects are already scheduled; some are under way as this is written. The remainder wait on equipment and additional technical aid from the United States.

Farmland for the Near East

In the Near East, lifelines of empire tangle in a bewildering web that trembles whenever a great power feints at Iran; whenever Turkey gets a case of nerves; whenever muttering is heard from sullen, intelligent Syria, or court intrigues turn bloody in oil-rich, anachronistic Saudi Arabia.

Walter Lowdermilk, Assistant Chief of the United States Soil Conservation Service, has proposed to strengthen the web by a Jordan Valley Authority which, for a quarter of a billion dollars, would irrigate 155,000 acres in Palestine and produce a billion kilowatt-hours of electricity a year, besides conserving water and reclaiming land. The Authority would make room for a million settlers and eliminate the economic causes of Palestinian strife.

An interesting companion piece to the JVA exists in Afghanistan, where an American company is already at work on a \$16,000,000 industrialization program that includes construction of roads and multi-purpose dams. In Iraq, former President Hoover has called for a \$150,000,000 irrigation scheme that would open 3 million acres of the most fertile soil in the world for millions of settlers. In Egypt, the Qattara depression can be filled with water from the Nile to develop 300,000 kilowatts of electrical energy and to irrigate fertile lands in the area. A program for development of the Euphrates River proposes a multi-national Authority that would provide power, navigation, irrigation, and flood control for Iraq, Palestine, Syria, Lebanon, Trans-Jordan, and Turkey. In barren Saudi Arabia, explorations of ancient dams in the north reveal possibilities for catching and storing water for human use. Even the Sahara Desert has been adjudged by competent engineers to be a practical subject for irrigation. The least of these projects would bring nearer the day when the Near East would no longer be a bone to fight over, but would become a self-respecting and self-supporting segment of the world community.

Control of rivers

As far back as recorded history goes, prosperity has accompanied the control of rivers, and has vanished when that control has been lost. Irrigation enabled Babylon and Egypt to become each

in its turn the mistress of the world. When the Mongols destroyed the irrigation system of what is now Iraq, prosperity and population alike dwindled away. In Greece today can be traced the remnants of great irrigation ditches, running scores of miles side by side. Engineers have declared that Greek imperialism was caused by the simple fact that the Greeks did not have the technical skill to keep the ditches from filling with silt, and had to go abroad for slaves to dig a fresh ditch whenever one filled up. Spain supported nearly twice her present population until her irrigation system was destroyed in the Moorish wars. Today Spanish Valencia, the one spot where the old ditches remain in repair, is a garden spot amid the barrenness of the rest of the country.

Outstanding among present-day engineering enterprises is the TVA, which raised per capita income in the Tennessee Valley 74 per cent against 56 per cent in the rest of the United States. Ireland's River Shannon development proved that a common productive interest can override bitter religious and patriotic antagonisms. The Niger Valley Authority in French Africa enables natives to produce ten times what they used to get from the same ground. In the Zuider Zee, half a million acres of ocean bed were turned into fertile Dutch farmland. In southwestern France, 2.5 million acres of swampland have been drained to provide homes for hundreds of thousands of people. In Palestine, cities have risen and orange groves are blooming in what was a desert a decade ago.

Global engineering

The value of global engineering is not news to the world's governments. On September 16, 1946, John G. Winant, United States delegate to the United Nations Economic and Social Council, asked that a scientific conference be called to study conservation and utilization of world resources. Included in the study would be "the possibilities of a single-agency administration of resource developments, such as the Tennessee Valley Authority, and the administration and financial problems of multiple-agency and single-agency development of combined resources." China presented a similar resolution. The International Technical Congress at its recent Paris meeting suggested a world campaign against undernourishment, bad housing, slum areas, disease, industrial accidents, and poor physical and moral hygiene. It proposed immediate formation of a World Engineering Federation as a pool of engineering knowledge, as well as International Technical Schools for advanced students.

Dams, generators, and irrigation ditches take

time a-building. Whether separately or as a branch of the same undertaking, new food techniques should be utilized immediately in a preliminary large-scale attack on world undernourishment. The amazing effectiveness of food yeast in producing protein during World War II, for instance, has opened exciting new possibilities for bringing quick health and vigor to areas short of meat. It has been demonstrated, too, that animal matter strained from sea water can be developed into a palatable and virtually inexhaustible food.

The physical, economic, and social needs of each area suggested for multi-purpose dam development would require separate study. Missions for this purpose should include experts in mining and metallurgy, economics, labor, agriculture, and transportation. They would suggest not only over-all plans but special developments fitting the needs of each region. For China, where transportation is a major problem, a simple all-purpose engine is a major aspect of the Taub plan. In arid parts of Africa, freezing and air-conditioning equipment is a prime need. In the Near East, one of the most useful developments would be a portable repair shop to keep in condition the tools of fishermen, farmers, and small manufacturers.

For maximum effectiveness, multi-purpose engineering developments should treat rivers as entities wherever possible, regardless of national boundary lines. The weakness of the Niger River Authority, for example, is that while it makes the river available for the French upstream, benefits are cut off from the British below. An effective Euphrates Authority would require half a dozen mutually suspicious nations in the Near East to undergo the beneficial discipline of sitting at one table, apportioning water and power according to the greatest good of all. American engineers might well guide these discussions; they have learned the fine art of compromise through years of adjudicating quarrels over water rights among our own western states.

A World Engineering Authority

It seems clear that the proposed Authority should be modeled on the Tennessee Valley Authority in several important respects. Developments should be decentralized, should lean heavily on local cooperation, and should have as a principal object the training of local engineers, perhaps through techniques similar to the Army's work-simplification program or the "each one teach one" scheme of Mexico. Loans should be contingent not only on the desirability of the projects but on their non-political execution, under directors nominated by the creditor agency. And politics should be di-

vorced likewise from amortization schedules. To this end, it may seem advisable to make credits available directly to local sub-Authorities rather than to governments, and to tie repayments to consumption of power and water.

As a guide to formation of the Authority, particularly if it moved from engineering into a broader field of economic development, proposals by Eugene Staley deserve particularly careful study. A Development Authority, he says, should be in a position (1) to launch a world survey of resources and needs; (2) to raise capital by selling securities to governments, savings institutions, and the general public; (3) to advance capital for use on approved projects under stipulated conditions; (4) to serve as intermediary in arranging for capital from other sources, for technical assistance, and for purchases of equipment; (5) to work out plans for guaranteeing a minimum rate of return on approved developmental projects undertaken by private capital; (6) to propose standard forms of contracts and concessions, and get the assistance of the International Labor Office in preparing labor codes; and (7) to act as mediator when disputes arise in connection with international developmental investments. These criteria would be equally pertinent whether the organization was sponsored by one nation or many.

It is probable that government and private interests would be mingled in both the construction and the financing of the projects. Major operations might require engineering combines similar to Henry Kaiser's Six Companies, builders of Hoover Dam. America's leading engineers, whether they work for government or for private enterprise, should be available to direct dam construction.

Where will the money come from?

Just as no one private engineering firm could build the Yangtze Dam, so no one private bank could finance it. There should, however, be access to the projects by private capital on non-discriminatory terms.

The projects for India, China, and Palestine will cost \$2,843,000,000, expended perhaps over a score of years. Financing media could well vary from area to area.

Donald Nelson estimates that on the Yangtze project, for instance, American capital might amount to 60 or 70 per cent, with an agreement that the Chinese buy a controlling interest over a period of perhaps ten years. Labor would be supplied by the Chinese, and the cost of the hydroelectric units could be liquidated as the project advanced. This would mean that the American capital required for

completion of the Yangtze development would be in the neighborhood of \$700,000,000, of which a considerable proportion would return to the investors before their total disbursement was completed. It is instructive to compare this figure with the \$500,000,000 we have already earmarked for China — a sum which even the most hopeful State Department expert could scarcely hope to see repaid under present conditions.

India's problem will be one not of obtaining money — she has \$5,000,000,000 in sterling balances — but of turning her credits into dollars for purchases of equipment.

Lowdermilk has suggested that the Jordan Valley Authority take a quasi-public form, part of the cost being covered by bond issues. A considerable part of the investment for most projects might be similarly handled. Assuming that outside capital would be required for 70 per cent of the total cost, or \$1,950,000,000, and that over a twenty-year construction period the United States paid the entire amount, our annual disbursement, private and public, would amount to less than \$100,000,000.

Electricity is money

What will be the economic effects on Asia of the projects listed here?

Louis H. Bean, of the U.S. Bureau of the Budget, has estimated that a shift of 15 per cent of the labor force in China and India from food production to other work would double the per capita income of both countries, while a 25 per cent shift would treble China's per capita income. The International Technical Congress recently asserted that if 150 million of the world's 500 million farmers could be put to work in industry, transportation, trade, or services, the living standards of all mankind would rise at least 50 per cent.

It is of course impossible to predict accurately the distance that the developments listed for India, China, and Palestine would carry them toward this goal. No projection of the power-income relationship for any one country can take into account all the variables of national resources, foreign aid, government policy, distribution of income, world conditions, and the proximity of prosperous or backward neighbors. But a yardstick does exist.

Throughout the world, the equivalent of about ten kilowatt-hours of electric power is consumed for every dollar earned. In highly industrialized countries like the United States the proportion of power to income rises; in underindustrialized areas like China or India it drops until the amount of energy tapped by any individual is little more than his own muscular efforts and those of his draft animals.

Broadly speaking, then, the 115 billion additional kilowatt-hours of electricity contemplated for China may be expected to raise the energy consumption of Ling See from 170 to 500 kilowatt-hours, his income from \$50 to about \$165, and the total income of his country to more than \$70,000,000,000. Applying the same yardstick to India, the energy consumption of Girja Das would rise from 170 to 240 kilowatt-hours, his income from \$57 to \$82, and the income of his country from \$31,500,000,000 to \$45,000,000,000. If all the water power in India's rivers could be exploited, these Indian estimates would more than double.

A generation might be required in China, and half that time in India, before the full effect of these projects was felt. In Palestine, granted a continuation of foreign financial support and a cessation of internal strife, results would be almost immediate. The billion kilowatt-hours of electricity which would be added to her power supply by the JVA should raise annual income per capita within a decade from \$120 to more than \$450.

Any such theoretical calculation, of course, is subject to heavy discount. What is certain is the impact of these undertakings on the mental climate and physical well-being of two thirds of the world's people. Dollar estimates can indicate but dimly the effect on a farmer and his wife of refrigerators and electric ranges; of running water instead of pails dipped into a well; of motors to grind feed for their stock, cut their wood, and turn their lathes; of freezing-lockers in their stores; of hay-driers in their barns. And dollar estimates are helpless in the face of the energies that will be released in the peoples of India, China, and the Near East when the burden of centuries of semi-starvation has been stricken from their backs.

Customers for America

What will be the probable effect of an industrialized Orient on our own economy? Much of the answer will depend on the extent to which the industrialization is accompanied by social and economic measures designed to increase not only the production but the health, buying power, and political and moral literacy of the coolie, the untouchable, and the fellah. Granted such safeguards, the fear is chimeric that an East capable of mass production would become automatically a dangerous rival for world markets and might even inundate our own.

For lack of industry, India and China today can contribute only 5 per cent to the world's trade, though they contain 39 per cent of the world's population. With a healthy industrial life they

of course will sell abroad; but if they follow precedent they will buy abroad in a similar degree. Between 1850 and 1929, when the United States was undergoing its great industrialization, our exports were multiplied by thirty-six, but our imports were multiplied by twenty-five. Industrialization of Germany between 1880 and 1914 multiplied her exports by three and a half, but her imports by four. That of Japan (1889-1929) multiplied exports ten times, imports eleven.

In the first phase of the developments, that of dam construction, we shall be called on not only for credits in varying degrees, but for technical assistance and heavy equipment. Purchases of equipment accounted for slightly over a third of the total cost of Hoover Dam and Grand Coulee. The proportion will probably hold good in projects abroad.

Normally, the greater part of the equipment needed for these TVA's would be bought in this country. Direct purchases here should tread close on three quarters of a billion dollars, in addition to concomitant income to Americans for labor, transportation, and other services.

Savage's backers declare that the Yangtze project alone would provide enough business to keep the electrical equipment factories of Schenectady humming at their present capacity for the next twenty-four years.

The second phase will begin when the dams are completed and the East calls for industries to use her newly available power. America for at least a generation will be expected to provide the machines that make consumer products for the Orient. The result should be a continuing flow of orders for American capital goods, affording a useful stabilizer for our society's now risky boom-bust cycle.

The third phase, overlapping the second, will come when prosperity enables Orientals to buy abroad. In speculating on what will happen then, it is pertinent to recall that today the 12 million citizens of industrialized Canada import more goods than the entire 800 million of agricultural China and India. The United Kingdom, with a tenth of China's population, buys seventeen times as much abroad. Argentina, with a thirty-third of China's population, buys four times as much.

In 1929, when world income outside our own country was roughly \$192,000,000,000, other nations bought \$5,160,000,000 worth of goods from us. In 1932, when income beyond our borders had plummeted to \$103,000,000,000, our exports dropped 70 per cent, to \$1,572,000,000. It is tempting to point out that if the ratio holds good in reverse, an increase of \$60,000,000,000 in the income of the Orient would raise her purchases in this country by

at least \$3,000,000,000 annually — more than the investment required for all the dam projects from all sources over the entire construction period!

And that figure is only a start, for a prosperous Orient means a prosperous, buying world.

Answering the objections

I should like to examine briefly the objections most frequently raised against global engineering.

1. "*The financial risk is too great in view of the unsettled state of the areas involved.*" The very fact that no undertaking will be launched where a reliable prospect of internal harmony is lacking is the strongest of inducements to dissident factions to come together. Every credit should wait upon satisfactory assurances of stability; but we should not withhold credits once such assurances are obtained. To do so would be like saying we should let the patient die because an operation might be risky.

2. "*Even if the recipient countries retained their stability, they would default on their debts. Why be Uncle Sucker again?*" That the projects would produce sufficient revenue to permit liquidation of costs within the periods specified is the consensus of the engineers who have studied and approved them — the same engineers who are responsible for the largest dams in the United States. Certainly no project should be undertaken where the banking agent had any doubt as to the feasibility of the scheduled amortization. There is abundant evidence, however, that even without power revenues sound irrigation projects are a good investment. Completed irrigation works in India are paying 7 to 8 per cent on capital invested. Lands irrigated by the Bureau of Reclamation in this country are producing revenue every year equal to half of their total cost. In the developments proposed for Asia, power production will add vastly to irrigation revenue at comparatively little extra cost.

Between World Wars I and II many governments failed to pay debts owed to the United States; they had to default, since we would not let them buy dollars with goods. If we follow the same course again, defaults will be repeated. The choice on that is ours. But if projects pay for themselves, there is no reason to assume that a stable government will welfsh on its foreign obligations.

3. "*If we do get our money back, we shall be economic imperialists.*" It is of course vital that the program be safeguarded against abuses at every stage. The first step in this direction might be an international compact outlining conditions of investment in foreign countries. A Chinese resolution for such a compact has already been placed before the United Nations.

It would be a disservice to recipients, however, to treat them as charity cases. Save under the most exceptional circumstances they should be expected to give value for value received, if only for the sake of their own morale. Our help is abortive unless through it they learn to help themselves. Dollar diplomacy and economic imperialism are neither good nor evil save in the purposes which they subserve. We shall be using our economic power in the interests of humanity.

And if we be accused of exporting capitalism as well as capital, that is a charge to which it is to be hoped we can plead guilty. Collectivism is being vigorously preached as an answer to the despair of the East. We need feel no shame at giving millions an opportunity to discover for themselves the incomparably greater benefits that can stem from properly directed individual initiative.

4. "*An impossible amount of coöperation will be required among recipient nations.*" International rivalries and enmities will delay the inception of some projects. The fact that dams cannot be started everywhere tomorrow, however, does not mean that we should fail to start them where we can, or that we should not use the prospect of them as an inducement to settlement of civil and international disputes. Indeed, since our facilities are not limitless, it may be as well that an order of precedence is ready-made for us.

The willingness of Britain to join hands in such a program has been amply evidenced. A series of TVA's for Near Eastern areas are already a part of the official policy of the British government. Without American help, however, the British will be a long time in moving from blueprint to reality.

5. "*Russia will veto the whole idea.*" It is true that disaffected areas on Russia's border are likely breeding grounds for Communist revolution. But they are also likely breeding grounds for world war, which can scarcely be among Russia's immediate desires. Provided the program is so safeguarded as to threaten no nation's independence, it should be pushed forward even if Russia views it with a jaundiced eye.

6. "*We shall be simply fattening chickens for the Russian bear.*" Communist infiltration is successful in any country in direct ratio to that country's ignorance, poverty, and social maladjustment. To raise the living standards of the East is the surest possible insurance against its turning Communist. And if wealth in neighboring countries is a temptation to Soviet conquest, it is equally true that their increased stability and strength, plus the increased Western stake in their survival, should be a healthy deterrent.

Though Russia may find it convenient to use the misery of other people for Communist ends, her future, quite as much as ours, depends on conditions which permit orderly and unfrightened development throughout the world.

7. "*We shall be enabling more Japans to arm themselves and overrun the earth.*" America has, in the last analysis, two possible approaches to protecting herself in the world of the future. She can try to keep the rest of the world weak; or she can try to make the rest of the world strong. Tempting as the idea of a strong United States in a weak world may appear at a glance, such a paradox is impossible. The result, sooner or later, would be a United States standing alone against a coalition of violently (and in some measure justifiably) inimical dictatorships.

The alternative of strengthening the rest of the world has the same dangers as has the release of any untried strength, whether it comes from a newly powerful nation or from steam, or electricity, or the atom. The danger lies not in the strength but in the uses to which it is put. Through every means in our power we must seek to ensure that the strength of the East is used for the benefit of mankind. Meanwhile, to those who say that we cannot afford a powerful East, one can only reply that we certainly can no longer afford an impotent one.

The fate of civilization today depends on whether peace is to be political alone, or economic and social as well. An economic peace has many parts, and the United States cannot be responsible for them all. But there are certain things that many thoughtful Americans now recognize that we must do. We must maintain and increase our foreign markets if we are to keep our own people employed. To do so, we must permit foreign nations to sell in our own markets to a greater extent than has been our habit in this century. It is questionable, however, whether even the most enlightened trade policies can stabilize the present gyrating international economy unless they are accompanied by a vigorous drive to raise production and income beyond their present subhuman levels in two thirds of the world.

When General Marshall left China to become Secretary of State, he commented that he had been unable to achieve unity between the warring Chinese factions because "each sought only to take counsel of their own fears." If our generation pauses too long to take counsel of our fears, we are lost — we and civilization with us. But if we seek soberly and prayerfully to help ourselves by helping these sick and starving ones to help themselves, then we may yet be saved. If the good will really exists in our hearts, America has indeed at hand a lever that can lift the world.

SONGS FOR FLYING

by ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH

GROWING UP

WHAT lovely toys I put away
When I took up the sky!
The cardboard barns and painted cows,
How carelessly they lie
Scattered below me on earth's floor
Now I can hold the sky —
Now I have tilted storms, and met
The mountains eye to eye!

THE TROLLS

(Over the Mountains)

"Oh ho —
So there you come!
What do you think
Of me?"
"And me?"
"And me?"

Three peaks raised themselves,
One after another
Across my road —
A challenge.

"CLOSING IN"

JUST room for me to squeeze between
The lowered ceiling and divide,
Just power enough to make the ridge
And, panting, gain the other side;

Just light enough to see my field
And in the shadows kiss the grass;
Just strength, just heart, just time enough,
For me, the tardy one, to pass.

Oh hill, oh strip of clearing sky,
Hold up the bars till I get by!
Oh lovely day — forgive my sin,
One breath of light will let me in!



AN ATLANTIC STORY

HELLO AND GOOD-BYE

by EUDORA WELTY

THIS morning, when I saw in the paper that some Beauties had gathered in my town in a contest for a Queen — the prize a trip — and had their logical picture on page three, something made me look along the line for a little soft face I saw once, but if it was there I couldn't find it. Not strange — this was several years ago, and the little soft country face belonged to a girl who was a Queen already the day I was taking her picture.

"Are you ready?" I remember asking. I was down on my stomach in the clover on the Capitol grounds, sighting up, and the Queen looked down scared and called me "Ma'am." I wouldn't have asked most Beauty Queens that, chances are.

The Hostess was the other Beauty, and she wouldn't have been caught dead asked that. "This other photographer, in Washington, D.C.," she said from her more advanced pose at the Queen's side, "when he was just before taking it, he would say 'Give.'"

"All right, give," I said. This was Jackson, Mississippi, and taking publicity pictures was a new part-time job I had.

I remember how, at the word, the Queen swallowed and first drew her hands behind her back and then brought them together in front. Black satin is what she wore. Slowly her purse, which she held pressed to her under her arm, where it trembled like a bride's bouquet, slid down her side and sank out of the picture.

The author of distinguished short stories and of a novel, *Delta Wedding*, which was serialized in the *Atlantic* last year, EUDORA WELTY is a Mississippian whose work shows great breadth and understanding.

"Never mind," I wanted to say. But they were posing with hats, purses, suitcases, and everything, in front of the State Capitol, saying Good-bye, Jackson! Hello, New York! The purse was retrieved, and they posed again, smiling into the sun.

It was a hot summer afternoon. When she held a pose, the Queen would gradually roll her eyes right up, like Little Eva dying. After the click, I heard Mr. Whoever-it-was on the side lines give a sound in his cheek, so somebody, at least, thought we had got it at the right minute. He was from the Sponsors — a middle-aged VFW taking time off after lunch.

"I bet the cannon's where we're headed next." The Hostess had the dreamiest voice, but she did every bit of the volunteering for us all.

We started on again across the Capitol grounds — the Hostess, a buoyant girl, dressed *pour le sport* in a pink pleated skirt, in front; the Queen trying to keep up; the gentleman next, carrying along the suitcases, which were bona fide; and the photographer at the tail end, counting up the film. We looked like a chase that wasn't very serious.

Once the Hostess stopped in her tracks, and we all stopped behind her one after the other. "Of course the *magnolias* aren't blooming!" she said in deepened tones, sounding like Tallulah Bankhead. Then on again.

The Hostess, sure enough, went straight down a terrace and up a little mound, to the cannon; she flung herself upon it and held there tilted, gay seemingly by contact, a smile lighting her up on the dot. The Queen had a harder time, her skirt not

being pleated, but we got a picture and were off again, same procession. "Did you get the flag in? That should have been showing right behind my hat," the Hostess yelled back at me over her shoulder. Her hat never showed either, behind so much hair.

Once I made a suggestion; there was some old ship's figurehead in the bushes, a chesty figure, Columbia or some such patriotic lady, coming with upraised arms out of a big starry shield. Plenty of times I had climbed on that as a child, and it had been recently shined up by a WPA project. The girls stared at Columbia. The only thing to do was to take hands under the lady's blessing, and the Hostess, rightly, bore it with short patience. The lady in the figurehead looked ready to brain them both, and made a third party.

"The front steps of the Capitol is a mighty sure thing," said the Hostess. We trailed over there. That was the best place, except for so many little boys coming home from school just then and making monkey faces at us. We took several poses.

"Wait till these are released," the Hostess said. "I'd like to see the American Legion's face then."

"Why?" I asked her. Our conversation through the view-finder was like one over the telephone.

"The American Legion is going to be so sick. They thought they were going to get me to be in their old parade again, in Chicago, but they were too late. Too late!"

"Put your weight on one foot, honey," I said softly to the Queen. When the Queen listened to the Hostess, she sank back on both heels.

"Nobody can just wait till the last minute and expect to get a girl involved in a *trip!*" cried the Hostess, with a little ripple somewhere.

"Are you ready?"

2

THE Queen's head fell just as I made the exposure, but she didn't know it, and I hadn't the heart to tell her. She was so tired, and so hot in silk "traveling" clothes in August. The Hostess, though, could have endured even black satin, little Spartan that she was. When they smiled they looked alike, two little young, brown-haired 4-H Club girls, looking forward to the Mississippi State Fair. The Queen had so patently won her first Beauty Contest for this — her friends had *told* her she could win it — and had stepped incredulous out of New Hebron or Monticello or Carthage, or somewhere, with the cheers of some consolidated schoolhouse behind her; but she just hadn't known she was *this* pretty,

that it would cause so much to happen. It affected her like grief, homesickness.

The Hostess began to wave at me, gracefully. She was probably a Delta child.

"How do you like waving pictures? Waving right at them. I like them because they're sort of soft. You know — soft." She stood on the top step and waved softly at me and then softly at the Sponsor, whose name was something like Mr. Murray.

"Say, that's O.K.," said Mr. Murray.

"All right, wave."

"Of course I could be coming down the steps *and* waving. You too." The Hostess turned to the Queen and jabbed her arm. She seemed to feel that she must arouse the Queen whenever she wanted to speak to her. "Right beside me, waving."

"Whatever you say," said the Queen. Her short upper lip trembled. She was probably three years younger than the Hostess. She shifted her purse to her other arm, then put it back. Again I wanted to take it away from her, but it was obviously her proudest new purchase for the trip, and could not be set down. It was patent leather, about the size of a toy drum, and reflected the light like steel.

"Would you like to let Mr. Murray hold your purse while I take the waving one?" I asked.

She cried out. "Oh, no'm, I'll just hold onto it." She was about to tell me it had that great big long ticket in it, but she just held her breath.

"All right, put your weight on one foot," I said, climbing onto a buttress. The whole building was as hot as a boiled egg in the shell.

"Wait! Let's decide what we're going to be looking at," said the Hostess. She inspected the city. "Look at the Robert E. Lee Hotel."

"Where is it?" asked the Queen nervously, still with her weight on both sturdy legs.

"I forget you've never been to Jackson," sighed the Hostess. If she had heard of it, she would have said, "One forgets." "Right yonder to the right. To the *right* — not the Baptist Church. Now don't take your eyes off it, and don't bat 'em, either."

"I was through once but we didn't stop," said the Queen, staring unflinchingly at the Robert E. Lee.

"Give?" asked the Hostess, pursing her lips.

"Sure," I said.

"Give," said the Hostess, nudging the Queen, who lifted her arm and smiled over at the hotel, although tears from the sun in her eyes streamed down her cheeks. She tottered a little, and I thought the Hostess knew it by some sense, although she was standing in front.

"Well, that's that," said Mr. Murray. "Isn't it?" He was red in the face, and most of the afternoon he

had kept shaking his coat sleeve, as if something inside tickled his arm.

"We haven't got one by the Soldiers' Monument," I said, pointing, and we started off. To my surprise, the Hostess waited and put her arm around my waist and gave me her full smile — it expressed confidence — all the way there. Then I saw Mr. Murray had paired off with the Queen. Just in front of us, the Sponsor was helping hold the handle of the Queen's purse, with it swinging between them, and the Queen's eyes riveted upon it.

"Have you either one ever been to New York?" I asked, to break a dead silence.

"No'm," said the Queen over her shoulder.

"Never any farther than Washington, I haven't," the Hostess was saying meditatively. "Been everywhere but. Just never got around to old New York, till now."

"I never been anywhere but to the Coast," said the Queen flatly, with another backward glance. The Mississippi Gulf Coast, she meant.

"Oh, this time last year," laughed the Hostess. "Just this time last year. Fixing to go to California. Will I ever forget it! I was Miss Know-Your-Native-State-Better: white satin shorts. Now I look like an old maid." She stuck up the toe of her shoe and made a face of disgust. "I hope you all release pictures of me with clothes on to the out-of-state papers. It's her is the one in the bathing suit this time."

She gave a long vindictive look into the back of Mr. Murray, but he did not turn around. He and the Queen reached the monument, and she drew in her purse, like a fishline, and got it back to herself.

"Well, the American Legion is going to die, anyway," said the Hostess, and dashing at the monument sprang into place. She pinched the Queen. "Wake up! — You all beat their time," she explained to Mr. Murray. "The VFW beat the American Legion's time."

"Well, fine," said Mr. Murray.

3

THE Hostess ran her eye up the monument with an almost possessive air. It was of oversized wounded soldiers being aided by towering women, and around it ran words: Our Wives — Our Mothers — Our Daughters — Our Sisters. "The American Legion got me here one time, they sure did. That was before I put on this weight. I put on nine pounds."

The Hostess posed the Queen through her own

system of jabs; with the side of her hand she flicked the Queen behind her knee to make her bend the right leg. Then she relaxed and posed herself, left hand on hip and eyes directed upon the Jackson Infirmary.

"How's my East?" she asked, giving herself a little flicker, like a bathing bird. "It's looking right at the sun."

"Just give," I said.

"I still like the one on the cannon," declared the Hostess, speaking the instant the exposure was over. "I think that had something."

"On the cannon we got to sit down," agreed the Queen.

"Oh, I don't mean so much legs, but just sort of the idea," said the Hostess. "The cannon —" Again she made her gesture to denote the abstract.

"Oh, I'm so hungry!" gasped the Queen, and looked right at me.

I just stood there. "We both are," the other child said, turning to me too, but she had the sanctimonious manner of a devotee that reminded me somehow of middle-aged or old women at funerals. "Hungry, and exhausted, and tired. — I bet our eyes aren't any more *shining!*"

"I haven't had a thing to eat all day," gasped the Queen. A tear flew like a bullet out of her eye. "I *couldn't* eat."

"She's excited," said the Hostess.

"Let's stop and get some food," I said.

"Sure, sure," said Mr. Murray, shaking his sleeve.

"We really ought to have one with him telling us good-bye and wishing us luck in New York City," said the Hostess severely, running a wet finger over each eyebrow. "I mean after all, he wore his coat, and he's here, and he'll be gone in the morning. Giving us the trip. Shaking hands, just shaking hands and smiling, not waving. Our Sponsor."

"Can you wait for one more?" I asked the Queen.

She said, "Yes'm."

Mr. Murray said calmly, "You want my hat on or off?" He looked stiffly at everybody, and lifted his hat and set it back on his head, then lifted it again. He seemed a nice man, but had thought all along he might have to do this. "Is this to suit you?" he said directly to the Queen, as if she were the fitting one to decide.

"Oh, yes, sir, it's all right with me, either way," she said.

"Maybe it ought to be off, but I think it *looks* better on," said the Hostess. "More — you know." She spread her hand on the air, and Mr. Murray glanced sharply at it. Then he carefully adjusted the brim at a slight tilt, loosened his shoulders a

minute, and swung his arm in the wilted white sleeve, shaking hands a few times with the air.

"We're certainly going to write you a letter from New York," said the Hostess to Mr. Murray, tête-à-tête without warning, smiling softly at him while I worried with my camera.

"Yeah, tell me all about it," said Mr. Murray, loosening his arm.

"You mean that long a letter?" She widened her eyes.

"Sure, yeah," he laughed.

"We'll leave out the things we think you all won't care to hear about," she said. Then with an abrupt little frown she turned on the Queen and shoved her into place beside her and a little to the back.

"Watch where you throw your weight," she said, pinching her. "Wake up. Now. Let's look *just beyond* Mr. Murray."

"Which hand you want me to wave?" asked the Queen.

"You don't wave," said the Hostess with patience. "You're through waving. This is just a quiet good-bye, with Mr. Murray and the suitcases, and you're looking just a little past him."

"One of you take his hand now," I said. "Watch out for the suitcase, Mr. Murray, don't step back. Closer, everybody, or I'll never get it all in."

"Do you mean 'Contact'?" smiled the Hostess.

"Contact," I said. "And thanks. That's all."

"I can't wait, can you?" said the Hostess, whirling.

"It won't be very long now," the Queen responded, sitting down all at once in a stone urn planted with petunias, at the corner of the monument — just her size.

"When I was Miss Winter Resort, I waved from a palm tree — maybe you saw it." The Hostess circled the Queen, waving, and then stopped and

looked down on her. The Queen seemed to sink a little deeper, her round legs spilled out in a childish way.

"No, I don't believe," she said, with a blank look in her eyes.

"I was right high up," the Hostess said. "Of course there was another girl with me in the tree, to wave toward the other side. We wore white bathing suits. This time I have to be — you know. Discreet. A chaperone, ha-ha."

The Queen gave something between a smile and a yawn. "My mamma wouldn't have let me come if she'd thought there wasn't a real chaperone," she said gently, and went on in a voice of collapse, "My papa said I'd get lost sure in New York and they'd have to hunt me."

"Listen, we're going to have us a good time," said the Hostess, just as softly. "And I mean good. Little Amy's careful, but she's going to have fun, hear?" She was bending over the Queen, and directing at her a very serious look.

"Oh, I know it," protested the Queen from the urn. Tears suddenly gathered motion on her cheek and she gazed past the Hostess and at the skyline of Jackson, with dilated eyes.

The Hostess gripped her wrist and pulled her up and then down out of the urn.

"We're going to have us a good time before we get old and die," said the Hostess between her teeth.

The little soft-faced Queen accorded that the least response it might ever have gotten anywhere. She said, "Well." She knew it was not enough, and swallowed, and nodded her head one time, and the Hostess let go her wrist with a slowness that held us all hypnotized.

Then Mr. Murray made the clicking sound in his cheek, and we all went off together and had a sandwich in the Robert E. Lee Hotel.



THE SCHOOLS I WANT AND HOW TO GET THEM

by GRACE WILLIAMSON

A year ago the *Atlantic*, in collaboration with the General Federation of Women's Clubs, offered a prize of \$1000 for the best article on our American public school system. Manuscripts were sent in from all the forty-eight states, and when the finalists were submitted to the *Atlantic* editors, it was impossible to make a choice between the two leading contenders, that of Miss Grace Williamson, a graduate of the University of Alabama now teaching school in her home state, and that of Mrs. J. Duane Squires, a graduate of the University of North Dakota, who has taught in the North Dakota high schools and in Colby Junior College, and who is now living in New London, New Hampshire, where she serves as Chairman of the New London School Board. The judges have therefore divided the prize, and we shall publish both articles, that of Mrs. Squires in the *Atlantic* for September.

— THE EDITOR

1

WHEN I was seventeen, I started teaching in a rural school of Alabama. That was thirty years ago, but like Thomas Hood, "I remember, I remember." There were eighty children to be taught in one room and they ranged from the A-B-C class to the eighth grade. I still remember how hard the seventh-grade arithmetic was and how scared I was that some day I'd come across a problem I couldn't work. And I remember my salary — \$45 a month.

I can close my eyes and see the muddy road that I walked upon every morning to school, a mile and a half of it. On extremely cold mornings I would forget to feel important and gay and invincible. I would even cry a bit when I reached the school-house, because my fingers were so cold and because I had such a hard time getting the fire to burn — there was no janitor. I remember the potbellied stove that finally took a notion to get red-hot, and the steady stream of children going to and from it all day. They were all either too hot or too cold.

I remember the room where I did "light house-keeping." It wasn't ceiled. On one unusually cold night I piled clothes, my umbrella, and a suitcase on the bed in a futile attempt to keep warm. The following morning everything was frozen as hard as a rock. I couldn't make any biscuit because the lard was frozen. I had no loaf bread because the creek had been up all the week and nobody could get into town to get supplies. Being cold doesn't keep you from being hungry. I remember eating boiled turnips for breakfast — and eating them while wearing my woolen gloves!

I still remember with a shudder what the chairman of the school board told me about dismissing school for a funeral. "Turn out school when a funeral comes along. Everybody wants their young'uns to go." And go we did. There were two churches close to the school, and it seemed to me there was always a line of children tiptoeing to look into a coffin.

Oh, yes, I haven't forgotten the water that we drank while at school. We were supposed to get water from a cistern but it needed cleaning out. Therefore, we drank from a branch that ran through the schoolyard. In the spring the branch always got full of tadpoles. It was hard to get a dipper full of water without scooping up tadpoles.

Thank goodness, spring not only brought tadpoles but blue hyacinths upon which I could feed my soul, and dogwood and peach blossoms and big bunches of rooster-head violets that the children picked in the woods and brought to me; the smell of newly plowed earth and newly washed bodies; the promise of summer coming on, with surcease from my labors.

Well, in thirty years we've come a long way even in Alabama, and this state is, as you know, pretty close to the bottom when it comes to educational status. At present there are few one-teacher schools left. In one county twenty-five years ago there were forty one-teacher schools. Today in this same county there are none. In the majority of the few that are left, only the first three grades are taught.

Thanks to the clubwomen of the state, to the edu-

cation-minded editors, and to interested parents, as well as to teachers, many children have the privilege of being in well-equipped buildings and are getting the benefit of hot lunches, health clinics, recreational facilities, trained teachers and supervisors.

As for teachers, we have a retirement system, tenure, and the best salaries we have ever had, although they are still insultingly low. Teachers are beginning to talk about their rights. Nobody has ever thought we had any right to rights heretofore! One teacher in another state has been bold enough to prepare "An Evolving Bill of Rights for Teachers," including "the right to adequate compensation for the full year of 52 weeks" and "the right to the same personal liberties which other respectable citizens assume for themselves as a matter of course."

Right now all over the country we are going through a leavening process. The editorials, the magazine articles, the sermons, the talk of the common people — all these things are in the yeast. Thirty years from now the schools will make the schools of today archaic — just about like comparing present-day aviation achievements with the Wrights at Kitty Hawk. The emphasis will be on the kind of schools that will make people happier, more comfortable, healthier, and more tolerant.

2

STARTING at the very beginning, I believe there will be schools for the newly wedded where wives and husbands are taught how to get along with each other and with their children-to-be. Of course, in some communities a start has already been made in this direction. This type of school would help to do away with many broken homes and unhappy children. I now have children in my room who speak of "my real mother and my other mother," who say, "My real father doesn't want me to pay any attention to what my stepfather tells me to do, and I don't know which one to mind."

Next, I'd say do some changing of courses in teachers colleges. I have had only two or three courses that were practical, that really helped me to help the children in my care. To me, it is important to know how to teach the children to get along with others, how to appreciate the things they have, how to make a good living, how to make a sick member of the family more comfortable. I can still rattle off the names of the nerves: oculomotor, trochlear, trigeminal, glossopharyngeal, hypoglossal, and all the rest, but what good does this knowledge do me?

It has never helped me out in any way; but I have needed to know how to shake down a thermometer, to give an enema, to make a dress that does not look homemade.

By all means, I'd like to have special schools for problem children. Here the teachers would have very special training to cope with the intricate mazes of the minds of children who steal, annoy others, show complete indifference. These special teachers should have only a very few children. This arrangement would then allow the regular teachers more time to spend with a normal group. There should also be schools for the gifted children, the unusually bright children. They would be a challenge to one another, just as the Quiz Kids are, and would have to work to their capacity. Too often today, in our zeal for taking care of the average children, we neglect the bright.

I want schools with the best equipment possible. This would include comfortable seats for all children. Today in many schools we are Procrustean in our ideas. We expect big children to fit in small desks and little children to pull themselves out to fit large desks. The lighting arrangement should be adequate. There are too many rooms making out with the scanty provision of one or two drop cords with small bulbs. If the building is steam-heated, the furnace and radiators should be in good working order. Furnace heat is not much good to you unless you can depend on it to keep you warm. There should be plenty of books, maps, globes, visual aids of all kinds. Today there is a dearth of maps especially.

I believe, in a few more years, there will be a psychiatrist in every school. They need to be there to help children who are obsessed with fears of death, of the end of the world coming; to help those who are handicapped by inferiority complexes. She could also help decide what children should be sent to the school for problem children.

I want every school to have the free services of a doctor, a nurse, and a dentist. In a check-up, if it is found that a child has malocclusion, it will not merely be noted on his card and then the card filed away. Something will be done about it.

I want to see the time come when teachers will be paid very high salaries. The profession will then attract the most capable boys and girls, who will be willing to spend eight years of their lives getting ready for teaching. It will be they who can teach children to create the beautiful and to admire the beautiful that others have created, to help a child to think well of himself, to know that if he "cannot carry a forest on his back, maybe he can crack a nut!", to respect the rights of others, to "do justly,

and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God." Perhaps then the majority of our teachers will be able to inspire their pupils, make these pupils want to do something fine and wonderful and big, in the same manner that Mrs. J. M. Roberts inspired the writer Thomas Wolfe.

In the schools I want, there will also be a first-class bookkeeper. Her salary will be good, too. Her job will be to look after the pennies, nickels, and dimes that the children contribute every year to the Red Cross, Junior Red Cross, the Community Welfare, the Cancer Drive, the Crippled Children, and other worthy drives. Giving to worth-while causes is part of a child's education. However, teachers take up many hours each week keeping track of this money. It belongs in the province of a bookkeeper, not that of a teacher.

Where are we going to get the money for all these things? Right now this may be the \$64 ques-

tion. In a few years nobody will ask this question. The leavening process will be finished. Education will be an accepted fact, just as good roads are now an accepted fact. Do you ever hear anybody ask where we are going to get money to build roads? We'll get money for schools from the same place that we get money for roads, for government buildings, for pensions, for dams, and dikes, FBI employees, for crime, for war, and all the rest.

Angelo Patri has said, "There is only one way to live in peace and comfort in any land and that is the way of brotherhood, of kindness, good will toward all men. When one knows a man, one can only like him, feel with him, and wish him well. Let us try to know each other that way."

Then when we have educated ourselves to live in peace with the rest of the world, maybe we can take the money that we *would* have spent on war and use that on education.



WIDE, DEEP RIVER

by J. S. MOODEY

HE makes old songs to something new
And chords them on a small guitar,
Christ Jesus crucified for you
And Old Joe propped behind a bar;
Or black and beautiful lament
More full of sorrow than we know:
Egypt land where Moses went
And all the roads sweet chariots go.
The stream of song is deep and wide
And moving. Who will float therein
Can feel the elemental tide
That past all pain and joy has been:
Wide singing tide that, being known,
All voices say, It is my own.



THE PLAYWRIGHT AND THE ACTRESS

by ENID BAGNOLD

IT WAS easy enough to write down what he intended to do. To write that his "man," his "character," roughly, was himself. Therefore had all the well-known disabilities, hungers, defeats, vanities — love of this, love of that. Baron had a broad idea for his play. It was to be a home for himself. But either he couldn't get into it, or when in, it wouldn't fit round him. And when he actually got down to work, the thing "passed over." He was writing about a man. But a woman took over the interest. She was to have been his protagonist in the play and started out with a feeble silhouette. Then, suddenly, all the replies were in *her* mouth. She said the things he had been going to say. He saw that that was natural. She did the transposition: she effected the telescoping: she made it easy for him to speak: because she wasn't himself. So, being intelligent, he let her have her way. It didn't matter much to him who held the baby (his nature, his own difficulties). But it mattered to the plot.

The thing had to be rearranged, poked about, threaded, rethreaded, truncated, cut, halved, doubled. In the end it was a funny sort of play. It took him two years, but he thought he'd got himself into it. He thought it was himself. He had a dust-covered mirror near his shoulder on the wall. He turned his face and looked into it. Thin, brown-grayish hair rumpled up. Looked

like a man who has just got out of bed. "I'm dying," he said. But he only meant that there it was — ahead. Two tired eyes were in the mirror, and the dust on the glass didn't help. Mouth shut too tight, and a flow of wrinkles running round the corners and back down the jaw. That was those false teeth that kept sinking in too low and shortening up his face. This sort of thing happened to everyone. And he'd got himself pinned into the play first, before the children put up the tombstone! Under the guise of a woman. All the better. The children wouldn't recognize it.

That Denis should be a theatrical critic! He didn't know whether it made him laugh when he thought of it. Cold young face, steely eyes, a lock of black hair falling about, and a pen . . . well Denis knew something about the theatre, and he could write. But he erred on the side of vitriol, like all these high-brow young men. You'd think Denis could write a play himself that would make the town sit up! Baron never said anything like that. He said, "You've toasted 'em again, Denis, I see." And Denis would say, "Serve 'em right." So of course Baron had hidden the fact that he was spending years playwrighting himself.

He passed his day at the top of the house in his workroom. It was comfortable. It had the heating pipes running round it, and a small door opened onto a patch of lead roof. You could see miles across London. Nobody was allowed to dust the room: he kept the key in his pocket. The room was respected, taken without question. From it issued the upkeep of the family life: the double column on Sunday (seven hundred a year: seven-

A rare and charming writer, ENID BAGNOLD has scored three remarkable successes: in *Serena Blandish*, which was published anonymously; in *National Velvet*, that racy story of a young English girl and a thoroughbred; and in *The Door of Life*, a most perceptive story of motherhood. There are long intervals between her manuscripts, but they are certainly worth waiting for.

fifty promised in the New Year), a column in a couple of weeklies, a regular contribution to America, and lately one to France as well. For a journalist he'd made a proper living for a proper family. Left a widower sixteen years ago he'd set his teeth over Denis and Teresa.

On Saturday nights they always went with him to the theatre. Perhaps that was what had made a critic out of Denis. It had been for years the end-of-the-week treat. They didn't know, of course, that Baron was stage-struck. They took it for granted that he was gayer than usual after tea on Saturdays, popping out a cork for the supper when they came in, decanting burgundy if he had it, or putting a bottle of Chablis to cool in a basin. Saturday night the tropical plant began to grow in him, sea anemones waving. He might be tired, but he'd throw it all off . . . Saturday night . . . stage mania. He'd always had it. Perhaps some sort of frustration but why analyze it? He'd never wanted to be an actor and what a lucky thing he hadn't been . . . with the children. But he'd wanted to write a play since he was fourteen. And now he'd written one.

At first it had been snatches of talk put down at odd moments, talk on the same lines, curiously and luckily tending to the same end. A stream of thought in him that every now and then bulged and went down onto paper. When it all added up there were the people, the characters, but there wasn't much plot. He struggled over that. Slowly — it was like bending basketwork — a shape began to show. Directly it really showed he got his central man in and the man was as dull as ditch-water. Hazy, legless, pompous fellow. That was just when he heard the woman talking. She was almost speaking aloud. At first he was distressed: it threw everything out. She came more and more alive and she wasn't wanted. Then, suddenly, one day he allowed her to exist. He was prepared to mow everything down for her, undertake the labor of reconstruction, tear his basket to pieces. For she was himself. She knew all the hard corners, she had a voice (a level of talking) deep enough to carry all he wanted to say. She wasn't young, not dainty, but jovial, knowing, tough, gay, a card, and — just for fun, to cover her up so that the children wouldn't know — he handed her beauty as well. Then the plot began to gather — directly she had beauty. She tumbled into situations (owing to this beauty), situations from which she got out again because she had what was himself, had that cork-like life, that resilience, that rueful grin. When anything happened to her it was himself, Baron, that got pinched, and cried

out, and got free and shook himself and laughed.

So his character was first-rate. Maybe his play was bad. That had to be seen. He wished it wasn't inevitable about Denis knowing.

2

IT WAS a long time before he sent it anywhere. He wasn't in a hurry to test his talent. He typed it out himself, scene by scene, and in the typing things grew, he popped in bits, — sometimes they were good bits. Nobody had the slightest idea. Out came the Sunday political article, and the other articles, short and long, competent, sometimes brilliant, sometimes just a trifle dull, but so far, thank God, what his editors wanted. Saturday nights he went to the theatre. He took Tess now more often alone. Denis had to go during the week for his paper. Baron didn't secretly like going with Denis as much as he used to. He shrank from the sharp acid poured over the box of puppets. Most Saturday nights he said to himself, "Mine's better than that!" Some Saturdays he was crumpled up with envy and despair.

All that was three years ago. The play was refused by every manager in London. Somehow Denis hadn't got wind of it. Or if he had (Baron sometimes wondered) he had the delicacy not to appear to know it. On the whole he probably didn't know. There was no reason why he should. He wasn't in with managers or actors, or anyone likely to talk. The typescript just came traveling back through the post. For two years Baron didn't lose heart. He went on touching up the play. The woman started to talk some more; and whatever she said was so like Baron he knew it was his heart talking. The play got so full of her talk he began to cut out some of the earlier things: and he knew he'd improved it.

For two years he thought it was a good play; he was sure. After two years he began to lose spirit. At the same time he grew a little tired of his journalistic writing. He had taken it in his stride all his life and he was the first man to turn to for this sort of political summing up. But he felt there might soon come a time when this work would sour on him. Every penny he ever earned went into this largish house and the children. Denis couldn't live yet on his critical writing and Teresa had still Oxford in front of her.

He stopped sending out the play. There was hardly anyone left to send it out to. The play stayed in the drawer, and even the Saturday night theatre began to slow down. Teresa wasn't so

keen as she used to be, and she began to know young men who wanted to take her now. But Baron missed the theatre. Saturday night came round like a birthday that nobody had remembered.

So then it happened that a man came up to him at his club one day and said, "I've read your play, Baron. A play of yours." Baron nearly said, "Which one?" He only said, "Oh . . ."

The man said, "I hope you didn't mind my reading it. It was at a week-end. Rogers had it. He was reading it for Tenents. I took it off him for the night. Last year . . ."

Baron prayed the man wouldn't say what he thought of it. He didn't know who he was, and he had a foxy face that didn't look as though it had any values. The subject was delicate and painful. Baron, stout, indefinably grubby as usual, was wincing down his skin under his vest.

The man said, "I couldn't forget it." Baron reflected you never knew men from their faces. The man's red-rimmed eyes glittered behind his pince-nez. He had a long nose and a lipless mouth folded away.

"My name's Haslett," said the man. "Let's sit down." They found a couple of chairs.

"I don't know what you're doing with it," said Haslett. "Perhaps you're not doing anything with it . . . just yet?" He looked inquiring.

"Nobody seems to want it," said Baron easily (but not so easily).

"I do a bit of producing," said Haslett. Baron's heart stood still. "Practically amateur," said Haslett.

"Where?"

"In Chester. We've got a Club." He hesitated. "It's my wife's show really. It's her show." And then, suddenly, unrelatedly, "I used to be a doctor." He looked at Baron. "I don't suppose you'd consider it," he said. "Amateur, I mean. No financial gain, and not any gain of any kind, really. Except, of course, you'd see it put on."

"I'd see it put on," said Baron, echoing him.

Haslett warmed up a bit. "Sometimes plays come to London in odd ways," he said. "Here's yours. Lying fallow, I suppose. It has a part that my wife . . . I'm really asking you from her. Though I'm keen myself. Very keen myself." He talked on. "There are chances. Elliott lives outside Chester. He's got the Adam Theatre in the Aldwych, and on a Saturday night, if he happened to be up from London on a week-end we might. . . . We'd get him to come in."

"We're a Club," he went on. "A membership Club. The members pay ten shillings. We get a hall, free, from the Town Council three times a

year. So we put on three plays for that reason. Nobody's paid. The seats are a few shillings, and the membership money just covers the scenery. We rehearse at my house."

Baron said Haslett could have the play.

He walked slowly home and went up to his dusty workroom, went out and stood upon the leads. The lights of London were broken by a little rain. He put his square hot hands on the wet coping of the small roof below him. He could have laughed with tenderness and pity for himself. Denis and Teresa were both in to dinner that night. There was one bottle of port in the cellar. Baron got it out.

"What's this," said Teresa. "A birthday?"

"No," said Baron. "No, no. Nothing like that." He poured them their glasses and sat down to drink his own.

3

IT WAS June then. Baron had to wait till October. Even an amateur company provides that heart-break. "We're ready," wrote Haslett at last, "if you'd like to come up for the Reading."

Baron climbed into the train at King's Cross. Teresa had brushed him but he never looked clean. He took a first-class ticket to make up for the amateur company. He had his rug and his small bag and a copy of the play. Haslett had offered to put him up for the night. Baron knew that would be a mistake. He had taken a room at the railway hotel. He opened his play in the train. Then he closed it again and put it back in his bag. He hadn't read it for more than a year. "Better have it fresh on my ears at the Reading," he thought. He watched the scenery. The rain beat on the windows. Gradually the slag heaps raised their triangles. Suddenly he knew he was growing excited.

Haslett had a taxi waiting for him. Baron smelled the wet on trees and saw the lit porch, door open ready for him. Haslett, very much the host, waiting. Baron went on and in.

"Sherry?" said Haslett. "Or gin?"

"Sherry," said Baron, feeling suddenly his defeat. He drank the sherry alone with Haslett in the lounge-hall. Perhaps no one had come?

Haslett opened the doors into the drawing room.

Ay, aiee, aiee . . . eleven pairs of eyes! The fire burned in a copper grate. "Here we have our author!" said Haslett. Baron shook hands with several of them. His nose tickled. He sneezed.

"My wife's on the telephone," said Haslett. "She'll be here in a minute."

"We're very proud to do your play, Mr. Baron," said a thin girl sitting near.

"Here's my wife!" said Haslett suddenly. Mrs. Haslett came hurrying into the room, her handkerchief to her nose. Everyone seemed to have a cold tonight. Of course it was dampish. She had a slight stoop, forty perhaps. Beautiful hair. When she took the handkerchief down, beautiful eyes. But tired. A tired face. A responsible-looking woman. Might be the head of a girl's school. Baron was ready and inured to any disappointment. Come all this way, like a boy, running. And this was private theatricals! Charades! Hardened old journalist for thirty-five years! There's always a dearest wish to soften one up. And without more ado they began to read.

Baron listened. He didn't know whether to follow on his script or just listen. He had a pencil in his hand as though to correct them. Correct what? Soon he put the pencil down and just listened. Charades or not, he grew fascinated to hear his words read aloud. To hear them shift and pass along the line of readers, so that a girl spoke for his girl, and a lad for his lad, and Mrs. Haslett read away at the opening lines of that woman of his. She had a nice voice. Haslett sat and listened. Sometimes he interposed and caught a reader back who had stumbled on his line. "Accurate!" he said. "Be careful. I don't want any fishing. I want the written word." That gave Baron's heart a squeeze. Presently it came again, Haslett's quiet voice. "Careful," he said. "The words on the page . . . please. Be careful." Baron couldn't hear it said too often. They had coffee at the end of the second act. Haslett introduced him to a few more of them, and Mrs. Haslett came nearer. He was astonished to find that she stammered a little. A sentence that she began stopped right off. He glanced at her, saw her eyes blink, and then she went on. She'd never done it as she read. When they'd finished the third act there it was: they'd read it through. There was a small panic about last buses. People thrust their arms into coats, moving to the door. The room emptied. Mrs. Haslett was there of course, and Haslett. Baron wondered what they expected him to say. He really wondered too what was the point of his being there at the Reading.

Haslett said at once, his red eyes blinking, "What would be useful, Baron, would be if you could explain a few things to my wife."

"Yes," said Mrs. Haslett, "that's what I would . . ." — again a big stammer, more a pause than a stammer — "like. I've made some notes of things to ask you."

She looked at him. He waited, steeling himself. (After all, he had given permission himself for his "woman" to be handled.)

"What's her age, should you say?" she asked.

Baron considered. "As old as still compatible with charm," he said. "As near the edge as one can get. Whatever age that is."

"She's a vigorous woman?" said Mrs. Haslett. "She has a vigorous way of talking?"

"It's the word. Yes. Vigorous. But not all the time."

Mrs. Haslett laughed out loud at that. She looked ten years younger. "You've put more in her than vigor!" she said. "What did you think of the dark girl down on the left?"

"She was all right," said Baron, rather surprised. "I can't tell, can I? They were reading."

The smart maid said the taxi had come and couldn't wait. It had another job unless Baron came at once.

"But you've a lot of questions, my dear!" said Haslett. "You've got a list there."

"No," said Mrs. Haslett. "Next time. Next . . . time. I'll work just on . . . vigor." She seemed somehow amused.

"I feel," said Haslett, taking him to the door, "we've brought you up for very little." Baron felt that too. Then he remembered that, after all, he had wanted to come. "Look, Haslett," he said, "if you're in London . . ."

"I shall be," said Haslett. "I'll see you next week."

"We'll keep this dark, shall we? It's an experiment. I'd sooner nothing was said till. . . . Not now."

"Right," said Haslett. "Right. Perfectly."

Baron got into the taxi and the gravel moved under the turning wheels. He summed up, in the hotel bedroom (after he had been on his hands and knees getting a shilling into the meter for the electric fire), "I'm a fool perhaps. But I'll see my creatures standing. So long as nobody knows. . . . But I shall have to stop coming up first class," he said as he got into bed.

Haslett said to him in a week's time at the club, "We're getting on." Baron couldn't help looking round lest they be overheard. They sat down. "We'll want you up again," said Haslett.

"When?"

"Not yet. It's a long way. It isn't as if you could keep coming and going. I should say — if you joined in with us the last four nights. The dress rehearsal and the opening night."

"Making six nights in all? I don't know that I can spare the time."

"No, I didn't mean six. Our First Night's always a Wednesday. Could you come on the Saturday? By six? You could see it through that night. Plenty of time to make alterations then."

"Time?"

"Oh yes. It'll have a fixed shape in a way. But it'll undo at the joints. Our trouble is, being amateurs, we can only rehearse in the evenings. It's not enough."

Baron was astonished. "Only once a day?"

"They all work, you see," said Haslett. "They come when they've finished. Miles — some of them. By bus and tram. They're very keen. Shop girls. A chemist. One — like me — is a doctor."

"And you are no longer?"

"I was a special category. Remedial. A form of paralysis."

"And you don't practice now?"

"I've only one patient," laughed Haslett. "No, the stage is my love!"

"It's an odd play," said Baron, "for you all to have chosen."

"I chose it," said Haslett, and his face closed up. It was so strange he should never say why. Never once even say that he liked it.

4

BARON worked on in his room at the top of his tall house. He puffed a little going up the stairs and in his sharp way he observed it. "Cracks. Cracks all over." Funny he should keep a looking glass so near his shoulder as he worked. It was not from vanity, and he never remembered how it had got there in the first place. But once there it was a dusty companion, the face he had known so well so long, the face he couldn't change, but which the years changed for him, slowly. In that glass, in that room, the face had done its living for thirty years. He had bought the tall house with a legacy when he first married.

One night he threw his pen down with an exclamation. "It's like *love*!" he said, quite loud, astonished. He was thinking of his play. He never spoke aloud when alone, but tonight he heard his own voice, so full was the force of conviction that surged up, tossing the words like foam off the surface of his heart.

He looked at his watch. Seven. Nearly dinner-time. But seven — they were in the middle of a rehearsal. And seven — Mrs. Haslett was speaking aloud his words. That gave him a turn! It was like letting her read his diary. He wouldn't have given the whole thing up now for the world

— even though he winced. Plug, plug . . . on at the article on Armament! He stalked down to dinner looking dusty and tired. His eyes ached. "I'll be away," he said, "a bit later on in the month." He had trained them to that sort of independence. They too enjoyed the same. He just thought, almost thought, there was a flash of something in Denis's eye. "If he's heard anything, and says anything . . . I'll shut him up. I'll give no reasons." But Denis said nothing.

Next morning Baron read Denis's article on the "New Moon" in the *New Sun*. The *New Sun* was the very latest magazine of the harsh view of life. Denis's criticism of the "New Moon" was brilliant and curdling. Baron wondered in what room in what dressing gown in what state of mind the author was reading it. He longed to say to Denis, carelessly, "Ever thought of writing a play yourself?" He had no idea at all what he would answer. Denis meant much to him. He loved him; but he was the great enemy, the new generation. Not because he was new, but because he hadn't yet learned how awkward the whole thing is, how wearing, how slow the extinction of courage, how much there is to be taken into consideration, the . . . the . . . coincidental factors of living. And then, dear me, just for the moment (it would right itself) Denis was so old and he so young.

His eyes blinked as he leaned over the joint and carved for them. "You'll catch your hair, Daddy!" as he bent down over the candles. He had always carved for them, the grown-up Cuckoos!

"Tess! I won't carve any more!"

"Are you angry?"

"No. Not angry. But why should I carve at my age?"

"You always have."

"Tonight's the end. One's got to get old some time."

They laughed, and teased him. He was happy. He had this secret, like love. He sat down, and Tess took round the plates, and Denis seemed to watch him.

"I've been reading William Archer," said Denis. But Baron wouldn't talk of plays. Instead he talked to Tess of Oxford, where she was going next month.

He had a letter from Haslett, the date now quite fixed. It had been pretty well known already, but now there was a confirming letter from the Town Clerk about the Hall. Would Baron come up Saturday week? Would he stay with them this time?

No, he wouldn't — thought Baron. What did the hotel cost? A pound a day, and perhaps an evening

meal with Haslett? No, not that either. And then there was the taxi, of course. That was rather an extra. Still — this was his private patch of life: he was prepared to pay for it. To stay in that clean, cold house, with probably chintz like a sheet of ice in his bedroom . . . No. The hotel was what he loved. A little grimy, the yells of engines, the meditative breakfast in the Coffee Room, perfectly happy with all that.

On Saturday he took his first class ticket again (he couldn't resist it), a bag of books with him, foolscap, and his typewriter. He'd have to manage the Sunday article (or some of it) before the Wednesday. And there was another thing . . . a memorial luncheon to Piggott. He'd promised, three weeks ago, when Piggott died. There was a nine-fifty after the First Night performance. He didn't mind turning night into day for a journey. He'd polish the speech in the train, get home, sleep some hours, and go to the luncheon.

He enjoyed the journey up, the restaurant car, his glass of sherry. When he arrived at the hotel they pleased him by giving him the same room as he had had before, — (and the electric fire, this time sustained by somebody else's shilling). He ordered something cold to eat for when he came in, and the porter got him a taxi.

"Don't be afraid," said Haslett when he got there, "to make alterations. It's not too late. Take notes and tell me afterwards. And do remember . . ."

"What?"

Haslett smiled ruefully, ". . . how few rehearsals we've been able to have!"

5

THE handful of people, looking, in that drawing room, like the committee of a nursing association, began on his words. The dark girl and the boy had it all to themselves for a time. They were slow off the mark. The replies halted, and the bits of business had no lines striking across them. Baron scribbled down his comments. "Telescope together," he wrote, and "shove along faster." The boy and the girl were joined by a subsidiary character (a man Baron had thought a neat bit of work). And now — for Mrs. Haslett. Here she came, limping a bit, in a brown dress and an old cardigan. By God, she was going to stammer! She was as nervous as a cat. She crossed the room, paused at the exit, said her bit over her shoulder and went out. Due back when you turned over the page. He had his finger on his script. When she came back she sud-

denly clicked more upright and said a fine say. He heard her voice liking the words. But he'd have done it differently: he'd had another idea. Never mind. She was off again. There were more things she didn't do as he expected, but some things she did better . . . little things he'd not been sure of . . . they came out now very effective. That pause she made — he hadn't put that in, but he was glad she had thought of it. Suddenly he began to know she'd thought a great deal about his woman. At the end of the first act she didn't come near him. Hurried out. It was her own house, — perhaps she had something she had to do. Haslett came up to him, while Baron remembered Mrs. Haslett had only stammered that once. "You can't judge by this. There's so much to be done." Haslett sounded a little nervous.

"The boy and girl opened slow," said Baron cautiously.

"I've got a note of that," said Haslett. "I'll take them together. We'll find half an hour tomorrow. Of course, from now on, if they'd been professionals, we'd have been rehearsing all day."

Baron wondered whether he had to say that Mrs. Haslett had surprised him. The words stuck in his throat. Haslett left him just as he was wondering and they started on the second act.

Mrs. Haslett began to sweep about the drawing room now. It seemed rather exaggerated. She didn't limp when she turned as quick as that, turning away from the man she spoke to, and as quick as you like back again. She had big gestures. Really too big. There now! She had the small coffee table over! They had to stop to mop it up. She looked embarrassed. And the stammer came back for a minute. But the words — you could tell she'd thought about them. Baron was so interested he had long lost the place in his script where he had meant to be making notes. She said the words — not very loud — almost in an undertone, as though she were thinking more how to fit the gestures that went with them. They carried on like that to the end — Mrs. Haslett moving swiftly, saying things rather fast, rather low. All the effectiveness was in the dumb show. Yet the words had the right emphasis. She understood what she was saying.

Baron was irked when the end came, for he felt he had to say something. But once again he was saved by the rush for the buses. He smiled genially, as one speeds a party, "Excellent! Excellent!" and they were gone. Now face to face with the Hasletts. And still yet again she had slipped away.

"I wanted to tell your wife," said Baron looking round, "how I appreciate . . ."

"You think she's good?" said Haslett quickly.

"But she'll be better. Don't . . . don't bother your head. Don't worry . . ."

"I'm not worrying."

Haslett looked from left to right. "A little nervous," he said, like a conspirator. "Have a drink. I've sent for a taxi." Everything repeated itself. Baron drove back to the hotel. That was Saturday night.

On Sunday night they concentrated on the first act, and tightened it up considerably. Mrs. Haslett was exactly the same, and the boy and girl came on faster. They took three minutes off the acting time. On Monday they went to the Hall. Baron was curious to see the scenery, but it was still in pieces being finished in the cellars below. He sat on a gilt chair in the dark. There were no real seats. He looked round the hall, thinking it might hold four hundred. He'd had his play so long in a drawer that he felt a little shy seeing all these gilt chairs.

It was this Monday night that Mrs. Haslett first surprised him. She came onto the stage above him, removed from him. She had thrown a sort of beauty over her tired face. No limp, no stammer, and the fatigue was all right. The right kind of fatigue in her manner. Not as he knew it, elderly man, eye-tired, rumple-headed, but in her a nobility, a fatigue of living. His words that he had hung over so long were coming from her mouth like her own. Could it last? Could she do it again? He stared and listened. He felt Haslett bump down beside him in a gilt chair: breathing a bit, Baron thought. He didn't want to talk to him and in a few minutes Haslett was restlessly gone again. Haslett, with his intermittence, his comings and goings, almost as though he had a sense that something was due to Baron which he couldn't give.

With the chair empty beside him he was more at ease. Those gestures he had thought too big in the drawing room, what a surprise they were now. She flounced — in a way. But it was a flounce of intolerance, impatience, vigor. What had she said about vigor? "I'll work it that way!" This was a woman made out of a man, a rib. This was a woman almost too old for sex, yet full of it. Half disregarding it, frowning at it, treating it like something she mustn't use any more, treating it with a sort of patience because it wouldn't die. This was — *his* old girl — himself! Baron could have cried. That was the end of Monday night. He got away alone.

He had hardly got back to the hotel before there was Haslett beside him. They sat down in the lounge while coffees were being served.

"What do you think of my wife?" said Haslett.

Baron took off his spectacles and rubbed his eyes.

"She upsets me," he said at last.

Haslett looked at him. "I'm afraid to ask what you mean," he said slowly.

Baron said, "I wrote that play years ago. It took me a long time. I put myself into it, bit by bit. Why does your wife understand every word?"

"So you think she's good!" said Haslett triumphantly. His voice altered. He wasn't nervous any more. His red eyes shone behind his pince-nez. He talked of receipts, advertisement, Elliott and the chances of his coming, a note to the *Post*, the *Advertiser*. He covered himself up, he covered his wife up, he was hearty, he stood up, "You must go to bed," he said. He went.

6

MONDAY night had been a dress rehearsal in a way. Tuesday night was the dress rehearsal proper. Baron sat heavily on his small gilt chair and waited. Everyone was busy on the stage, Haslett answering questions, correcting a detail of dress, the electrician shouting to his mate at the back of the hall. People came and went, a chair brought onto the stage was taken out again. Baron sat watching with nothing to do. This of course was not the scenery of his mind. How could it be? But he was content. He was strangely content when you came to think of it. The amateur company remained an amateur company. His curious, clumsily built, heavy play, his sad, rich play was too much for them. Haslett had done everything possible in the time, compacted them, driven them together, welded them, but they remained of course what they were — inexperienced. And for Mrs. Haslett there was only tonight for any more surprises, experiments. Tomorrow was the Night-Itself.

He was waiting intensely for her. He shouldn't take his eyes off her, so what did the rest of the company matter? After a life time of journalism this play was the only thing he had made, and Mrs. Haslett the only woman likely to play in it. To her speeches, her exclamations, he had hitched his heart. His pain was her pain, never uttered in his life before. There had been times in the past when he could not read his play without self-pity. Each night Mrs. Haslett in her murmurous tones (her voice would never reach to the back of the hall) came nearer to him. What was strange was that she had never consulted him. Only that first time, in those few broken-off words. She had decided by herself how she would play it.

And Haslett — how much had he to do with it — the foxy fellow, with his anxious, probing air, yet his air of withdrawal, as though he was afraid Baron would ask something or hear something that he

must not hear or ask. And never a word about Baron's part in it! And, once again, what a play to choose for this bunch of nice, inexperienced people! He shifted his frail chair and looked round the hall, calling up before his mind the seated audience tomorrow night. He felt sure he would hear them say afterwards, or between the acts, "Do you understand it?" "Not a word."

Haslett, the Intermittent, was near him again for a moment. "You must take it," he said, "as a sketch."

"A sketch?"

"For a painting. A sketch for a painting. We must get Elliott . . ."

"Can Elliott really come?"

"He might. He's got a house near here. I shall see him. . . . What I wanted to say . . ."

"Yes?"

"Take it as a sketch. No more than a sketch."

"Don't worry. I'm very satisfied."

Not a word about his wife! The only obvious, striking, salient subject for conversation.

Now it was time to start. The play creaked forward. On this night, the night before *The Night*, Baron heard his play with the ears of the outside world. The gilt chairs poured out ghostly criticism. What a time that boy and girl took over their opening! He almost wondered could he ever sit it out?

But Mrs. Haslett had another surprise for him. She'd found the amplifier: she'd taken the muffler off: she had a large carrying, obedient, elastic voice. His chin sagged and his mouth came open he was so astonished. Now the big gestures and the voice came together. The poor little company couldn't stand up to it: it became abashed. It wouldn't do. But it was wonderful.

He waited for the scene where she reproached the dead man (not knowing he was dead). She had a page and a half to reproach him with, and he couldn't let her down because he naturally hadn't anything to say. She said all the things to him that she wanted: she got it all off her chest (he sitting, dead, in the dark on the sofa away from the lamp). Then she was for going out of the room, but at the door she said more. Then went, not knowing he was dead. The audience knew though. That was a good bit.

Mrs. Haslett sailed into this and Baron listened as though he had never heard it before. She had nobody to let her down with a fumbling, underdone reply. The man was dead, so she had it all to herself. Baron saw too how well he had written the words. "We've done it together," he thought. He was quite certain she thought so too. He had a sense of creation that overwhelmed him. What he

had written, what he had seen in his room at home, here it was, thus it spoke, thus it moved, thus it felt and retaliated, and got the pain off its heart. He wanted to speak to her, at all costs, at the end of the rehearsal. He wouldn't let her slip away. But once again he hadn't bargained for Haslett. Haslett said she wasn't well and took her just as she was on his arm down to the car. They could have dropped Baron at his hotel but they didn't. He went back as usual in his taxi. It occurred to him to send her flowers.

Next morning he went out looking for a flower shop. He found some hothouse gladioli but he didn't care for them. In the next flower shop — where they had bunches of cold November rosebuds — he saw himself in the florist's mirror, dusty, shabby, bookish. "We can't deliver," they said. He couldn't walk away carrying rosebuds, he said, eyeing himself in the mirror. In the end he prevailed by paying for a taxi for the messenger.

He was asked to write a card, to be attached to the flowers. He thought of many things that one might put down on a card with admiration for one's actress, one's interpreter. But Mrs. Haslett was an enigma, so he only put his name. After that he wandered on through Chester and back to the hotel for lunch. Haslett had said, "Don't come down to the theatre. Keep fresh for six-thirty." And he'd given him his ticket so that he could go straight to his seat.

7

ASSIGNATION in the evening. If this wasn't love it was as like it as two peas. All the afternoon he forced himself to work on the speech for tomorrow, for Piggott. He had arranged to catch the nine-fifty that night after the performance.

At six-thirty Baron joined the audience as they pressed into the foyer of the Hall. He knew the whereabouts of his gilt chair. The chairs were tied together now in lines with a gilt batten. He shoved his way into his row. It was last night, he reflected, that he'd had such a sense of an audience. The empty chairs then had suggested something that he really didn't see in the faces around him. The women were busy unwrapping their heads from their scarves, the men fumbling for coins for the programs. It was an ordinary night at a small theatre. He had been to many such. Soon the curtains were parted — off once again. Boy and girl no better. Worse, if anything. Nervous. And Baron cared nothing, not even at all that it was his own First Night. His whole interest was bent to hear his lines come alive in Her voice — perhaps for the last

time, ever. When she came on he shut out the rest of the stage. When she went off he dropped his eyes to his lap and watched his circling thumbs. He'd had his pleasure out of this experiment.

Denis, with his weary professional attitude, would have thought it incredible. Mrs. Haslett was much as she had been the night before, but that was good enough for Baron. With a peculiar pleasure undimmed by repetition he was aware of each line before she came to it, enjoyed it as she said it, and noted here and there a touch superimposed. The audience was moderately enthusiastic and there were calls for the author. But Baron had arranged all that with Haslett. He wouldn't go on. He had seen too many muggins come bowing and smiling, unpainted and foolish. He wasn't such a goose. He watched the audience press away again, as they had pressed in. He caught the very sentences he had invented. "Did you understand it?" "Not a word!"

When they had gone he knew he must thank the players before catching his train. He got through to the back and Haslett found him and led him to the dressing rooms. Nervously he collided with a few hurrying figures, recognizing members of the company, murmuring embarrassed thanks. The thin girl repeated what she had said on the first night of the Reading. "It was an honor to play in your play, Mr. Baron. I hope you were pleased?" How well she said it — so easily. "I hope you were pleased?" said the Boy and Girl, going by in their outdoor coats.

"Thank you for the flowers," said Mrs. Haslett, turning quickly on her stool by the dressing table as Haslett took him in to her dressing room. "It went well — don't you think?" She said it lightly, and turned back to the glass. He looked at her, his heart full. "I want to thank you," he said, "for a great experience." But her back looked extraordinarily unreceptive. "It's been shared," she said into the glass, unwillingly. "And my thanks too. My thanks, and my . . ." — again the long stammer, and Baron noticed that the hand that lay in her lap was twitching, while the other was still — "gratitude . . ." Haslett pulled out his watch. "If you've really got to catch that nine-fifty," he said, "I'll take you to my car. It can come back for us."

It seemed as though Haslett spent his time leading Baron away from his wife. At the door Baron resisted. He looked back at Mrs. Haslett. "Good-bye," he said, "I wish I could say what I felt." She only turned and looked at him mutely as though she was at a loss for words.

He sat warm in his corner of the train, not sleeping, but thinking of his play, thinking of the adventure. It was intact, unbroken, unspoiled, he would

not go back to see it again. He could remember Mrs. Haslett perfectly, her every gesture. When he chose he could always read a speech or two and conjure her up. Unwillingly he took out his pad at length and polished the speech for tomorrow. The famous dead man had been a lifelong acquaintance and at times even a friend. Denis would be there at the luncheon to hear him, — a luncheon got up by a literary society. He had no feeling about Denis and his speech. As a critic on Piggott he was in his own kingdom. The sharpened pencil paused and hovered in the pool of light from the lamp above him. He flicked out an adjective too much, made a note in the margin. In the end he would probably improvise, after the body of the summing up. He felt old, responsible, and certain of himself in his judgment. And he knew how young he had been these last four days.

8

FROM the moment he took up his London life a nostalgia invaded him. The routine was waiting like an old dressing gown; reluctantly he put it on. But nightly, as he stumped down the three flights of stairs to dinner, flushed, stooped, rumped, a paterfamilias, a father, he remembered Chester. The children said not a word about his absence. He almost wondered at it. But then he knew how bright their lives shone for them, how full of hope, relationships, adventure. Denis, for all his cold eye, writing daily to a girl. Teresa, with a flushed face, asking for a little money for her clothes for Oxford. They were going forward; but he too had something in his life. Nightly, as he was given his plate by Teresa, he heard the woman's voice ringing behind his shoulder. Alone, he pondered sometimes whether he was in love with Mrs. Haslett. She wore, in a way, his clothes, invaded his life, confessed his confession. Suddenly, with a start, he wondered why he wasn't going up for the last Saturday. What was holding him back? He wired directly to the hotel, and to Haslett.

Once more the journey — brushed by Teresa. At Crewe it occurred to him that they were playing it now, this minute. He tried to work out what Mrs. Haslett might be saying, but he didn't know if they started at two or two-thirty. He arrived, hurried to the theatre. Haslett was in the foyer waiting for him. "He's here! Elliott!" he said. There was just time to brush into a seat.

"Which . . . where is he?" Baron asked.

"Up in the box. With a carnation," said Haslett. Baron raised his head and looked at the important man.

Elliott was very black, very red, very clean. He had his woman with him, his Mink-and-Peroxide. She was his Week-ender. A shame to have worried them.

The Curtain divided and tottered apart . . . the Boy and Girl paraded . . . "Here we are," said Baron, and glad to be there, how glad of the familiar emotion. This last night, clean cut for him like a small death. Never again would this Boy and Girl make their lamentable mistakes for him. Not for a moment, never in word or deed, had they improved. They were readers, who had memorized their readings. Baron shut his eyes and waited.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Haslett, appearing in the wings, as she had appeared for the last nine nights. ". . . is that what you said . . . Louise?" She crossed the stage, paused, ". . . or have I heard it wrong?" She looked at the boy and girl.

"She *couldn't* have heard!" said the girl, shrinking. Baron waited. Mrs. Haslett reappeared, stood in the doorway, altered in expression. "We don't often hear," she said with a sad severity, "what we truly are . . . Louise . . ." He settled down to listen. She was weeping. She was that much better he couldn't have believed she'd done it in nine days. She'd altered some lines, the hussy! She'd been tampering. He was prepared to wince, but she'd heightened the effects. Once he glanced up at Elliott, who was leaning forward, the Mink-and-Peroxide straight as a post at his side. The audience was caught, stiffened. It watched like one personality, like a sea iced over, waves crested and hard.

There was a chance in the play for one big performance, and Mrs. Haslett gave it. There was a scene in the third act of excitement and passion. It was clumsily put in, and it died away on a misfire, but Mrs. Haslett had roped it, lassoed it, in the nine days of his absence. Perhaps Haslett had something to do with it? They'd done a bit of rewriting. They'd thought he wasn't coming back. But he forgave them. It was tremendous. Not his play but the ten minutes she had alone on the stage. Now it was drawing to its end. Now they'd arrive at the fold-over into a backwater. It never had been convincing. A literary ending, with weak innuendoes. He recognized it as such but hadn't been able to do anything better. Still he'd done his . . . what did Archer call it? His *scène à faire*. He'd done his *scène à faire*, and Mrs. Haslett had driven it like an engine with the throttle open. She'd got everything there was to be got out of his *scène à faire*. And now Elliott, damn him, was talking to his Mink during the play's close. Showed how a professional knew a bad thing when he saw it. It was over.

"You know who she is?" said the woman next to him suddenly. He'd never looked at her before. "I live next door to them." She had to boast to someone. The audience rose and Baron stood through "God Save the King." His line of gilt chairs shifted as the people turned sideways like the Creed. The voice came from behind him. "You'd never believe, would you, that she was ten years on her back?" Baron was stooping at the moment to pick up his program. He wanted to keep it. "Infantile paralysis," said the woman. "She was an actress in Australia. Ten years on her back and he taught her to walk again. I tell him (I tease them) that he married her because she had it! He started this Club for her. At first she took small parts —

"And — just fancy — *tonight!*"

She was cut off by a surge of people at the end of the row. Baron made his way round to the stage and on to the corridor and dressing rooms.

There was Elliott coming out of Mrs. Haslett's dressing room with Haslett. Baron stood still, looked at Haslett, but Haslett looked the other way. Elliott passed him. No one introduced him. Baron understood that Elliott hadn't taken his play. He entered the dressing room. Mrs. Haslett was crying. He walked up and put his hand on her shoulder. "Whatever happens," he said, "it's been a great performance. If they don't want us . . ."

To his horror Mrs. Haslett got up and put her arms round his neck. "They want *me*," she sobbed. "They don't want you. They want *me*." Baron didn't know what to do. He hardly held her. He let her sink down again on her stool by the dressing table. She put her face in her hands.

"It's Elliott," said Haslett from the door. "He's mad about her. He's made her an offer."

"In this play?" said Baron. But he had an overwhelming impression of their guilt.

"Look here, old man," said Haslett, and, as usual, he put his arm through Baron's and got him to the door. "You're no further back than you were. You've seen it played. I told you it would be useful. It's got one magnificent part in it. There's a lot of philosophy and fine writing, but the rest is difficult, you know, difficult. Elliott saw that. You've seen it played. You've seen it done." (He took him through the door.) "You've seen it put on."

"Yes," said Baron, with a sense of being finally put out of the theatre. "I've seen it put on."

Which was true. So he had. And anyway a year later it was Denis who captured the theatre. Unknown to his father he'd long been writing his first play.

THE PEOPLE'S PEACE

by ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH has skillfully combined the qualities of poet, educator, and man of affairs. He was a successful practicing lawyer in Boston; he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for poetry; he was a brilliant contributor to *Fortune* during its years of trial; and in his lectures and broadcasts he has spoken with ever widening influence. In 1939 he began his career as a public servant, first as Librarian of Congress and Assistant Director of OWI, then as Assistant Secretary of State; and at the war's end he played a leading and formative part in the establishment of UNESCO, as Chairman of the American Delegation to the Constituent Conference. He has recently resigned from the Executive Board of UNESCO in order to return to his writing. — THE EDITOR

1

DURING the war when we talked about making peace, we meant a new kind of peace. We called it a People's Peace. It was going to be unlike anything men had ever tried before. Now that the war is over, the tune has changed. We still intend to make peace — if we can. But the peace we intend to make now is not a new kind of peace. The peace we intend to make now, if we mean what we say, is the peace we failed to make in 1919 and failed to keep in the twenty years which followed.

We say we are not going to pull out of Europe as we did in 1919. We are not going to disarm until everybody else disarms. We won't fall again into the pit of appeasement. We will not be parties to another Munich whether Munich lies in Germany or farther east. We are not going to hold Mr. Chamberlain's umbrella for him any more. We will not go back to sucking the baby's thumb of isolation. We will never again believe, no matter who tells us, or how black the headlines, or how big the circulation, that out of sight is out of mind, and that what goes on beyond an ocean does not really go on at all.

These are admirable resolutions. Their only weakness is that they add up to a purpose to make, not this peace, but the last. And the last peace is no longer open to us.

The world of 1947 differs from the world of 1919 more radically than the world of one generation has ever differed from the world of a preceding generation. The change is not limited to the discovery of atomic fission or to advances in the technique of transportation. More important than either from the point of view of the making of a re-

alistic peace is the fact that the peaceful relations between peoples have been profoundly altered by a technological revolution in world communications.

The development of the media of mass communication in the short generation between the wars has changed the kind of peace which can now be made, by changing the opportunities for contact between peoples — their contact not as nations or as governments but as human societies influencing each other through their manners, their customs, their traditions, their convictions, their arts, their lives.

Before the development of these media of communication — principally the voice broadcast and the motion picture — the cultural contacts of peoples, except as they resulted from invasion or conquest or the forced migration of populations, had necessarily been peripheral, indirect, fractional, and slow. The history of cultural influences which modern archaeology and modern anthropology delight to weave is a history of golden threads — of the influence of artist on artist and scholar on scholar and king on king: the fortunate and curious and traveled men. Only after long delays, which deprived the knowledge of its immediate use, and only in a watery and diluted form, which removed it from its sources and its meaning, could the lives and experiences of one nation be apprehended by the masses of another.

What the development of the instruments of mass communication has done is to make it possible, for the first time in human history, to reach great numbers of the people of one nation directly and peacefully and vividly and humanly with an expression of the lives and the manners and the customs

and the arts of peoples of other nations. The implications of that fact are evident even to men who lack the historian's discipline and perception. But for some reason they are not clear to the makers of political policy — or if noticed at all they are noticed only in negative terms: in terms of apprehension and fear.

It is still the major premise of the peacemakers in 1947, as it was in 1919, that peace is to be constructed by the agreements of governments, backed by the police measures of governments, within the structure of an association of governments, and that the informal and non-governmental relations of peoples — what are known rather patronizingly in the foreign offices as their "cultural relations" — are merely idle decorations on the hard realities of politics and force. That the great divisive issues of our time are precisely cultural issues of belief, of conviction, which the governmental peace formula doesn't fit, and which the political association of governments cannot resolve or adjust or permanently control, strikes the peacemakers, apparently, as a paradoxical and ungrateful fact about which nothing can be done. As for the new media of mass communication, they are regarded either as properties to be exploited by the nations which possess them, or as influences to be feared by the nations which do not possess them, but by neither as the potential revolution in the international relations of mankind which in fact they are.

The nations which do not possess the new instruments, or which find themselves at an international disadvantage in their use, come closest to an appreciation of their revolutionary character. The President of the Provisional Government of the French Republic, speaking at the opening session of the first General Conference of UNESCO last November, warned the delegates against a new imperialism which might use the means of mass communication to bring about an anthill standardization of the cultures of the world. Members of other delegations, speaking on other occasions during the Conference, spelled this meaning out.

2

THE Hollywood commercial film and the New York and Hollywood commercial broadcast are regarded by certain European and Latin American nations as cultural influences of doubtful value to the world. These nations consider that the high ideal of freedom of communication advanced by the United States and certain other powers amounts in reality to nothing more than a claim of special privilege;

that the United States, far more than any other nation, possesses the instruments of communication and the technical and professional secrets of their use; that freedom for these instruments means, therefore, freedom for American exploitation of these instruments; that freedom for American exploitation means the subjection of the cultures of the entire world to the influence of the motion picture industry in Hollywood and the advertising agencies in New York which sell the American people cosmetics, cathartics, breakfast foods, and cigarettes.

We Americans do not think of radio and the motion picture as cultural influences in the sense in which the word culture is commonly used in this country. We would agree, of course, that certain Hollywood films cannot accurately be described as works of art. We would admit also that the New York advertising agencies do not invariably produce radio programs of taste and distinction. In fact, we would undoubtedly go considerably beyond our friends in other countries in the warmth and color of the adjectives we would apply to the standardized daydreams with the interchangeable parts which are mass-produced on the two coasts of our continent. But though we are increasingly articulate about our dislike of the ordinary commercial product in both fields, we have never regarded either films or broadcasts as dangers to anything but the morals of the young.

We organize ourselves into legions of decency and associations of censorship to protect the next generation from viewing certain sections of the human anatomy on the screen, from listening to certain parts of the familiar vocabulary on the air, and from witnessing kisses which last more than a certain time. But we have never considered that the influence on the mind, rather than on the morals, of the commercial products of the two industries might affect the vitality, originality, and vigor of the people. To learn now that responsible statesmen in other countries take that danger seriously enough to talk about it officially and in public is a sobering thing.

It would be a useful thing as well if it led to a general and positive appreciation of the meaning of the new instruments to the international relations of peoples. Unhappily it has led to nothing of the kind either here or abroad. The conclusions to which European critics are brought appear to be the negative conclusions of apprehension and fear, and too many American critics of the media end their accounts at the same point. The unarguable fact that the radio and the motion picture have been misused from time to time by certain commercial interests in the United States does not mean that

they cannot be used well. And even if it did, the cultural isolationism propounded by the spokesmen for certain nations at the Paris Conference of UNESCO could not be justified. It is no answer to the communications revolution to forbid the mass media to exercise their function internationally any more than it was an answer to the industrial revolution to smash the new machines or to legislate them out of use.

What is certain is that radio and film exist and will be used, and that their use cannot be confined to national boundaries. Whether they are badly used to debase and vulgarize the national cultures of the world, reducing them to one dead level of standardized inanity and boredom, or well used to enrich and vitalize these cultures, depends not on the machines of communication but on the minds which employ them. Primarily it depends — and much more with it — on our willingness and ability to face the fact that, as a result of the revolution in communications, the peoples of the world are actually or potentially in touch with each other in a manner never before possible.

The consequences of that fact affect not merely the vitality of the world's cultures but its hopes for peace and, above all, the kind of peace for which it has the right to hope. Peace cannot now be made solely between governments. A peace between governments, held together by the tensions of their conflicting interests as governments, and kept in balance by military and political and economic weights and counterweights, is realistically conceivable only in a world in which the relations between nations are in the hands of governments alone — a world in which communications between nations are confined to governmental channels or to channels of trade and commerce which governments control. In a world in which there are other channels of communication — a world in which whole peoples can confront each other and react to each other as they now do, or shortly will — peace must rest on something more substantial than the pivot of a balance: even a pivot made of steel: even a balance of the weights of power.

The center of gravity in international affairs has moved in our time, and is in the process of moving farther. The pyramid of peace can no longer be made to balance on its point. It can stand only upon its base. The talk of a people's peace in the last days of the war was, in fact, an echo of this perception. The phrase was neither altogether rhetorical nor merely idealistic. It expressed an inarticulate conviction that a peace of governments was no longer a true peace: that a true peace must be based, in part at least, on the relations between

peoples. The arrangements for a true peace must incorporate in some way the communications between peoples on which their relations in the modern world are based. Can such a peace be composed?

3

SO FAR, with the single and limited exception of the General Conference of UNESCO, no government and no international body has attempted to answer this question in explicit terms of action. There has been, of course, particularly in the United States, a considerable and heartening discussion of international communications, but it has been conducted almost altogether in negative terms — in terms of Freedom of Information, which is interpreted as the removal of barriers to the free flow of news. Everyone agrees that barriers in the way of freedom of information should be removed. But when it comes to the question of what barriers should be removed and what freedom of information is — whether freedom for the Russian government to print only what it likes, or freedom for Colonel McCormick to print only what *he* likes, or freedom for the people to have all the necessary information printed whether the particular publisher likes it or not — the agreement ends.

It is not likely to be restored by a further declaration of principles — even a declaration by the United Nations Commission on Human Rights. The fact is, as the world is very generally aware, that the existing system of international communication cannot provide the flow of information required by the peace of the world. To begin with, certain of the important channels of international communication are in the hands of concerns or governments which find it politically or commercially expedient to disseminate the materials, not of truth and knowledge and understanding, but of prejudice and hate. Second, the existing system of international communications is quantitatively inadequate. Large areas of the world are without needed communications and there is little likelihood that the system, as at present conducted, can supply them. Third, the system is qualitatively inadequate. It does not carry enough of the kind of material necessary to the international relations of peoples.

Of these three defects, the third is perhaps the most important. The existing system of world communication is primarily devoted, internationally, to news. Indeed, the campaign for international freedom of information has been most actively pressed in this country by people whose principal

interest is in the transmission of news. News of events — truthful news of events set in a truthful context — is essential. But news is a part only of the service of communication which must be provided and which, thanks to the revolution in the art of communication, now can be provided. It cannot be too often repeated that that revolution is social and cultural in character. What it makes possible is the mutual apprehension and perception of peoples in terms of the human realities of their lives. The conventional service of news, preoccupied as it is with abstract political events at one end of its range, and with sensational or otherwise newsworthy "stories" at the other, does not supply these perceptions.

A new and very different attack on the whole question is clearly necessary if the whole campaign for freedom of information is not to end in a series of pious and impotent resolutions. This new attack must make the essential principle of freedom of information positive rather than negative by relating it to a more adequate system expressly and consciously devoted to the service of truth and therefore of understanding and therefore of peace. Such a system should have as its explicit and conscious purpose the creation and re-creation, from day to day and month to month and year to year, of the mutual understanding among the peoples of the earth, on which, and on which alone, a people's peace can rest. Peace is positive or it is nothing. Only a positive conception of peace, and of the relation to peace of a system of mass communication throughout the world, can give the struggle for freedom of information world-wide meaning. More important, only through such a system of mass communication can the hope of a positive peace be realized.

4

THAT such a system could be established if we really wished to establish it can hardly be questioned. The techniques are known. The managerial skill is available. The component parts exist or can be developed. So far as technique is concerned, the engineers of the new communications industry, given the materials and the means, are able now to reach the entire population of the earth, not only with rapid and inexpensive print but with images and spoken words which even the ignorant and the illiterate and the very young can comprehend.

So far as management goes, enough is known of the use of the mass media to enable skillful and imaginative men to avoid in the future the errors which have sometimes brought radio and the film

into a measure of disrepute in the past. So far as the public interest is concerned, the facts of record clearly demonstrate that the demand in any country for knowledge of the lives of people in other countries is active and urgent.

The Department of State of the United States, like the foreign offices of other countries, has in its records numerous proofs of the intensity of this demand. When a library containing American books was opened in Budapest following the war, readers crowded in in such numbers that they were obliged to camp on the floors to await their turn at a book or periodical. Yugoslav audiences willingly stood for the better part of an hour to listen to factual lectures about life in the United States, offered in the narrow quarters of the American library.

During the first year in which the State Department sent out short-wave broadcasts in some twenty languages, it received over 50,000 letters from listeners abroad, 65 per cent of them from Europe, 25 per cent from other parts of the Western Hemisphere, and 10 per cent from the Far East. The people of Pei Hsin Hsiang, a small village 7000 feet up in the mountains, west of Kunming, constructed a motor road in order to permit an American jeep to enter the town and show American documentary pictures. The State Department's Russian language magazine, *Amerika Illustrated*, is distributed in editions of 50,000 copies through the Soviet magazine agency Soyuzpechat and sold at ten rubles, or \$1.82 at the commercial rate of exchange. There have been no returns of unsold copies, and American correspondents like Brooks Atkinson of the *New York Times*, and Edmund Stevens of the *Christian Science Monitor*, testify to the extraordinary enthusiasm with which copies are bought, borrowed, and circulated. In other words, not only as between Great Britain and the United States, but as between countries which are assumed to be separated by the "iron curtain," direct communication between peoples now takes place in a manner and under conditions which indicate that it is not for lack of demand by the peoples themselves that an adequate world system of world communication does not exist.

Whenever the nations are ready to make use of the means at their disposal the peoples of the world will speak to each other through their arts and music and literature on the air, will see each other's lives and interests on the screen, and will read each other's words in newspapers or in magazines or in books, quickly and cheaply printed, in any country and at any time. A planetary radio system capable of laying down an intelligible signal

in any inhabited part of the earth could be constructed and served at a cost which would be negligible in contrast with the most modest budgets of warfare. A planetary system of moving picture production and exchange offers no difficulties except the difficulties of proprietary selfishness, and even these difficulties are more imaginary than real. A planetary system of cheap and rapid publication in print was demonstrated in action during the war and could easily be re-established and improved.

The obstacles in the way of a people's peace based upon a true and adequate communication are not real obstacles at all, but the unreal shadows of economic prejudice and political superstition. They are obstacles created not by the facts but by the fears. An adequate system of international communication would require the aid of the United Nations. It would require the assistance of the various national governments. It would require the collaboration of existing elements of the world communication system, some of which are privately owned and some of which are the property of states in which private ownership does not exist.

All these relationships beget fears in one direction or another. There are certain governments which regard the private enterprisers of the communications business with a general and undistinguishing suspicion which is heartily returned. There are certain private enterprisers who dislike and fear any activity whatever by governments — even their own — in the communications field, some of them going so far as to contend that the freedom of the press is endangered when the American government, for example, undertakes to supply information of American origin to geographic areas which private services do not reach and cannot reach and admittedly have no intention of reaching.

Will prejudices and superstitions of this character block the establishment of a structure of peace which is now practicable and which could be raised? The United Nations and its related agencies and organs provide machinery through which men of opposing philosophies and conflicting conceptions

of society and life can work together. If they can work together in the United Nations in matters affecting the political and economic relations of states, they can work together in matters affecting the human relations of peoples. If they can agree to action by the United Nations to expose the manufacture of weapons which might be used in case of war, they can agree to action by the United Nations to expose the use of a propaganda of lies to excite to war. If they can agree to undertakings by the United Nations to see that the peace is not endangered by the malnutrition of men's bodies, they can agree to undertakings by the United Nations to see that the peace is not endangered by the malnutrition of men's minds. The only question is whether we believe in truth enough and in knowledge enough and in understanding enough to see that truth and knowledge and understanding are given power in the world.

We talk often and sadly of mankind and the machines. We complain that the machines we have created are Franksteins and will destroy us. We analyze our time, and report to each other that our scientific intelligence has outrun our political intelligence and will rise against us like the helots of Sparta in a kind of slaves' rebellion. It would be truer to say — and certainly more honest — that our hearts have failed our minds. We lack the courage to become the thing we have the means to be. It is we who have changed the world. It is we who have created the possibilities. It is we also who have imagined the reasons for refusing to become the best we can. Nowhere is the paradox of our human possibilities defeated by our human fears more evident than in these new miraculous instruments of universal sight and universal hearing. Our technology, wiser than we, has given us the unforeseen and unforeseeable means of world-wide understanding at the moment in our history when world-wide understanding is the only possible means to lasting peace. We, fearful of imaginary evils, refuse to use the means our hands have given us. We have the secret of the peace. We lack the will to use it.

WHEN SALMON SULK

The Problem of Low-Water Fishing

by JOHN E. HUTTON

1

FOR some obscure reason Atlantic salmon ascending British rivers had, up to some nine years ago, when I left the country, resolutely defied the enticements of skilled dry-fly exponents. It was not until I enjoyed access to Canadian rivers that I was to learn the rudiments of this technique. In the diffident hope that a tyro's impressions may be of some use to other beginners, I offer these notes.

The first thing one learns is to discard all technique used in dry-fly fishing for trout. For years I enjoyed trout fishing on the celebrated chalk streams, the Test and Itchen in Hampshire. These rivers held a stock of fine trout (and salmon) which were correctly described as "highly educated." The fish had to be cautiously approached on bended knee, and with the finest tackle. The fly had to be presented to them upstream without showing them the leader or line. The slightest drag on the fly put the trout down, or even sent him rushing madly downstream. The fly was a tiny Dun or Spinner, tied to resemble the natural insect.

My reaction to first seeing the floating fly used on the Bonaventure was one of scandalized horror. A heavy cart rope lay on the surface of the pool, connected by a thick leader to a contraption looking like a child's yacht in full sail. To add to my amazement, the whole outfit was being fished downstream. My astonishment was complete when I saw that fish came up to this monstrosity quite freely — at times.

My first attempts to hook a rising fish were abortive until I was told that I must strike immediately the fish was seen. This advice was an-

other surprise. In fishing for trout one allows a clear interval before striking the risen fish. It may be that with the amount of slack line so often in the water, it takes an appreciable time-lag to make contact with the fish. This supposition may be borne out by the times one will heavily hit a fish, without hooking, when fishing a very short, straight line. The fish did not have time to get the fly properly in its mouth.

Dry-fly fishing for salmon has confirmed the impression I have long held that these fish have, within wide limits, no fear of lines or leaders. In the clear water of the Bonaventure one may watch the behavior of a fish over which one is casting. Each time, when fishing upstream, the fish's reaction to fly, leader, and line, repeatedly cast over him, can be clearly seen. One may often induce a fish to rise after making a dozen or more casts over him, and I do not recollect a single fish being scared by this procedure. Nor does drag on the fly frighten a fish: on the contrary, fish will often come to the fly when it is tearing madly across the stream. In downstream fishing, it often pays to make the fly deliberately cut across the water. Fish will sometimes take it when they refuse to rise to a fly floating directly downstream.

Much of the success of dry-fly fishing depends upon the dope used to keep the fly floating. I have found nothing to equal the efficiency of a 10 per cent solution of solid paraffin wax in gasoline. The wax should be cut into shreds to facilitate solution. On cold mornings, the dope may be found solidified. This can be corrected by standing the jar — which should have a wide mouth to enable the fly to be dipped — in the sun, or by temporarily placing it in a jacket pocket — preferably that of the guide.

Tackle suitable for low-water wet-fly fishing appears to answer all the requirements of the dry-fly angler. The rod has to take a lot of punishment, when false-casting to dry the fly, particularly

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when exceptionally large, heavy flies are used. Care should be taken to ensure that the line is fully extended behind, before making a forward cast.

When fishing upstream, gather in the line slack as the fly comes towards you. A little practice will enable this to be done by bunching the slack in the free hand. The slack should be so packed in the hand as to run freely, without jamming, the moment it is released. The advantage of this method, which is suitable only for casts of moderate length, is that the slack is free from fouling any obstruction.

When fishing a very long line downstream, the slack, when recovering the line, must take its chance among the innumerable pitfalls and booby traps awaiting its ensnarement. Before casting again, the slack should be examined to make sure it is free of snags and snarls. All this may sound very rudimentary, but it is attention to these details which makes for efficient success.

The line must float throughout its entire length. Should any portion of it sink or become waterlogged, it must be thoroughly dried and greased.

Some anglers maintain that the leader should sink. While this is probably true, or desirable, in the case of upstream trout fishing, I have failed to see any difference in the behavior of salmon rising to a floating fly when the leader is floating or submerged. Nor is it necessary or desirable to use a very fine or long leader. Nine feet of 7/5 gut answers the purpose as well as any other and is strong enough for all purposes. Nothing, short of a monstrous abuse of the strike, will leave the fly in the fish when using these leaders. One of the most astonishing features of this fishing is the extraordinarily wide range of size of fly that salmon will take. It varies from the smallest Dun to the gigantic White Wulff, specially tied on a No. 2 hook. It is inexplicable!

During the great drought in the Miramichi in 1946, I could induce no fish to come to a wet fly larger than No. 12, and yet several fish were killed on the No. 2 White Wulff, the fish refusing any smaller floating fly. This continued for several days when, for no apparent reason, the fish refused the big Wulff and came to very small floating flies. Unfortunately, I had no very small flies dressed on salmon hooks, and fish hooked on No. 16 trout hooks mostly escaped. The old-fashioned winged May-fly often proves irresistible to salmon and grilse, but the tiny hook will not hold, although it is ample for brown trout up to any weight. Either the mouth of the salmon is much softer than that of the trout, or — and this is perhaps the true reason — the lively acrobatics of the former are

the cause of their too frequent escape. To lose 80 per cent of fish hooked is exasperating.

2

FOR reasons I explained in my first article, it is necessary to place a dry fly fairly accurately over a fish, if he is to see it at all. Thorough fishing of a pool is, therefore, a much more exacting and laborious effort than is that with a wet fly. It pays, I have found, to fish the water near you with a series of short casts, after which you lengthen out to cover water below. If you can see the fish, you naturally cover them first, before trying for others that are invisible. Try fishing without drag, and if this proves sterile, try dragging the fly rapidly across the stream.

When fishing from a canoe, it is easy to cover water, without any drag, thirty yards below you. This is effected by stripping a few yards of slack and then casting the fly. Immediately the fly alights, strip more line, a loop of which is laid upon the water near you, and, as the fly travels downstream, continue to strip line, at the same time giving the rod a pronounced up-and-down movement. This rod action draws the stripped line through the rings, allowing it to lie on the water to "feed" the fly. If the whole performance is properly synchronized, the fly will continue to follow the current, without any drag whatever, for such distance as you care to feed the line.

When the fly has reached the limit of its travel, it may, if properly doped, be drawn upstream a few yards, and again allowed to drop. In this manner water many yards below you can be thoroughly explored without recovering the whole line.

When fishing very long lines, the necessity for immediate striking becomes apparent. Not only is there a lot of line between the fish and the angler to tighten, but the angler's reaction to a rise at a considerable distance from him is likely to be slower than when the fish is near.

Fish very frequently rise to the floating fly with their mouths shut, and sometimes deliberately drown the fly. Such fish are worth further attention. One may cast a fly over some fish a dozen times, without visible result, until, without warning, the fish will take. When a fish can be clearly seen, it is often most interesting to observe his reaction each time the fly passes over him. His growing interest can be seen in the nervous movements of his fins.

In some rivers there is a substantial hatch of water-bred insects such as the stone fly, and salmon

and grilse may be seen feeding on them, like trout, all over the pools. Then is the time for the dry-fly fisherman. While it is by no means necessary to imitate the natural insect, it is often worth while trying a fly which looks like it, if the standard patterns prove abortive.

On the other hand, when no natural insects are on the water, salmon will often come to the angler's float. I can recall times when the wet fly seemed useless, and not a fish was showing anywhere. In despair, I mounted a floating fly with immediate success. It goes to prove that there is usually a salmon somewhere in a pool, awaiting a titbit gliding over his "window."

The usual way to fish still water is to use two flies, a "tail" and a "dropper," the latter being tied on some four and one-half feet above the tail fly. A primary factor for success is wind. Even a "cat's-paw" ripple is better than a glassy calm. As a rule, the dropper fly does most of the work, if properly fished, and in excessive wind it may be profitable to tie a large fly on the tail, using it as a sort of sea anchor to steady the working of the dropper. Quite short casting is desirable. The flies are allowed to sink, and then drawn so that the dropper hovers just under or on the surface. After a moment or two, the tail fly is similarly worked. Too long a line makes it quite impossible to carry out this operation successfully.

As soon as a fish, or even the flash of a fish, is seen, he should be struck. In contrast to stream fishing, there is no current drag to strike the fish automatically, and hooking depends upon the speedy reaction of the angler.

Usually flies of No. 8 or No. 9 sizes are used, though fish in some lakes prefer flies around No. 6. The flies must, of course, be always on the move, and varying rates of travel should be experimented with, to find out what will raise the fish.

In very calm water, with little or no breeze, you can allow the flies to sink for an appreciable time before working them. In heavy wind, with breaking waves, work the fly into the crest of the wave. It is a thrilling sight to see a salmon rise under these conditions.

3

AFTER this diversion in the lake, let us return to the stagnant low-water pools of the river. To achieve success in this difficult, exacting, and arduous form of fishing, it is essential to observe faithfully three cardinal axioms: a perfectly floating line, square fishing, and rapid fly movement.

When fish are really "on the take," they will

come to a fly when the pool is dead flat in the absence of even the lightest breeze. Generally, however, success depends upon the surface being rippled by wind. The stronger the breeze, the more readily fish will respond. Frequently, the larger salmon are lying in these deep, sluggish pools, and most fish taken will be good ones.

In order to make the most of the deeps, it is very necessary to be able to cast a long line, as fish may follow the fly for a considerable distance before rising to it. Start casting about halfway across the pool, gradually lengthening the line until you cover the maximum amount of water you can handle. Draw the line rapidly across the pool, with as steady a draw as you are able to make. Never allow the fly to come to a stop for a moment. Continue drawing until the fly comes into the straight. This is often the most critical moment of the whole cast.

Never allow yourself to strike at a salmon boil; wait until he is felt, then just tighten. The weight and the friction of the long moving line are sufficient to drive in the hook. To strike at the sight of a rise, or boil, is to lose your fish and probably put him down for hours. It takes a little control of nerves, particularly when nothing has happened for hours and a fish suddenly boils. Just continue the draw as though you had not seen the boil; and if you are lucky, the fish will follow the fly to take it later in the same cast. I have seen what appeared to be the same fish rise four times to a fly working across the pool.

The smaller the fly the better. In still water, particularly if there is little ripple, the fish has a very clear view of the fly, and has a longer time to make up his mind that the fly is desirable.

Some anglers might suppose the wake made by the knot at the leader junction might scare fish. I believe the reverse to be true. The knot wake acts as a teaser similar to the teasers used in big-game sea fishing, to raise marlin to the surface so that they may take the trolled bait. In many years of operating this method, on waters where the behavior of the fish could be clearly seen, I have never observed a single fish scared by the knot wake.

The knot is of great assistance to the angler. It is his speed indicator, and shows him not only where his fly is, but at what velocity it is traveling. Therefore, keep your eye on the knot at all times.

It is difficult to describe how fast a fly should be drawn in still water. I believe it to be almost impossible to draw the fly too fast. Drawing with my left hand, I pull in the line as fast as I conveniently can, holding the line with a finger of my

right hand pressed against the rod, in between the draws, in case a fish strikes. At the end of the draw there may be ten or more yards of slack lying about, and care must be taken to make sure it is not foul of any obstruction. If you are wading, you can let the slack float on the water; if fishing from a canoe, you can coil it in your lap or let it fall on the bottom of the canoe.

The influence of wind and ripple is so pronounced that one may fish a pool for an hour without success in a glassy calm, to be instantly rewarded by a rise when a breeze ruffles the water. This is another proof that, within wide limits, salmon take no alarm at the sight of line, leader, and fly repeatedly fished over them, or they would certainly not rise when the rippling water shrouded the fly in mystery. But the incessant slogging of sunk lines, in a low-water pool, and in still pools in particular, may cause disturbance and a sense of danger to the fish.

Fishing a floating fly in still pools is not, as a rule, very fruitful, unless some movement is imparted to the fly. This motion may take the form of drawing or jigging. The fish seem to have too long a time to study a fly which is not drifting down or across a stream. Fish will sometimes come to a dry fly worked on still water, but as a rule I prefer the wet fly.

4

THE playing of a hooked fish in high water, with heavy gear and a large fly, calls more for the exercise of brawn than of brain. It is a solely mechanical performance. I have even seen anglers skull-dragging an unfortunate fish, hooked on a 4/0 fly, onto the beach, by walking across the bank with the rod held over the shoulder.

The playing of a fish hooked under low-water conditions presents a very different proposition. The size of the hook must determine the delicacy with which a fish is handled. I cannot agree with those who aver that one may as well be hard on a fish, for, if it is lightly hooked, it will get off anyway.

If wading and fishing without a guide, an angler will probably be using a gaff, because a net large enough to accommodate a 20-pound salmon is a great nuisance to carry on the person. The angler may have to follow a fish downstream, perhaps through rapids, and unless he is accompanied by a guide or has the temerity to beach his fish, he is compelled to carry a gaff. If a wading angler gaffs his own fish, a telescopic gaff, extensible to some six feet, is excellent.

When gaffing his own fish, I strongly recommend

that the angler do so in water of fair depth. One loses so many fish trying to drag them over the shallows, at the last minute, that it is better to wade out to deeper water for gaffing. The novice will be well advised to play the fish to a standstill, until he can raise it to the surface, with "its eye out of the water." The more experienced angler will be able to gaff the fish at a greater depth, without fear of fouling the leader.

When fishing from a canoe, I always insist upon going to the shore, without landing, so that the guide can get out of the canoe for netting the fish. An angler who knows his business will tell the guide to keep still while the fish is led to the guide's net. Salmon are long-suffering, but they cannot abide a guide chasing them with a huge net. The less movement there is on the part of the angler and guide, the less likelihood there is that the fish will be scared at the last moment.

Fish detest being dragged over shallows; so, in the case of large salmon in particular, it is advisable to net them in the deepest water the guide can reach.

While we are on the subject of nets, it is prudent to examine, periodically, the condition of the network, which sometimes rots. It is very unpleasant to see a salmon dive through a rotten net and have to be played for several minutes more — while the guide holds up the metal loop, hoping for the best.

When a salmon is hooked, he will usually let you know what direction he intends to take, and your general strategy can be laid accordingly. If there are sunken boulders or other obstructions to be feared, the angler must endeavor to get into a position that will enable him to deal with any situation which may arise because of them.

A fish which has temporarily quietened after its initial run may be led upstream a considerable distance by keeping a steady pressure on him. Winding in is not so effective in this operation, because the cranking of the reel, unless very carefully done, sets up an intermittent jerking movement to the rod point, and consequently to the fish.

This operation may be exceedingly valuable when it is important to prevent a fish from leaving a pool because there are rapids or some impassable obstruction below. The presence of a bridge, with deep water alongside the piers, will sometimes prevent an angler from following a fish.

Salmon often have a habit of "sulking," or resting quietly, when halfway through the fight. To pull hard upon them is simply courting disaster. Get as nearly opposite to the fish as is possible, lower the rod, and put as much pressure upon him, laterally, as you dare. This has the effect of de-

flecting his nose slightly across the current, when he will probably move upstream. If you are fishing from a canoe, it may be maneuvered to get pressure on a sulking fish from different angles. It may even pay to take the canoe right over the fish and, if he still will not move, to stir him up with the pole. A sulking fish is a time-waster and taxes the patience of the angler, sorely tempting him to pull too hard.

Always endeavor to bring a fish into still water — if there is any. It is very noticeable how impotent a fish is in still water, compared with his powers of resistance in a fast current.

Every time a fish runs or jumps, instantly lower the rod until the point is almost touching the water. This will greatly reduce the line friction, because the fish will be taking line directly from the reel. The rod point must, of course, be raised to about 45 degrees directly after the run or jump. Experience will teach an angler when a fish is about to jump, and he can anticipate it by lowering the rod point.

After the initial period of activity is over, the rod point should be held higher, to get as much line out of the water as possible. Never hold a rod vertically: they are most vulnerable in this position, and may be fractured.

In the unfortunate event of a broken rod, it may be readily repaired by laying about three inches of the broken ends together, taking care that the rings are aligned, and binding them tightly with surgical tape or strong twine. I have fished confidently for several weeks with a rod so treated. Surgical tape is a useful adjunct to the fishing outfit, and occupies little space.

A fish should not be held, or drawn, by holding the line. Do not apply greater pressure than is exercised by the reel drag. And with very small flies, the reel drag should be set at its minimum strength, or just sufficient to prevent an overrun.

In recovering line, take pains to spread the coils evenly on the reel, with the index finger of the hand that is holding the rod guiding the line back and forth across the drum while the reel is being wound. Neglect of this simple precaution may cause the line to pack and subsequently jam when the fish makes another run.

5

IN rocky-bottomed rivers where large boulders lie, there is always danger that the line will foul on one of these obstructions. If a fish is getting dangerously near one, there is not much you can

do except hold the rod as high as you can. If you are fishing from a canoe, the guide can pole across the river and get below the obstruction.

Floating logs can be a menace. If a fish should pass under a floating log, lower the point of the rod into the water and wait for the log to float downstream.

Fish foul-hooked are a dreadful nuisance, since they take so long to land, and waste valuable fishing time. A 5-pound grilse hooked in the tail may take twenty minutes to land. A 26-pound fish hooked in a ventral fin with a No. 12 Logie took one hour and thirty-five minutes before being brought to the net. We followed that fish up stream and down, around boulders, through rapids. Sometimes he rested, to be stirred up again with the canoe pole. It really is astonishing that these foul-hooked fish can be killed at all. It is also noteworthy that if the hooks survive the first few minutes, they rarely seem to break away, especially when hooked in a fin.

Fish vary enormously in their behavior when they are hooked. Grilse are usually very lively and jump all over the place. Sometimes a fish comes in with very little fight, and he is usually supposed to be a "tired" fish which has traveled some distance. This may be the explanation, but I suspect that some fish are born tired, like certain individuals of the human race.

In heavy water, and with corresponding tackle, one is supposed to take one minute for each pound weight of fish. Under low-water conditions this might more correctly be doubled or trebled. And no matter what precautions are taken, one must expect to lose a heavy proportion of fish. It depends so much on the size of hook.

In fishing the Bonaventure, where I found excellent fast water in the pools even when it was described as "lowest in memory," and where I was able to use hooks as large as No. 9, my losses ran 25 per cent. In the Miramichi, where the pools are mostly rather slack and shallow, and where I used No. 12 hooks habitually, my losses amounted to no less than 41 per cent. I count a fish as hooked only when I have had him on at least one minute. Most losses occur after a fish has been played more than ten minutes. These losses included fish hooked experimentally on flies furnished with No. 16 hooks.

When fishing two flies, one occasionally hooks two salmon. I have never known a case where both fish were landed. As long as both fish agree to run in the same direction, all may be well, but when they disagree, and go their opposite ways, no ordinary leader can stand up to the stress. It is different with sea and brown trout, which can usually be

landed in pairs. The biggest "double strike" I ever landed consisted of two kingfish weighing fifty-six pounds and fifty-five pounds respectively, when drifting for marlin in New Zealand waters. It was an amusing business playing them. When they both ran in the same direction they gave a combined pull equal to that of a 111-pound fish, but when they tried to run in different directions, all weight came off the line and I nearly fell backwards from the fishing chair. The guide enjoyed the joke more than I did. The enormous strength of the marlin leader was able to withstand their antics.

After a fish has been landed and killed, it can be kept fresh all day by keeping it in the river. When fishing from a canoe, the fish should be suspended over the side by a strong cord passed under the gill cover and out of the mouth. When you are shooting turbulent rapids, the fish should be temporarily taken into the boat. Alternatively, the fish, with cord attached and anchored round a stone, may be left at the side of the stream. In this case, the fish should be protected from attacks by gulls or sea eagles by putting little leafy boughs over them, held down by stones. The immersion appears to have no deleterious effect and keeps the fish fresh.

6.

No account of low-water fishing for salmon can be considered complete without some reference to bait fishing. There is, in many quarters, a considerable amount of prejudice against using bait, and it is, I think, unfortunate that it is not allowed in most Canadian rivers. It may be assumed that much of this prejudice arises from ignorance of the effect of bait fishing, and still more from the absence of knowledge as to how to use bait successfully.

Bait embraces spinning and trolling lures, such as minnows (real and artificial), spoons, sand eels, sprats (natural or dyed red), and so on, together with the natural baits, fished "straight," the shrimp, the prawn, and the worm.

There is little to be said in regard to trolling, which is a purely mechanical operation depending largely upon the knowledge of the helmsman or guide, who can instruct the angler.

Whichever form of bait fishing is employed, it is desirable to use a rod specially designed for the purpose, as a fly rod is a poor weapon with which to cast heavily weighted lures. The reel should be of the bait-casting type, with automatic and finger drag and with a simple, non-multiplier rewind.

The prawn, or shrimp, can be fished with or without a lead. It can be fished "straight" or spun. The prawn is usually mounted on special tackle garnished with a multiplicity of hooks. It is, I think, better to reduce the body hooks to two, and have a small triangle winding down among the "feelers" of the prawn. The needle with which the hook flight is fitted is carefully inserted through the prawn's posterior, into its body, so as to keep the creature straight. The hooks are loosely bound to the underbelly, and the whole assembly tied with fine cotton, or copper wire, not only to keep the hooks snug, but also to fasten the scales, which will otherwise soon come adrift in the current.

The easiest way to fish prawn is to cast it across the stream and let it come round like a fly. Some added weight may be necessary. The best weight is undoubtedly lead wire, of about No. 18 gauge. This should be laid on the leader two and a half to three feet above the bait, and is best done by laying a wooden match on the leader, and binding the wire over match and leader, and then withdrawing the match. The coils of wire can then be twisted until they are tight. Pieces of wire can be removed or added at any time to vary the weight.

The prawn should fish deep, almost touching the bottom. After some practice, the prawn can be cast upstream and allowed to trickle down, without catching the bottom. Sometimes it pays to jiggle the prawn up and down with a steady sink and draw. The moment a bite is felt, the fish should be struck. Salmon will perform tricks ofleger-demain with a prawn which defy solution. They will bite the back out or snip off the feelers without getting hooked.

If the fish are visible to the angler, he should carefully observe their behavior; and on any sign of panic, he should stop fishing at once. One never knows how salmon will react to the prawn. I have emptied a little pool of fish by catching them all, and next day emptied the pool by scaring every fish out of it.

Fishing the worm can be extremely effective in low water. The worm should be of the variety known as "lob" or "dew" worm—the large, snakelike creature which emerges on the lawn from its lair on dewy nights. It is a tedious process catching worms, and if serious fishing is to be done with them, it is better to buy them a thousand at a time from dealers. Fresh-caught worms are useless. They must be well scoured for several days in wet moss, in which material they will keep for weeks, if the moss is kept damp, in a cool place, and dead worms are removed daily. Worms for the

day's fishing are best carried in damp moss in a washable linen bag hung on a coat button.

Since at the start in worm fishing you are going to lose a lot of leaders, it will be prudent not to use your best salmon gut. Japanese artificial silk or nylon should answer the purpose. About three feet above the hook a "snood" or short piece of rather weak gut is tied in, which is to hold the lead. The weight should be made neatly of lead wire, and may be required to weigh anything from one to six ounces.

There are two designs of hook tackle for worms: the large single, about 4/0, with long shank furnished with stiff bristles pointing upwards; and the two- or three-hooked Stewart tackle. When using Stewart tackle I prefer the two-hooked type. A large worm is taken and the top hook is pierced through the worm's "knot." The worm is then wound three times round the gut, between the hooks, and impaled on the lower hook just above his tail. So long as the first incision is made at the "knot," the worm will not come to pieces.

When baiting the large hook, thread the first worm in his knot and draw him right above the hook onto the leader. The second worm should be drawn up to the top of the hook shank, when the bristles will keep it from sliding down. The third worm should be threaded only far enough to cover the point and bend of the hook. Never leave the point of the hook uncovered — this is most important. You now have a large hook completely enshrouded by worms, and six alluring tails and heads wriggling about!

The worms may now be cast across the stream and allowed to work slowly down and across. The bait must be trickling along, or just above, the bottom. If the weight is correctly judged, it will be felt tap-tapping on the rocks. If no tapping is felt, the weight is too light and the worm is not fishing properly. If too heavy, the weight will immediately foul the bottom. Therein lies much of the art of worm fishing. The depth and velocity of the current and the angle of attack are all factors requiring consideration. An experienced angler will fish a pool full of rocks and large boulders without getting fouled — often.

If the lead fouls, it can usually be freed by wading well upstream before pulling. If all attempts fail to dislodge the weight, lay the rod down for a few minutes, when a trout, sea trout, eel, or parr will likely pick up the worm and free the lead. Even salmon are sometimes caught this way. If, after an interval, the lead is still fouled, lower the rod point and pull on the line until the snood by which the lead is attached breaks. You will re-

cover your tackle intact, except for the loss of the lead.

When fishing a single worm on Stewart tackle, strike at the second "knock." A salmon, taking the worm, gives two distinct "knocks."

On the other hand, when fishing multiple worms, it is imperative to act in a different manner. When the worms suddenly stop, keep the rod still. If no movement is felt, it may be the bottom. A fish will often pick up a worm, let it drop, and pick it up again when the worm has worked round further. Presently the line will begin to draw as the fish carries the worm. Pay off a few feet of slack line, taking great care to put no weight on the fish, and then tighten on him. If all has gone well, the hook will be in the fish's throat.

Salmon will follow the bait a long way and will frequently "stand guard" below the bait which has come to rest "in the straight" to seize it the moment the bait is slowly wound in. Therefore, always fish the cast completely to your bank.

To extract the hook from a salmon's throat, cut it out and pass it down and out through the gills. Wind a few turns of leader round the hook bend, and draw it up and out through the mouth.

Worm fishing does not seem to scare fish in a pool. I have frequently caught fish with a fly when fishing close behind another who was using worms. I never use a worm without first giving the fly a thorough trial. On the other hand, when fish for some reason will not rise to a fly, the worm has added many hundreds of fish to my bag. It takes a considerable amount of experience to become a successful worm fisher. It is a difficult art to acquire.

There is another method of fishing the worm which I have dubbed "static." Salmon will ascend rocky, turbulent burns which are tributaries of larger rivers. These little streams may be far too narrow for fly fishing, and their delightful miniature runs, rapids, and pools are only fishable with bait.

The multiple worms are lowered into a pothole, resting on the bottom, the rod laid down, and six feet of slack line drawn off. With the solace of tobacco, you spend an interval in the contemplation of nature and in the repulsion of intrusive midges. Presently the line gives a series of jerks, to be followed by the disappearance of the slack. A fish is on! It cannot be claimed that this is the acme of sport. It savors strongly of poaching, and I must confess to having been initiated into its mysteries by a most accomplished exponent of that profession. At the same time, it presents the salmon in a new light: if he will take a static worm, why is it necessary to keep the fly moving?



RECIPE FOR PORK

by ROBERT H. BLACKBURN

YOU'RE new in this part of the country, so maybe you never heard about Nick McGuffin and his wonderful hog-machine. Even some of the young folks that have grown up and married and got farms of their own right around here have never heard much about Nick's machine, and some of us old-timers who know the whole story aren't very fussy about telling it.

Nick McGuffin was a little runt of a man with a big voice. And he had a bushy red beard. You could tell him a mile away by his beard, and people used to crack jokes about it, but Nick generally enjoyed the jokes more than anybody. When he got to town Saturday nights the boys in the poolroom used to tell him he better get his beard shaved off so that he wouldn't get his cue snarled up in it, but he'd laugh and say, "Why, this here beard is what gives me my strength and keeps me from catching cold! I just been reading about a man name of Samson that went all to pieces after he went and got his beard cut off!" Nick was a great reader, and folks used to say he did more reading than farming.

Nick farmed that Hudson Bay quarter, just down the hill from Jacob Akerman's place, where the old windmill is. He never had much of a house on his place, just an old log shack with poles and sods piled on top for a roof. Not even a proper window in it, just a hole in the wall filled with brown and green beer bottles laid one on top of the other. Folks

said he cooked all his meals in a white enamel pot with a handle on one side, that he picked up at an auction sale; but I couldn't be sure about that. He had a little shingled barn, and some hogpens, and one or two granaries, and that was all — until he got the windmill.

One night after he got the windmill, somebody in the poolroom says, "Well, this red-bearded Nick friend of ours must of struck gold on his farm, buying a windmill, and all. Next thing you know, he'll be gettin' himself a wife!"

"Not for me," Nick says. "None of the women I ever saw is the kind to appreciate real stain-glass windows like I got in my kitchen. And anyway, the way I figure, that windmill I got can pump more water and give less trouble than any woman on earth."

Of course stories like that didn't do Nick any good with the women in the neighborhood, and even Jessie Akerman — that's Jacob Akerman's sister — said that the sight of red beards made her sick to her stomach.

As I was telling you, Nick was a great reader, and folks used to say he wouldn't milk a cow without reading about it in a book first. He always carried a copy of the *Prairie Farmer* in his overalls pocket, and was always sending samples of soil and things up to the University, or asking the district agriculturist for one of his pamphlets. It's no wonder that folks thought he was queer, and didn't pay any attention at first when they heard he had invented a hog-machine. They thought it was just another one of his jokes.

It all started one morning when Nick was driving

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to town with a load of pigs. He stopped to rest his horses at Akerman's gate, and Jacob walked out to say hello. Jacob stepped up on the wagon wheel and looked inside the box. "Nice lot of pigs you got there, Nick," he said. You know the way Jacob talks, quick and excited like.

Nick rubbed the back of one glove along his beard. "Yup. Best pigs in the country." The pigs had been squealing and chuntering and nipping ears, but they stopped dead quiet at the boom of Nick's voice.

Jacob thought for a while. "Jessie says you been haulin' past here three-four times this last week. You must be raisin' a lotta hogs these days —"

Nick stroked his beard thoughtfully with the back of his glove, until Jacob spoke again: "Been thinkin' I might start raisin' a few hogs myself, if I can find some good sows. You got any sows for sale?"

Nick spat, and wiped his mouth with his glove. "Nope, I don't keep brood sows any more. Takes too much feed."

"You goin' out of the pig business, then?"

"Nope. I'm just getting started in the pig business. I got a machine that turns out pigs ready for market. I haven't got a pig on my place right now, but tomorrow I'll get my machine going again, and day after tomorrow you'll see me hauling out another load just like this one."

Jacob grinned, the way folks do when they don't know what to say, and Nick laughed and drove off to town with his pigs.

Well, at dinnertime Jacob told this story to his sister Jessie, and by midafternoon every telephone wire within six miles had buzzed two or three times with it. By Saturday everybody had heard the story, and Saturday night the boys in the poolroom pestered Nick about it until he lost his temper and went home without playing even one game.

Of course everybody still thought that the hog-machine was just another one of Nick's jokes; but every second day Nick would drive to town with a load of pigs, and after two weeks people began to wonder. By the end of the month Nick was hauling pigs to town every day, and folks were thinking that something mighty queer was going on. It got whispered around that Jacob Akerman had gone over to Nick's place one day to borrow a log chain, and had seen a strange machine out beside the windmill, and had seen that Nick's pigpen was empty. But still Nick hauled pigs to town.

Everybody agreed Nick's claim that he made pigs in a machine was contrary to nature and could not be true, but many people agreed with Jessie Akerman too, when she said that somebody should report the matter to the police. Reverend Walker

preached a long sermon about casting out devils into swine, but folks couldn't quite see what he was driving at; and of course Nick didn't hear the sermon anyway. Then Mr. Nielson, the district agricultural agent, announced that there would be a free public demonstration of McGuffin's new method of hog-raising, and folks came from fifteen miles around to be on hand.

2

ON the day of the demonstration the crowd started to gather before noon, and by two o'clock Nick McGuffin's yard was swarming with farmers and townfolks, men and women and kids and their dogs. At two o'clock Mr. Nielson got up on the first cross-brace of the windmill, right beside Nick's hog-machine, and made a speech about the wonders of scientific agriculture. He said that while he had no claims to make for McGuffin's machine, he knew that everybody present would want to pay careful attention and learn what there was to be learned.

Then it was Nick's turn to speak, and Nick was in his glory. He had prepared a speech too. "Here she is, folks," he started. "Most of you have looked this machine over inside and out, and there ain't no more to it than what you see. Just this big hopper, like a funnel, with buckets of barley and oats and slack-coal and water and salt and other things hung around the top. And under this hopper is the mixing box, big enough to mix up a pig in. See, I got a storage battery hooked up to the box. And under the box, of course, I need this chute down into the wagon. Now I'll make you a pig."

"Wait a minute, Nick!" Mr. Nielson hollered. "The best procedure is to have someone inspect the machine first, just so we can all be certain you haven't got a pig concealed in it before you commence."

Jacob Akerman was the first volunteer, because he was standing right up front. And then Mr. Nielson himself inspected the machine, inside and out; and after him came six or seven other men to look it over.

"All right," Nick shouted. "Anybody else want to look at her before I start? — All right, here goes! — Now I want you folks to understand that there's nothing very wonderful about his hog-machine. It just turns out full-grown, ready-made, live hogs. You all know that flesh is nothing but a pinch of salt and a bucket of water and bits of this and that; well, all you got to do is mix the right amounts and you get a pig. All you need is the right recipe. No use starting with a little pig and feeding it for six

months when you can mix the recipe and get a full-grown hog in half an hour."

Folks looked at their watches and whispered back and forth uneasily while Nick stood on the ladder and mixed his recipe. His arms were hidden inside the hopper, so that nobody could see what he was doing. After a while he straightened up and stood gazing into the hopper, thoughtful like.

"Is that all? I guess we can go home now, folks," called Jessie Akerman from the edge of the crowd, and there was a snickering of amusement. Nick fumbled for the loop of rope that hung on the side of the ladder; he found it and gave it a jerk. The mixing box turned upside down; the crowd's laughter was cut short by a loud squeal. A full-grown white hog slid out of the box and skidded down the chute, squealing in terror, squirming and struggling for a foothold. But there was no foothold on the slippery boards, and the pig thumped out of sight into the wagon.

Everybody scrambled forward, pushing and pulling so as to get a better look. Mr. Nielson jumped up on the wagon tongue and started to make another speech, but somebody shoved him off backwards and he lost his hat. It looked as though the wagon itself was going to be upset or torn to pieces, but Nick's voice carried above the confusion: "Stand back, you honyocks, stand back there! Think you never saw a hog before in your lives! Stand back and have a little respect for a man's property. I got something to say to you."

The hubbub simmered down, and then Jacob Akerman shouted, "Nick, what's your recipe?"

Suddenly there was complete silence. "My recipe," Nick said, "calls for water and slack-coal and barley and some of these other things you saw up here in these buckets. At first I didn't use any slack-coal, and I got three or four runts before I figured out what was lacking. I just measure out these things into the box and —"

Mr. Nielson, the agricultural agent, spoke up again. "Ladies and gentlemen, you have just witnessed one of the greatest scientific revelations of this age. Indeed, this may be the beginning of a new age. We can hardly realize what this will mean to the world, being able to produce its food without —"

Jacob Akerman cut in, "Hey, Nick, how much water do you use?"

Again there was silence. Nick spat, and rubbed his beard. "I always have to use just the right amount. I reckon I could make a pig out of that wagon tongue or anything else, if I just knew the right amounts of things to mix with it. And now that I did find out how much of these things to mix,

I reckon I better not tell everybody else. Inside of a month the whole world would be overrun with pigs and a man couldn't get to sleep at night for the noise."

You see, Nick was trying to turn the question aside with a joke, but the joke didn't take and Jacob came right back. "Look, Nick, if you can make pigs as quick as you like and as often as you like, there won't be any use of the rest of us farmers trying to raise them. And then pretty soon you'll be turning out steers and chickens and — and everything, and nobody else will be able to make a living. You gotta let us know too, or else —"

Nick didn't wait for the threat to be spoken. "Listen, everybody," he called out, "listen. I'm the one that found out how to make pigs, and you came here to see whether I could do it. Now, do you want to see me do it again? Stand back, then; and you boys up on the windmill, you get down on the ground. And you, I don't want you spying on me from the granary roof, either."

This time there was no talking or laughing, for everyone was intent on each move that Nick made, everyone counting silently and trying to guess what was being done. The tension increased, and folks were hardly breathing by the time Nick finished the mixing and looked out over the crowd. "This time I'll make you a black one. Jake, hand me up that bag of lampblack."

He added five cupfuls of lampblack to the mix and paused dramatically, peering in triumph from side to side, pointing his red beard at his audience. Then he reached for the loop of rope and yelled, "Here she comes!"

Out slithered a black pig, down the chute and into the wagon box.

Only a few of the people went up to look at the black pig, and nobody said much for a minute or two. Then from the fringe of the crowd, Jessie shouted again: "Now throw in your beard and make us a red one!"

Nick's face looked even redder than usual. "Nope, that's all for today, folks. So far I haven't figured out how to make red pigs. Anyway, red is too good a color for pigs. Black is more fitting." That was in the days when Jessie's hair was still black.

After that, Mr. Nielson got out a tape measure and started measuring the machine and writing in his book, and Jacob Akerman and the stock-buyer from town and three or four other men got talking to Nick very seriously, but they couldn't get him to tell them his recipe for pigs. The rest of the people wandered around and looked at the machine, and studied the two pigs, and finally went home.

It was nearly suppertime before Mr. Nielson drove away and Nick was left alone with his pigs and his hog-machine and his recipe.

After dark, Nick lit a lantern and went back out to the machine. He didn't think to look up the windmill, or he might have seen Jacob Akerman perched up there; and if he had looked up to the granary roof he might have seen where Mr. Nielson was hiding. There may have been some others that sneaked back to watch, too, but Jake and Mr. Nielson were the only ones that told about it afterwards.

Nick just climbed the ladder up the side of his hog-machine, set his lantern on the edge of the hopper, and went to work. He reached for the salt bucket first, and carefully measured out eight cupfuls of salt into the mixing box. Then came four cupfuls of some gray powder out of the second bucket. Then, just as he reached for the slack-coal, he must have heard a noise that startled him. He drew back quickly, and in drawing back he tipped the lantern into the hopper. Frantically he reached for the lantern — reached so far that he lost his balance and fell into the hopper himself. He let out

a shriek, and then the mixing box turned upside down and the lantern went out.

Mr. Nielson and Jacob climbed down from their hiding places as quick as they could in the dark, and ran to help Nick. They climbed up the hopper and struck matches, and looked all around, and called, but they couldn't find him. Even his lantern had disappeared.

Jake ran to the barn for another lantern, and by its light he helped Mr. Nielson search again. They knew before they started that there was no place for Nick to be, no hidden corner or false floor. But they crawled under and climbed over, calling and looking and flashing their lantern.

There was not a sign of Nick. There was nothing but the empty hopper, the buckets, the upturned mixing box, and the slippery chute. There was nothing at all in the wagon except the pigs: one white and one black, and one little red runt.

And so nobody ever knew what became of Nick McGuffin, and even folks that saw him working his hog-machine that day don't say much about it.

WORLD THE WAY IT IS

by JOHN HOLMES

WHEN I was a thin ten years old, world was not green,
Not good, yet seemed all a holiday, snow forts and summer.
Saturdays were long then, and my brother's dog called Bill,
When he was run over, broke our hearts both with absence.
I would have said newspapers then made good reading,
Not like news now, the Jews driven, the peace no peace,
Murders civil and military, the dirtiness, the news.

My father must have known it. Evening after evening he sat
With the real world for his dinner. My father must have
Thought badly of Christmas trees in nineteen-sixteen.
My son is ten now, I am my father, the world not green,
Not good. But baseball is the world, only school clouds
His endless sky. There are birthdays and Christmas trees.
The only difference is he has no brother who has no dog.

I feel evil everywhere, ruthless, more and more terrible.
The greater hates are further, the small nearer and worse.
I go to sleep despairing, and wake in the sunlight afraid.
Nothing is what it seems, little lasts, loving-kindness
Is an isolated curiosity. Carrying my care with me to table,
I sit down evening after evening with my son to his meal,
Telling him nothing. How may I? And now I have no father.
I make the holidays. I buy baseballs and Christmas trees.

HOOLY

by HENRY WILLIAMSON

1

ONE April evening, coming home to tea from the farm, I stopped by the kitchen door on my way to wash, and spoke to my wife, who was kneading a whole-wheat loaf on the table. I noticed a wicker basket on the kitchen floor, and what appeared to be a small kneaded piece of dough in it. I was about to ask why the two small boys, Robert and Richard, were allowed to play with food in wartime, when something about the dough made me look closer. It seemed already to be covered with mildew. Going closer, I saw it was a nestling owl.

Richard, our youngest, came in at that moment and explained that it was "lost," and had been brought to the door by a "little old boy." Apparently this "little old boy" (aged about five years) had found the object under a brambleberry bush in the lane. "His father and mother," explained Richard (also five years old), pointing at the object, "lost it — so the little old boy brought it to here, because you like owls."

"But it is warm and comfortably covered with flesh," I replied, kneeling by the basket, "so it could not have been lost very long. I expect its parents knew it was there, and will miss it tonight."

"They do so want to keep it, and have a tame owl," said Rikky's mother. Rikky and Robby looked anxiously at me.

The owlet raised its long thin head and chirruped. It was the hunger noise. I remembered it from the tame owls of my own boyhood. Its beak opened and it tried to swallow my finger as I stroked the back of its head with my finger tip.

There was an air rifle in the cupboard, and some sparrows on the ridge tiles of the farmhouse roof. Richard and I went out to stalk them. Not long afterwards we returned, and one of the sparrows

went, piece by piece, into the owlet's crop. When I went back for more, the sparrows, who had meanwhile re-formed a row on the ridge tile, took immediate evasive action (to use current flying jargon) into the lane beyond. Thereafter they were never about in their old haunts more than half a second after the barrel of the rifle had appeared, though many a small lead-splash was left on the tiles just after legs and tail-feathers had vanished from view. "Huh, wise guys," murmured Richard, regarding several such evasions. He waited with a catapult round the gateway, but the small piece of chalk flipped from his feeble engine sped even more harmlessly through the air. We returned to the farmhouse parlor to talk it over.

Our house is in the valley, facing south. An acre of garden slopes gradually to a river, and across this narrow stream is a small paddock of an acre or so, beyond which are the farm road and the Home Hills rising steeply to the skyline. On the hills are many rabbits, which tunnel and make their deep buries in the sandy southern slopes. I do not like rabbits; they are vermin; they pare the grasses and corn with their rodent teeth, and their urine poisons the soil. Whereas sheep will improve a pasture, rabbits will slowly destroy it. So I had no compunction in shooting them — only a vague resentment that after a long working day I should have to go out with a gun and bring one of the wretched little beasts back for the owlet, whose chirrupings were sharper with its hunger. So fitting together my light Gallyon 20-bore shotgun, I set out to get one of the hopping gray animals.

It was easy the first night, but on succeeding occasions the rabbits grew warier, and sometimes it was dusk before I returned. Apparently it was my job to procure food for the growing Hooly, as we now called our owl. After working and scheming all day (for writing books and working 240 acres of difficult and hilly land require much energy), I had to force my reluctance aside and go shoot a rabbit

One of England's most talented naturalists, who made a notable record as an infantry officer in the First World War, HENRY WILLIAMSON revived a rugged old farm in Norfolk which had gone to seed since the threat of Napoleon's invasion. It was back-breaking labor which left little time for writing, but now he can catch breath and remember.

every night. However, it was nice to be greeted by the fluffy little bird, and also by the enthusiasm of the youngest child, Richard.

Hooly grew rapidly; and as the spring advanced, and the bombers began to roar in the sky as they flew out over the North Sea, I was accustomed to find Hooly, on my return, waiting for me on the roof. If I walked up the path quietly, I could observe him before he saw me — he was a small monkey-like object walking on the roof ridge, setting one clawed foot before the other, carefully — until suddenly turning his dark eyes upon me, he slithered down the pantiles, to jump on my shoulder and flap and scream for food.

By this time Hooly had explored most of the lower rooms of the house. For a while he had slept happily in the hot-cupboard in the kitchen, always in his basket. From the first he had accepted all he saw; he never showed any fear. When tired of playing in the flower beds outside in the garden, he would walk into the kitchen, cross the floor, climb into his basket, and, stretching his legs out behind his body, lie flat, his head bowed and his face hidden. If one or other of our children touched the gray feathers of his head, beside the large cavities of the ears, he would not look up, but give a sleepy chirrup, and then go to sleep — a feathered kitten.

As he grew bigger his range of traveling extended all over the house. A favorite perching place was among the caps and gloves on the oak tallboy standing in the parlor. He flapped and hauled his way to the top, and there squatted in an attitude of complete relaxation. I have never seen another bird sleep like that; he reminded me of my old spaniel in Devon, who, after a walk through the fields to the sea, used to scratch himself a hole in the summer sands, and collapse into it suddenly, shooting his hind legs out seal-like, the pads of each foot turned uppermost.

Sometimes the owl played with an old green-and-red glove, relic of skiing in the snows of New Hampshire eleven years before; he was indeed a feathered kitten, throwing up the glove and catching it with his mouth. Hooly was a nice little owl, and only once tried to swallow my ear lobe when I was somewhat slow in offering him portions of rabbit.

As his flight feathers grew, he took to climbing up the vines and creepers of the jasmine to the roof, and there he stayed after being fed — beside the chimney stack. He grew into a wild-looking bird, his big eyes as dark as grapes with the bloom on them. He accepted the tokens of affection — food and poll-scratching — but gave no affection back. Nor did the children expect it, being wild, in the natural sense, themselves. Not “wild” in the civilized

meaning of the word, for they were calm and self-contained: it was never necessary to complain of their behavior towards others.

2

ONE night, as I was standing in the garden looking at the converging streams of hundreds of four-engined black bombers, flying slow and heavy and droning eastwards in the height of the wan and starry sky, a strange owl flew a few feet over my head and braked suddenly with its wide, soft wings. It startled me; and it startled Hooly as it alighted beside him. Seeing the apparition Hooly snapped his beak in alarm. At the same moment the big owl turned its head to take in any movement — the quick retinal stare of a wild creature, whose life is one calculation in motion after another. I kept quite still. The glance was of a second's duration before the bird turned to Hooly, revealing that it carried a sparrow in its beak. With a swift movement the sparrow was transferred to a foot. With sideway striking motion Hooly snatched it, and at once the old bird flapped up and away.

It was most exciting, even exhilarating. I wished young Rikky had been with me. Hooly stood there, the dead sparrow in his foot. He took the best part of half an hour to break it up with pluckings and pullings; first one wing was swallowed, then another, and at last the skull was gulped down. After which he flapped and walked to the chimney stack at the other end of the roof ridge, and settled down to a rest. The night was silent; a few searchlights moved bleakly across the horizon; in the western sky the evening star was shining serenely, to be watched awhile with a sigh. Thoughts about the war were vain thoughts, and I went to my room, drew the blackout curtains, lit the lamp, and tried to read in order to be able to sleep before 5.00 A.M., when I got up to water and feed the farm horses.

In the morning I told the children about the strange owl. Robert, the imaginative, said it might have been Hooly's mother or father. Then why, I suggested, did Hooly snap his beak in sudden fear when he saw the old bird? Perhaps, suggested Margaret, the mother owl had known all along that her nestling had been in the hot-cupboard, and had waited her chance to get to it. John added that the old owl had probably heard Hooly chirruping to himself at night in the basket, and had bided her time to take him away. “Shall we catch the old owl and then we'll have two?” I asked, to see the effect. “NO!” cried the children, with one voice.

The next night Hooly was on the ridge when the big owl came again, this time with a young rat. Hooly thereupon dropped the stale rabbit pelt he was playing with and clumped and scratched his way to the chimney stack with the rat. Soon afterwards the tail of the rat was sticking out of his mouth as he huddled himself to doze among the blackened chimney pots. During the following day he was missing from his accustomed place, but at evening time, as the sun was sinking and once again the sky was thundering with the passage of the great nocturnal airfleets, we heard his chissicking cries. I crossed the road to the tall trees behind the wooden Village Institute hut, where dances and whist-drives and other social occasions took place, and he saw me and flew down and sat on my shoulder. I walked with him across the road and fed him as he perched on the old draw-well frame above the well outside the kitchen door. As soon as he was fed he flew up to the roof, flapping and clawing, to his favorite ridge.

The following evening when I called him he sailed on broad brown wings over the iron-sheet Institute roof to my shoulder. Two soldiers passed, walking up and down the village street to find something interesting, but though I was standing still in the road, and they saw us, they took no notice of an owl flying to alight on a man's shoulder. Perhaps they were townsmen and saw nothing interesting in such a sight; perhaps they were anxious to find the fish-and-chip hut. It was said that the food in the camp was scanty and poor. And when the fish shop opened, once a week, on Friday, which was also payday in the farming week, the fried fish and potatoes were very soon sold out. Even so, I have often wondered why the two soldiers on that occasion did not give the owl a second glance; at the time there was always present in my mind an ironic connection between the dulled observation of the town mind and the dulling of life by war, which is never made by countrymen.

3

THE tall green trees of sycamore and ash, growing out of the old marlpit under which the Village Institute hut stood, became our tame owl's day-hide and roost. Every evening I went out to call him; every evening, after chissicking cries to get me to fly to him, he was forced to fly to me: he glided down to my shoulder, a brown-and-yellow feathered face set with two dark eyes looming larger and larger until, with a flapping and a screaming of open beak, Hooly was clutching the shoulder of my old

Mackinaw jacket. This happened for several nights, until one time when I went to call him, he was not there.

It was a Friday night. I knew it was Friday by the smell of frying fat wafted on the western breeze from the middle of the village. Nor did he return the next day. I wondered if the events of the previous night had affected Hooly, for later in the Thursday night — the last night I had seen him — a wounded pilot had fallen on a parachute in the woods; there had been a running fight with a Heinkel bomber, during which the German pilot had jettisoned the two 2000-pound land mines he carried. Suddenly, while I slept, a stupendous and pale blue flash had seemed to split the universe. Immediately afterwards, another flash and stunning reverberation, but not so metallic-hard. I thought my cottage was collapsing. Tiles showered into the road, and the ceiling of the adjoining empty bedroom collapsed. The first land mine had fallen on the edge of the chalk ridge above the village; the second on the clay of the marshes.

Later, I wondered if the explosions had killed Hooly, or broken his eardrums. He, with the other living creatures of the district, was probably used to the bumps and shakings of odd bombs falling here and there, and of the blue-white stars of incendiaries which sometimes broke out of the darkness on the Home Hills across the valley at night. We felt the vibration through the earth of these distant bombs before we heard them in the air; so did the wild pheasants roosting in the woods, for the cocks always uttered their cucketting cries a split second before the heavy bomb-roll made to quiver slightly the very earth under our feet.

Well, I thought, at least I will not have to go shooting wretched rabbits any more. But in this I was mistaken; for on the Sunday morning I was awakened by a screaming in my bedroom, and there on the window sill was a little grayish monkey face and body, staring with misery in its eyes, its feet shifting as with pain. Seeing one of my gray woolen socks on a chair, Hooly flew to it, and standing on it, made a distracted pretense of swallowing it.

It was five o'clock in the morning; it was Sunday; it was the farmer's day of rest; but how could one relax while those famished eyes stared with such anguish? Getting out of bed, I put on dressing gown and slippers and went downstairs to get Hooly's Friday rabbit. But a cat had apparently taken it from where I had hung it on the outer brick casing of the circular draw-well. Meanwhile Hooly was facing me, perching on one of the disused iron-bound buckets which until recently had drawn the water for the farmhouse. He flew down from the

rickety bucket, and screeched into my face. I went to the larder, but found only some bacon and the remains of a potato pasty. Bacon, a ration of two ounces weekly each person, was far too good for him; so I stood still, considering what I should do.

Sunday, the day of rest! No matter, the truant must be fed. Ah, the air rifle, and perhaps a sparrow on the roof! But the sparrows, who had been chattering their comments in a row a moment before, were abruptly absent. Perhaps they had organized themselves into an Avian Home Guard, for when I returned round the corner to the well, there were a dozen or more around Hooly, mobbing him, and one old cock was actually pulling a feather from the back of his head. Seeing me, they scattered, and chattered in the lilac bushes, while the air rifle phutted towards one or another in vain.

So I walked down to the bridge and across the river and so to the cartshed which faced the chalk quarry. Sparrows chirped in their nests under the tiles of the "hovel," — the Norfolk name of the shed, which, according to rough numerals in red brick let into the flint walls, was rebuilt in 1667, — but I would not take a fledgling sparrow from a nest, even for a starving owlet. Fortunately for my peace of mind a starling flew to a branch of an ash, and fell down as the little waisted pellet of lead spun through its chest. Starlings, I suspected, were rank-tasting, for the hawks and owls I had kept as a boy never ate them; but Hooly found this more palatable than a woolen sock.

4

THEREAFTER he took to being absent at twilight and came instead to my open window at dawn, crying and flapping his brown mottled wings for food and walking over the blanket to yell in my ear if I did not awake. Sometimes he visited other cottage windows; and from one cottage at least, occupied by a queer-tempered old soldier who worked on our farm — we called him Jack the Jackdaw among ourselves — Hooly departed hurriedly, accompanied by oaths and the slamming of the window.

There used to be a one-winged jackdaw about the farm premises, which climbed trees and fed alone on the meadows and generally looked an odd, lonely creature, with which I could not make friends. The wounded jackdaw looked like our Jack, who was dark, with a beaky nose; a wound from the Somme a quarter of a century before had made one arm and shoulder almost useless. Jack was a good worker, tidier than the other men, and always

punctual; but in addition to his wound he came of a nervous family. During the farming depression of the thirties, he did not have regular employment, and when as a newcomer I took him on I soon saw why. I have seen him, with tears of impotence in his eyes, jerking the bridle of a cart horse with rage, and hitting the animal, though not dangerously, about the head.

At other times he would address inanimate objects, such as heavy harrows which, on a weedy field, constantly needed lifting to be cleaned, with puny cries of rage, swearing at them, kicking the iron frame, making a speech of misery and frustration to the wind in the middle of the field, while the horses stood patiently by, awaiting his word to go forward again. Jack was hard to talk to: he moved away, he could not listen. Once or twice I was the recipient of his speeches; usually a dour fellow, when he got going his arm waved, he yelled at the top of his voice, froth on his lips, until his hoarse voice grew feeble, and he was near sobbing.

At heart poor Jack the Jackdaw was a kindly man, living with two sisters who were normally as subdued and apart from what little village communal life existed, as he was. I understood Jack the Jackdaw, because I knew what it was to feel one's resistance to life overcome by the tasks confronting a man. I knew how he felt when the last of his nerve power was running out in those frenzied monologues, accompanied by waving arm and his ragged cap dashed to the earth; I knew, even as I knew myself, how much of his life had left him in sweat and fear and blood on the Somme battlefields. I had heard those tones, or overtones, coming from my jittery self; I had heard those tones, though with deeper penetration and cutting power, on the radio, coming from the east where now the bombers were nightly flying; so I thought I understood our Jack, and his nervous curses when he had been awakened by an owl standing on his pillow.

Other people in the village, who had been casually amused by the sight of Hooly in the past taking food on my shoulder, tried to feed him, offering him pieces of bread or even fragments of wood or stones, to get him to fly down to them, for amusement. The singleness of the bird's mind towards human beings was in disintegration, and he flew now to anyone and into any open window.

Robert, who was seven, once woke up and found Hooly pulling at his hair. Both Robert and Richard liked Hooly, of course, and welcomed him in their bedroom at any hour of the day or night; but not so their mother, who had to rise at six every morning, to give Windles, the eldest boy who worked on the farm, his breakfast. For in her bedroom Hooly

always behaved very badly. He saw himself in a mirror, and at once began to fight his own image. Loetitia had to turn the mirror round, lest the owl hurt himself. His beak-snapping rages kept her awake; and so I was not altogether unrelieved when Hooly disappeared for the second time.

We said perhaps he had been shot; but no, Hooly returned within a week, flying down unexpectedly one sunset to the weathered oak frame of the draw-well. He screamed down at my face, but when I offered my shoulder, and went near him, he edged away. Obviously someone else had tried to handle him, instead of letting him perch in freedom on head or shoulder.

While he perched on the well three two-engined bombers with dark crosses on their fuselage flew in at roof-top height from over the marshes. They had come at wave-top height across the North Sea and with a flick of the stick had lifted over the cottages and the trees and dipped again, to climb over the wood on the hill-line across the valley. I saw the red points of tracers leaving them, as they banked to shoot up the camp beyond. Children were calling in the village with excited cries, but in a moment it was over; the Heinkels were gone, flying into a cloud which hung like a great quarry in the western sky. Soon three Spitfires were screaming around that dark cloud, circling like falcons.

Now a most extraordinary coincidence happened as I stood by the well. Nine swallows, with ringing cries, began to circle above and around the brick well, on the oak frame of which the owl was perched. First one, then another, peeled off and dived at the figure of the owl, swishing by within an inch or two of his amazed and jerky eyes, to zoom again and join the rotating ring six feet or so above the well. One after another they came down, sweeping up again and taking their turn to dive once more. They cut at Hooly from in front and from behind, and Hooly did not like it. He flew away.

It was then that I heard from the upper air the terrible grumbling roll of a Spit's 8-gun squirt — the bullets cutting through fabric and metal and flesh and bone like a thunderous circular saw; and then a second shuddering, rolling roar; and after an interval, and more distantly, a third. Breathing quickly, and conscious that I was quivering within, I was about to run into the farmhouse to call the children, when an owl hooted from the roof, and, turning, I saw a large bird perching on the chimney rim of my writing room stack, twenty yards away in the garden.

That, then, was the secret of the truant! The wild owl was hunting for and feeding our tame bird.

It called Hooly with a sharp *ker-jick, ker-jick!* and flew away abruptly, followed by Hooly.

Meanwhile three Spitfires, with superchargers whining, followed by another section of three a thousand feet above them, hurtled across the sky. They flew towards the vast gold-lined cumulus cloud towering in the west, and up its craggy precipices they seemed to climb almost perpendicularly, to open formation like a shamrock, and, turning just before stalling point, to rave down again in separate arcs of three great circles, engines full on, to zoom up again as they waited for the remaining "bandit" to come out of the cloud. After three such circles they disappeared, and a moment later I heard again the heart-chilling, sullen roar of multiple machine guns in the unseen distance. The bursts were repeated, growing duller and far away — one-second bursts — and then came a long metallic roll which was the end.

To my surprise, Hooly came to the well on the following evening, and while the old bird perched in a damson tree, he flew down to my shoulder. He came by habit, that was all; he cried to me by habit, for he was not hungry. He came because of what a scientist would call an association of ideas; but what I would call friendship. The old owl had accepted the fact that Hooly had human friends and waited quietly until Hooly was ready to fly off again. I was relieved; it was one less thing to think about. I wondered if the old owl was Hooly's mother after all.

About a week later we heard that a brown or tawny owl had been shot in a neighboring village for "attacking soldiers." Was this the end of our little tame bird that had never known fear of any human being? I dreaded so; but the very next evening down by the duckpond on the farm I saw Hooly perched on a willow branch. He allowed me to stroke his head, while closing his large-grape-like eyes with pleasure; and, just as does a cat, he liked being scratched about the ears. Hooly looked very handsome in his new browns and blacks and whites, and the eyes had that full authentic keenness of perfect natural form. "Hooly," I whispered, "Hooly." He gave me a long stare; a baby chirrup came from the scarce-open beak; then, without a cry, Hooly flew into the twilight, following a dark and silent winged form — and so out of our lives. And in the years that followed, I liked to think that the white splashes on the asphalt floor of our corn barn — revealing where owls waited on the great ship's-timber beams above for the rats below on the barley heaps — signified that Hooly, or Hooly's children, were still our friends.

MY FIRST YEARS IN THE CONSERVATORY

by SERGEI PROKOFIEV

I

ON August 23, 1904, my mother took me to St. Petersburg, where I was enrolled at the Conservatory of Music. This step was taken mainly upon the advice of Glazunov, the composer, who had heard my compositions the previous February and had praised them. Several days after the audition he had visited my mother and strongly advised her to send me to the Conservatory. "There he will have an opportunity to develop his abilities to the full," he said, "and there is a chance that he may turn out to be a real artist. Think it over," he said as he took his leave. My parents thought it over for a month or so and decided to take Glazunov's advice, the more so since the Conservatory curriculum provided a general education as well.

Glazunov made me a parting gift of a score of Glinka's *Valse Fantaisie* with the inscription: "To my dear confrere Seryozha Prokofiev from A. Glazunov." My father was much amused at the idea of a doctor of Oxford and Cambridge addressing me as "dear confrere." "Confrere, indeed!" he snorted.

Now that I was to enter the Conservatory, our family was divided. Father had to remain behind in Sontsovka, in the Ukraine, while Mother moved with me to St. Petersburg. It was decided that Father would visit us two or three times during the winter months and that we would spend the Christmas and summer holidays in Sontsovka.

In the train en route to St. Petersburg I brushed up on my zoology. "I've gone all the way up to corals," I wrote to my father from one of the stations. "Reviewed everything up to the porcupine," I reported from a second station. And finally I posted a third postcard with the intelligence: "My zoology book got lost."

One of the most brilliant composers of our time, SERGEI PROKOFIEV was just thirteen when he enrolled at the St. Petersburg Conservatory. Already he had written four operas, two sonatas, a symphony, and "a heap of pianoforte pieces." His teachers were to be Rimsky-Korsakov and Glazunov. His self-portrait at thirteen is a most amusing and modest account of a prodigy in action.

On September 2, I took my examinations on general subjects. I passed the first examination successfully and got the highest mark for geography — a five. The teacher actually praised me. "You know the subject very well. I have a great temptation to trip you up." I got a four for French and the same for arithmetic. The next day I took exams in Russian and German, meriting a four in both.

The main examination was on September 9: the theory of musical composition. I joined a group of about twenty students waiting in the corridor. At last my name was called. I had brought two folios of my own compositions with me. They included four operas, two sonatas, a symphony, and a heap of pianoforte pieces. On top was a sheet of paper on which all my works were listed.

"Are these all your own compositions?" asked Nikolai Andreyevich Rimsky-Korsakov, the composer, when I entered the examination room.

"Yes."

"And can you play the piano?"

"I can."

"Splendid!" exclaimed Rimsky-Korsakov, and pointing to the piano said: "Sit down and play something."

There were ten professors in the room besides Rimsky-Korsakov and Glazunov.

After I had played they tested my ear. Standing with my back to the piano I had to name separate notes and chords. I did so correctly. Then I had to sing notes in different keys, bass and treble, and also in the less known alto and tenor.

After that I was asked to show my compositions. Rimsky-Korsakov wanted me to play something from my opera *Undine*, after the story by Zhukovsky.

"Let him sing it as well," someone suggested.

"How do you expect him to sing it?" Rimsky-Korsakov exclaimed.

"Oh yes, he can sing his own things quite well," interjected Glazunov, who had heard me singing an-

other opera, *The Feast During the Plague*, the winter before. I sang very badly, of course, but Glazunov wanted to put in a good word for me since he had recommended me. I began to play from the manuscript score. Rimsky-Korsakov stood beside me and turned the pages for me, correcting my mistakes with pencil at the same time. After I had played a fragment from *Undine*, they asked me to play the piano piece *Vivo*.

Finally I was permitted to withdraw. Rimsky-Korsakov told my mother that I was enrolled as a student of the Conservatory. On the way home Mother took me into a confectioner's and bought me some candy.

2

IN Anatole Liadov's class in harmony I was the youngest student. The eldest had passed his thirtieth birthday. "Here I am on my way to forty, a married man with two children, and Prokoshka [his perversion of Prokofiev] here is only thirteen," he said resentfully. Most of the students in the composers' department of the Conservatory were musicians of a mature age, and it must have been rather galling for them to have a youngster of thirteen in their midst. I made matters worse by introducing a statistical chart of mistakes made by the class. I don't blame my fellow students for being indignant.

Besides the theory of composition I took piano lessons, since my mother wanted me to specialize in both fields. Inasmuch as the classes in general subjects coincided with my music lessons, I had to continue my general education at home and take examinations every year in the various subjects.

In the St. Petersburg apartment my mother rented, I had a small room of my own. "Seryozha is delighted with his room," Mother wrote to my father. "He ensconces himself in it and stays there all the time." "Ensconced" in my room I did my lessons, wrote my harmony assignments, and composed. I wrote my piano pieces in song form, which explains why they were called "songs," although in many cases this designation did not conform to the nature of the music. The first of these songs was written before I entered the Conservatory, during my studies with Reinhold Moritseovich Glière, who taught me the form. I turned out about a dozen a year, and between the ages of eleven and fifteen had written five series of twelve each — sixty in all.

Besides my music studies I continued my poem "The Count," which I had begun in the Ukraine — a thrilling adventure story in verse, full of shipwrecks, fights, and duels. Attached to the poem were illustrations of the dramatis personae, indiffer-

ently executed by myself. When I finished it, I counted the lines. There were 975 of them.

I was also fond of going over chess games played by others, and I loved to invent games, especially naval battles, for the Russo-Japanese War was in progress at the time. In my thick notebook I wrote detailed analyses of battles between our warships and the Japanese. I drew diagrams showing the disposition of the vessels and their movements. I invented my own method of calculating combat efficiency indices and the relative strength of the various warships. I had a friend with whom I loved to play naval games. We built battleships out of the thick tinfoil used for wrapping chocolate bars. One day a battle for which we had prepared several weeks took place. Vanya arrived at my house at nine o'clock on Sunday morning in a cab piled high with cardboard boxes. There were eighty-four warships in them.

"This looks like an all-day affair," my mother remarked, eying the boxes with disfavor.

"I'm afraid so," I admitted.

"In that case I shall go and spend the day with our aunt," said my mother.

On the large dining table we placed two basins filled to the brim with water: one for my fleet and the other for Vanya's. According to the rules of the game, there were to be two first-class armored cruisers per basin; for each of the cruisers we were allowed to substitute two second-class cruisers or four third-class. We put some buckshot inside the cruisers to make sure they would sink if damaged. On each side of the table we placed a tall flower stand for the cannon, which propelled the projectiles by means of springs. The cannon were identical, but each player had the right to use his own shell. I had a rubber shell I had picked up somewhere; a pin stuck through it gave it a sharp point. Vanya had a wooden one with three pins sticking out of it, but these three sharp points did less damage than my one, and so I had the advantage in artillery. By six o'clock in the evening, five of my cruisers were still holding out while Vanya was playing with his last two vessels. One of them was an armored cruiser made of a huge sheet of tinfoil from a large package of tea. The ship had fourteen sections and Vanya staked great hopes on it; but it sank after four direct hits.

"That's the end," said Vanya in a sepulchral voice. The tub was too small to hold all his stricken warships and had to be cleaned out several times during the battle to make room for more.

"Put them away some place out of sight," said Vanya sadly as he took his leave. He walked home — a cab was no longer necessary.

Conservatory students who paid for tuition were entitled to attend rehearsals of symphony concerts. This gave them an opportunity to study classical composition. The Belyaev music publishers, headed by Rimsky-Korsakov, Glazunov, and Liadov, had a special library of the music they published, for the use of Conservatory students of composition. This had a dual purpose: in the first place, students of theory had an opportunity to acquaint themselves with well-published scores; and secondly, it helped to popularize among the youth the works published by Belyaev. When I told Reinhold Glière about this library during one of his visits to St. Petersburg, he said:—

“That’s splendid. You find out in advance what pieces will be played at the concerts, get the scores, and study them at home. Then take them with you to one or two rehearsals, but when you go to the concert, leave the score behind; otherwise it will distract your attention.”

I followed this bit of advice.

When I recall my musical tastes at that period, I find that I liked the classics, to which I had been accustomed from childhood, from the time my mother began giving me music lessons. I was also interested in anything new. I did not care for Mozart—he lacked the new, spicy harmonies I was looking for—or for Chopin, who seemed too sweet. His sonatas and *études*, which I learned to appreciate later, I did not know at the time. But I was very fond of Schumann, especially his piano-forte sonata and his *Carnaval*. Of the Russian contemporary composers, I liked Rimsky-Korsakov and Scriabin. I remember how thrilled I was by the première performance of Rimsky-Korsakov’s opera *Lay of the Invisible Town of Kitezh*. The Tartar invasion, the Battle of Kerzhenets and Grishka-Kuterma, made an indelible impression on me. The *Snow Maiden* by Rimsky-Korsakov was another favorite opera of mine.

3

WE SPENT the summer in the Ukraine, where my father was impatiently awaiting us. We saved on the fare from St. Petersburg to Sontsovka by taking a slow train, a jolly, homey affair that stopped at every station. Fortunately our car was not far from the engine, and so while Mother dozed I jumped out whenever the train stopped, and ran over to look at the engine and ply the engine driver with questions. I asked him what was the maximum speed the train could make and whether he expected the express train to catch up with us. The engine driver was a

good-natured chap, and seeing that he answered all my questions willingly, I plucked up the courage to ask him whether he wouldn’t let me ride with him in the cab.

“I’m sorry, young man,” he replied. “It’s not permitted.” My face fell. The driver took pity on me.

“All right,” he said. “Come over at the next station and I’ll see what I can do. Only come from the other side,” he added, pointing to the side opposite the station platform.

I was nearly beside myself with joy. Naturally the next stop found me hovering by the engine on the offside.

“Climb up,” said the driver after the station-master had blown his whistle.

The engine was small and cozy like the rest of the train. It was not especially comfortable in the cab, but I gazed around me with delight. Any fourteen-year-old would have envied me. It was especially exciting when the train approached the next station and we ran from one line to another at a switch.

“You’ll have to go back now,” said the engine driver as the train pulled into the station. Almost breathless with gratitude, I thanked him and ran back to our car in a daze of happiness.

We arrived in Sontsovka at the height of spring-tide. The irises and the bird-cherry and pear trees were just beginning to bloom. Soon they were followed by the plum and apple trees. Then the chestnut and lilacs burst forth in all their glory. I entered all this faithfully in my plant record, where I kept a record of the names of the flowers and plants and the dates when they blossomed. I had kept this record for several years and thus had accumulated a good deal of comparative data on plants. I had a tender feeling for my horticultural records and made my entries faithfully all through the summer.

In the course of May, June, and July I wrote half of the second act of my opera *Undine*, the first act of which I had played for Rimsky-Korsakov at the entrance examination. The music of *Undine* has not been preserved and I do not remember it very well. But I do recall that the second act was less naïve than the first; it had some harmonic ideas and even some flashes of ingenuity.

I could not devote much time to composition during the summer months, since I had to prepare for the coming examinations on general subjects. I spent five hours a day on my studies, plus an hour at the piano. As usual, Mother supervised my French and German, while my father tutored me in all the other subjects. I worked according to a strict schedule. My father was extremely systematic and, though stern, was kind and just. All my life I have

cherished the deepest gratitude to my parents for inculcating in me from childhood the desire for systematic study, the ability to organize my time and to take pleasure in my daily tasks.

That summer my father began giving me adult books to read. Until then my reading had been limited exclusively to juvenile literature. I had read a great deal of Jules Verne in the original. Now I was given Gogol, Turgenev, Danilevsky, Ostrovsky, and Tolstoy. This promotion to "grown-up" literature struck me as an important landmark in my life and I began to keep a diary of the books I read, giving them marks according to the system in use in schools. Turgenev's *Nest of Noblemen* rated five, the highest mark; *Dead Souls*, five minus; *Vyi*, a four; Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, five. Ostrovsky's comedies, on the other hand, merited no higher than two's and three's in my estimation. Neither the subject matter nor the language of Ostrovsky's writings appealed to me at the time. I even wrote "very dull" in the margin of the first page of my volume of Ostrovsky and underlined it for greater emphasis. As luck would have it, my mother came into my room one day and, while talking to me about something or other, absent-mindedly turned the leaves of the volume lying on my desk.

"Did you write this?" she asked, pointing to the marginal note.

"Er — no," I lied, realizing all at once that it was wrong to mark up books, especially library books.

"It looks very much like your handwriting," said my mother suspiciously. "It isn't very nice to write in books that don't belong to you."

"But I didn't!" I insisted vehemently.

"I am not accusing you, but I think that the person who did is not especially brilliant."

My mother knew quite well that I was lying and she deliberately rubbed my nose into it by discussing the matter for a long time without accusing me directly.

4

THAT summer my Aunt Tanya came to Sontsovka from St. Petersburg and brought me a real camera. True, it was a small one, but it held six plates and could be adjusted for exposure. Most interesting, though, were the accessories for developing and printing I got with it. My debut as a photographer was a complete fiasco. When Aunt Tanya and I emerged triumphant from the darkroom after developing my first six pictures of Father, Mother, Aunt Tanya, Stenya, my friend Seryozha, and my dog Shango, we discovered to our horror that we had a miniature gallery of headless trunks! Every-

body was vastly amused, but I was ready to weep with chagrin. As a matter of fact, it was not altogether my fault: the camera was a rather cheap model, and the finder was placed too high, with the result that the upper section of the image it reflected did not register on the plate. But this I learned only by experience.

Besides initiating me in the art of photography, Aunt Tanya joined us in croquet games which we played with a passion and zeal that often ended in quarrels. Walking on stilts was another favorite sport at Sontsovka. All the boys went in for it, including Nikita, a twenty-year-old office clerk. After a while we grew bored with merely walking on stilts and introduced stilt battles, two of us at a time trying to knock each other off balance. We invented both offensive and defensive tactics, which I analyzed in the treatise on stilts which I wrote that summer. The Navy, however, still loomed large in my imagination, and whenever our team of six would sally forth in single file on stilts, it would seem to me that we were six battleships in line formation. The lawn in front of the house was the port.

One evening as we were engaged in furious combat near the "port" — that is, the entrance to the house — a small phaeton drove up. In it was seated a figure wrapped in a white dust coat and hood so that only the tips of a mustache and a pair of pince-nez were visible. The war whoops of the stilt warriors, the smack of wood on wood as the stilts clashed in combat, and the howls of little Kolya, the youngest combatant, who had been knocked down in the fray, frightened the horses and they reared.

The uproar finally subsided and the figure in white turned out to be Vasily Mitrofanovich Morolev, the new veterinary, who had been invited to Sontsovka. Within an hour Vasily Mitrofanovich was at the dining table entertaining us with amusing stories told in a voice that had ripples of humor in it. His speech was larded with amusing expressions which immediately won him my admiration.

He, in his turn, looked interested as soon as he learned that I was a Conservatory student, for as it turned out he was passionately fond of music and played the piano quite well himself. After dinner he sat me down at the piano and kept me there all evening playing all the Beethoven sonatas I had learned the previous winter in the piano class. He was much interested in Scriabin's ten mazurkas, opus 3. They were new and exciting and I was just learning to play them, gradually mastering the unusual style of this new composer.

The next day I followed the veterinary doctor around and we talked almost incessantly about

music. When he returned home from his rounds he asked my father as a special favor to release me from my lessons that day and permit me to play for him. By the time I had played all of Bach's preludes and fugues, repeated Scriabin's mazurkas, and played some of my own pieces, I was worn to a frazzle.

Vasily Mitrofanovich strongly recommended to me the piano score of Rimsky-Korsakov's opera *Sadko*, and on his next visit he brought it to me.

"There is a marvelous chorus in the second scene where Sadko sails away on his ship," Morolev said. "It is sung by a small male chorus in A major, and then suddenly without any transition the whole orchestra comes in with the same theme in F major. Think of it, the whole chorus and orchestra, but quite pianissimo and without any transition! I had to hold on to the arms of my seat to prevent myself from leaping into the air with joy."

On my next visit to Sontsovka I discovered something else about Morolev which endeared him to me still more. He turned out to be a chess enthusiast and quite a good player. We played two games, winning one apiece. I challenged him to a match to see which of us would win eight games first. He agreed, and now piano playing alternated with chess. Morolev won eight of the fourteen games we played, I won five, and one game was a tie.

I dedicated my first piano sonata and a march to Morolev. Our friendship has continued to this day, and he always tries to find the time to attend performances of my new works. Not long ago I had the pleasure of seeing him at a performance of my ballet *Cinderella*.

5

UPON my return to St. Petersburg from Sontsovka I passed my examinations in general subjects. Now I began to take lessons in instrumentation under Rimsky-Korsakov, who had returned to the Conservatory after having left it when the 1905 revolution broke out.

Because of my extreme youth I did not notice how the revolution drew near. Probably I did hear often enough of strikes and collisions during the autumn, but I did not realize the true nature of things and appraised the events from the standpoint of the possibility of Father's arrival in Petersburg, since railway workers were on strike everywhere and there were no trains to Sontsovka.

The Conservatory was in a state of turmoil, and meetings were held among the students. I wrote to my father: "Rimsky-Korsakov published in a Mos-

cow newspaper a very interesting letter on the Conservatory affairs (a very progressive one, defending the rights of the students), and afterwards he expressed the ideas stated in this letter at the sittings of the Directorate. Then the Director (a strongly conservative person) rang the bell, broke up the speech, and left the apartment. It was announced to Rimsky-Korsakov that he had been dismissed from the ranks of professors. The directorship was offered to Glazunov. But Glazunov said that since Rimsky-Korsakov had been expelled, he himself not only did not want to be Director, but would also resign his professorship."

After that the Conservatory was closed for a time. We, the students, collected money to present Rimsky-Korsakov with a large wreath at the next concert, but the concert was forbidden out of fear that the audience would express its sympathy for Rimsky-Korsakov too stormily. At the première of his opera *Kashchey*, Rimsky-Korsakov was greeted with an ovation which grew into a political demonstration. Many students, myself among them, signed a statement in which we announced we were leaving the Conservatory out of sympathy for Rimsky-Korsakov.

In the autumn of 1906 the Directorate came to terms with Rimsky-Korsakov, and he, Glazunov, and Liadov returned to the Conservatory.

At first Rimsky-Korsakov was to conduct two parallel classes, but later he changed his plans and combined both classes into one, giving double the usual number of hours — that is, three or four in succession. Evidently the arrangement was more convenient for him since it saved him an extra trip to the Conservatory, but he believed that it was in the interests of the students as well, since besides hearing their own work criticized, they could learn also from the criticism of the work of their fellow students.

Actually, however, the plan did not work out like that. The classroom was always so crowded that some of the students had to sit on the window sills. When Rimsky-Korsakov would take his seat at the piano to go over somebody's work, there would be such a crowd of students around him that only the few standing in front could follow the score. Moreover, the long lesson was exhausting, and it was difficult to prevent one's attention from wandering. The more serious students were able to concentrate and benefit from the lesson. But after all I was only fifteen, and although I was extremely interested in what Rimsky-Korsakov had to say, I found his lessons too much of a strain. It was only later that I realized how much I might have learned from contact with such a man as Rimsky-Korsakov.

He was a great favorite with many of the students, who had the warmest regard for him, dubbing him affectionately "Korsanka." I used to like to run down to the cloakroom before lessons began, and watch through the window for his approaching figure as he came hurrying down Glinka Street.

That autumn I began to record the titles of the compositions I heard at concerts, giving them marks as I did with my reading. The list was headed by the overture to Borodin's *Prince Igor*, which I rated no higher than two after having heard it twice. About three years later I changed my mind about the overture and learned to like it very much indeed. The compositions which merited high marks on my list at this time were the suite from *Madama* by Rimsky-Korsakov, variations on the Rococo theme and *Romeo and Juliet* by Tchaikovsky, Russian songs for orchestra by Liadov, Taneyev's symphony, Rachmaninov's *Second Concerto*, the *Third* and *Eighth* symphonies by Beethoven, Bach's *Suite*, Schumann's *Second Symphony*, one of my favorite songs by Borodin, "To the Shores of the Distant Fatherland," orchestrated by Glazunov, and Glazunov's *Sixth Symphony*.

I still remember the occasion of the twenty-fifth jubilee of Glazunov's career as a composer. The program of the jubilee concert included his *First* and *Eighth* symphonies, with dedication pieces by Liadov and Rimsky-Korsakov in between, as well as diverse greetings and congratulations. The Hall of Columns wore a festive air. The *First Symphony* was conducted by Rimsky-Korsakov. This was the first and only time I saw him conducting. Then came an endless stream of delegations bearing laurel leaves or large baskets of flowers and delivering congratulatory addresses. Glazunov stood on the platform to receive them and they moved slowly toward him, weaving in and out among the white columns in a long queue that stretched across the entire hall. It was a very impressive scene. Glazunov was then at the peak of his fame. His *Eighth Symphony* wound up the concert. This was the second time I had heard it, and I liked it much better than his *First Symphony*.

In January that year I began to compose small pianoforte pieces which I wrote in a notebook with a pale-green cover. The first piece was of an intimate lyrical nature, entitled *Reproach*. People liked this piece when I played it. Evidently because as a rule I did not go in much for lyrical pieces, it was a pleasant surprise for them.

Reproach was followed by several other pieces. The green-covered notebook put an end to the existence of the official title "songs" which I had been

giving my piano pieces for five years, beginning with the first one, written at the age of eleven. I had been in the habit of writing a "song" on the occasion of the birthday of some member of my family. For some reason I had considered this to be my duty, but the time came when I rebelled and announced to my mother that henceforth I would compose only when the spirit moved me, and not for anyone's birthday!

An examination of the "songs" of that period will show that some were large, broadly conceived compositions which turned out rather awkward and raw, while others were compact in structure, more intimate in flavor, and better in form.

"What is this?" the composer Miaskovsky asked me one day, noticing my song folio, which I had brought along with me by mistake. He had recently joined our class and still wore Army uniform.

I showed it to him.

"Do you mind letting me take them home to look at? I promise you to return them at the next class," he said.

I was flattered by this request and gave him the folio. The next lesson he returned it to me with the words: "What a little viper we have been nursing in our bosom!"

Nothing more was said, but judging by Miaskovsky's tone I saw that my pieces had interested him. Gradually our mutual relations improved, assisted considerably by my pieces and by my sight reading of Reger's difficult serenade duet, which I played with him on one occasion. I felt that Miaskovsky was taking stock of me and that at any rate he did not regard me as merely a boy.

"No matter how I have tried to play Beethoven's *Ninth* in four-hand arrangements, I have never succeeded in playing it to the end," he once remarked.

"Let's try," I exclaimed. "I am sure that we can manage it together."

Since Miaskovsky lived a long way from the Conservatory, I invited him to come to my house that very day, after a lesson in counterpoint. He agreed. I was extremely proud to have a grown-up officer come to see me. We did indeed play the symphony, and this was the first of many similar evenings. The next time, I went to his house and we played Glazunov's *Fifth Symphony*, then the *Seventh*, and after that Beethoven's *Second*, Rimsky-Korsakov's *Scheherezade*, and so on. We showed each other our compositions and during the summer months sent them by post accompanied by long letters. Miaskovsky's letters, written in a magnificent style, were intensely interesting. He addressed me as a mature person, and his letters had a considerable influence on my development.

Negro Teachers

Should well-qualified Negroes be invited to teach in our Northern colleges? The question is raised by FRED G. WALE, Director of Education of the Julius Rosenwald Fund. In June, 1946, Mr. Wale wrote to over 500 college and university presidents in thirty Northern states. "It would be wrong," the letter stated, "to appoint an unworthy person just because he was a Negro, but it would be equally wrong to turn down a worthy candidate because he was a Negro." The presidents of 400 colleges never replied. But the inquiry persisted. Today 43 Northern colleges and universities have added Negro teachers to their staffs.

CHOSEN FOR ABILITY

by FRED G. WALE

I

Two men from Oxford County, North Carolina, were talking. It was the year 1790. "I tell you, Judge Henderson," one was saying, "'tain't no use. A nigra will never learn."

"Why do you say that?" Judge Henderson asked.

"'Cause I know. I've seen too many of 'em. In the first place it's an unnatural thing and, besides, they jest don't have the brains the white man has."

"Look here, Charles Manley," replied the Judge, "you speak without reason. I will lay you a wager: given an equal chance, a Negro will do as well in college as your son or mine."

By this time a small group had gathered about the two men. After some debate it was agreed that John Chavis, a young Negro well known in the community, would be the test case. The college chosen was Princeton, and the preacher in the group, a recent graduate, was asked to make the arrangements. Local donations paid the costs of the experiment.

The years came and went, and after a time the Negro student had finished his studies at Princeton. Finally the results were known. Not only did John Chavis make an excellent record in the white man's college, but after graduation he returned to Oxford County. There, in the slave state of North Carolina, he ran a preparatory school for the sons of the very men who had questioned the ability of his race. Judge Henderson sent his sons, and so did Charles Manley. John Chavis's graduates became the leaders in the state in the next generation, among them doctors, lawyers, justices, and at least one governor, Charles Manley, Jr. An outstanding North Carolina educator of the period, writing of John Chavis, said, "Of all the many schools maintained for the training of our youth, his was the best in the state."

One hundred and fifty years have passed, and the year is now 1940. Two men, traditional descendants of Judge Henderson and Charles Manley, are standing on the library steps of one of our great Northern universities. "Well, Doctor, I don't know. This innovation we are contemplating may not be entirely wise. I think I would caution against too great haste."

"Haste? How do you mean — haste?"

"Of course, you mustn't misunderstand me, Doctor. I personally have nothing against it, but — well, you know the spirit of this community."

"No, I'm not sure that I do."

"Oh, yes, you must! It is doubtful whether this community would consider it feasible at this time to bring a Negro to the faculty of this great university and give him tenure. It would be different if the appointment were for a visiting lecturer. No precedent, simply no —"

"Excuse me for interrupting, but I want to point out something. In a few words you have listed the three main arguments of the fearful ones: 'Don't go too fast!' 'What will the community say?' and 'No precedent, simply no precedent.' Of the first, I ask, 'What kind of breakneck speed is one appointment in a hundred and fifty years?' Of the second, 'Is a community some shrew behind whose petticoats a timid man must hide?' And finally, 'What precedent is needed for a matter other than that it be just and honorable?' What we are proposing is both. To bring a Negro to our faculty is a natural extension of the democracy under which we live as citizens and operate as an institution. If we appoint him, it will be because he is the highest qualified man for the post. If we fail to appoint him, it will be because he is a Negro, and that is a piece of protective coloration we can no longer

afford ourselves. There, I guess I've made a speech."

"And not a bad one, Doctor. Of course you haven't convinced me, but I will say —"

And thus, in such an atmosphere Dr. Allison Davis, sociologist and anthropologist, author and lecturer, was brought in 1941 to the University of Chicago, the first Negro faculty member on record to serve with full status in any Northern university.

A hundred and fifty years from John Chavis, the Princeton graduate teaching the white sons of North Carolina, to Allison Davis of the Humanities Division of the University of Chicago! A century and a half of progress in the colleges and universities of our country, but without a Negro on the teaching staff. For several generations Negroes have been taught in Northern institutions and have been awarded all their degrees, but, with one or two exceptions, they have not been allowed to teach there.

Thousands of Negro men and women have entered the teaching profession during those years, but all of them have taught in the segregated Negro college. Until 1940 it was unheard of that a Negro, no matter how qualified, no matter how many degrees he had earned in this country or abroad, or how many honorary titles had been conferred on him, should expect to teach in a so-called white institution. In fact, the idea was so unlikely that not only was it unexpressed on any college campus, but it has never, so far as can be discovered, found its way into the pages of book or magazine.

On the shelves of any well-equipped library there are many books that deal with the education of the American Negro. These books tell such facts as that there are today 75,000 Negroes studying in the colleges of this country; that there are 100,000 graduates with bachelor's degrees, 3000 holding master's degrees, and 550 with Ph.D.'s. One learns that nearly 3000 of these professionally trained men and women are engaged in college teaching, that 3500 are physicians, 1200 are lawyers, and 15,000 are ministers. Hundreds of Negro college graduates have reached the top in the business world by putting into practice the sound theories of the schools of commerce from which they were graduated.

These facts, recorded with a wealth of reliable research material, have been ably presented by recognized authorities, and yet nowhere in all these volumes is there a chapter, a paragraph, or even a single sentence devoted to the subject of Negroes qualified to serve on the faculties of Northern colleges and universities. Search all you will, I doubt that you can find one protest against this discrimination.

In 1938 an exhaustive study was published on the subject of the Negro college graduate by one of the country's leading scholars. Major attention is given in this book to the high standards achieved in the Northern colleges from which graduate degrees are being won. The study also includes an analysis of the various professional employments. But whenever the Negro college graduate is referred to as a teacher, it is understood that it is as a teacher of other Negroes within the Negro college.

In fact, not only has this been the total pattern of thought up to the present time, but many sympathetic and enlightened authorities have advocated it without qualification. Studies that advocate increased graduate work for Negroes reason that the leader of the future must receive his training in the Negro college of the South since the South is the region in which he will work. There is never a question concerning his employment opportunities elsewhere.

It is, of course, too specious an answer to say that Negroes have not found employment on Northern college faculties because there "aren't enough of them to go around" or because "they are needed so greatly among their own people." There are today hundreds of Negroes of outstanding scholarship, holding degrees from ranking universities. As teachers they are needed as much by the white and Negro students of the North as they are by the segregated Negro student of the South.

2

THERE is one real reason, and it is the same for all. Negroes have been denied admission to college faculties for about the same reason that many Jewish scholars have been, or that Japanese and Chinese Americans and occasionally Catholics have been. Too often, the college administrator, like many restaurant keepers, real-estate agents, and hospital trustees, has accepted the unchallenged way of our past. Consciously or unconsciously, he has never seriously considered a Negro as eligible for a faculty. If perchance he had, previous to 1940, he would have put the idea behind him as too controversial.

After Pearl Harbor, however, with the Negro Marine, officer and private, fighting side by side with his white brother, with Navy ships manned by mixed crews, with Americans of all races and creeds standing side by side at the factory bench, it was no longer a daring thing, a getting-out-ahead-of-the-community thing, for a college to add

a Negro to its staff, chosen on the basis of ability.

This was the sense of a letter the Julius Rosenwald Fund wrote in June, 1946, to over 500 college and university presidents in thirty Northern states. The war was over in Europe and coming to a fast end in the Pacific. The letter pointed out that the restrictions of race and creed placed on large numbers of our citizens served to alarm many, lest in winning the war abroad, we lost in some measure the peace at home. The letter suggested that colleges could exercise some leadership in the matter by extending democratic practices not only throughout the student body but into the ranks of the faculty. "It would be wrong," the letter stated, "to appoint an unworthy person just because he was a Negro, but it would be equally wrong to turn down a worthy candidate because he was a Negro."

The first answer came within two days and asked for help in finding qualified candidates for two faculty positions. The weeks went by, and at the end of a month all replies were in. Letters had been written to 510 college presidents; 110 replied; 400 were never heard from. About a third of the replies were bare acknowledgments, the tersest of which came from the president of a great Midwestern university. He wrote thanking us for our letter and saying that he would give the matter consideration should the problem ever arise. From one of our largest Western state universities the president wrote, "There is no way in which the University can be helpful to you in your project."

Most of the colleges protested (some almost too much) that there was no policy of discrimination against employing Negroes on the faculty, and a few followed up with "though we have no Negroes on our staff at the present time," the incorrect inference being that they have had in the past.

3

SOME of the answers contained amusing paradoxes. For example, one president referred to a pamphlet published by the liberal governor of his state, dealing with the principle of equal opportunity for all, and then concluded his letter with the regret that there had been no occasion in his institution to do the sort of thing we suggested. Another wrote, "We do not have a Negro on our faculty, but I'd like to get your help to do something else." In this case it was to establish a segregated monastery for Negroes in the South.

By the merest chance there came in the mail one day two letters giving the big and the little ends of

the same argument, both ends adding up to the same total, "no opportunity here." One letter said, "In a city of this size with so large a Negro community it seems best to us that a college for Negro students employing Negro faculty members could and should be supported by the community itself." And the other said, "I must confess it seems eminently unwise for a college as small as this in a community of a few thousand with only one Negro family living in it to consider the employment of a Negro staff member."

The president of another college was relieved of the necessity for action when he reported that it was hardly a problem for him since there were practically no Negroes in his vicinity, his institution being the most northerly in one of the most northerly states. Another said he lived too close to the Ohio River.

Another president, with a somewhat more progressive reputation than some of his fellows, stated that he and his faculty had considered the matter as one of grave importance for many years, but as yet had taken no positive action.

Some of us want our democracy, but we want it gradually. An eminent college president with half a century of Christian service behind him wrote that he was glad to report that his college had pioneered in democratic practices just as far as that was in any wise practicable in the world in which we live.

Occasionally we know the truth, but there is no strength in us, for we stand alone. Or, we think we do. Such was the college president who wrote that he could not consider seriously the application of any Negro for a faculty post because, regardless of his theoretical ideas or his own personal idealism, he must, as an administrator, face the hard, cold realities with which he had to deal. Yes, prejudice is bleak going sometimes.

Then there came the morning when a letter arrived from a president who said that "as far as he was aware, he did not have a position at the present time for which a Negro would care to be considered," and in the afternoon mail this piquant twistogram, "It isn't that we discriminate against the Negro race as such, it's just that our entire college is white."

If one were to consider only the puzzling fact that 400 presidents failed to reply to the letter, the total effect might be dismal. Fortunately, however, there is much else to report, most of it to the good. Whereas in 1940 there were perhaps no more than 3, today there are 43 Northern colleges and universities which have added Negroes to their staffs and at least a score more are giving the matter serious consideration.

Lest there be any misunderstanding on this point, it would be well to emphasize once more that those administrators who have made their decision have done so because of practical reasons and not out of a sentimental attitude. They have *not* said, "America has been unfair to Negroes. Let us hire one for our college." Rather, they have said, "We have an opening in English, mathematics, or music. We want the best person we can find. We know now that there are some excellent English, mathematics, and music teachers who happen to be Negroes. We know too that they probably won't apply unless we get some word out that their qualifications will be considered along with everyone else's. The door has never been open to the Negro candidate, so for a time we shall have to solicit applications. That we will do, and may the best man win regardless of race or creed."

And so to date, 43 presidents and deans have made this statement with the result that during the past two years 78 Negro men and women have been added to the faculties of our Northern colleges and universities. Some of them have been appointed for a quarter or more, but 29 are on continuing assignment with a tenure as secure as that of their fellow staff members. Sixteen of the colleges have brought more than one Negro to their faculties. Four colleges have employed 3; three have employed 4; two, 5; and one college a total of 6.

4

WHEN the 350 students in philosophy at the University of Minnesota signed up last fall to study under Dr. Forrest O. Wiggins, none of them knew that their instructor was a Negro. But also none of them knew that Dr. Wiggins was a graduate of Butler University in Indianapolis, that he had done postgraduate work in Europe and had earned an M.A. and a Ph.D. in philosophy from the University of Wisconsin. For it was without fanfare that the University of Minnesota brought Dr. Wiggins on a regular full-time appointment to teach in the Philosophy Department, treating the matter as a natural event.

Such forthrightness has paid dividends. The response of students and fellow faculty members has been unanimous. There is only one matter of importance: "How keen is Dr. Wiggins as an instructor of philosophy?" On this there is universal agreement.

As the head of the Art Department at Atlanta University for fifteen years, Hale Woodruff taught hundreds of Negro men and women the beginnings

of art form. His quality as a painter and the warm affection of his personality make him a successful teacher. When Mr. Woodruff joined the Division of Art Education at New York University last fall, a student rose in one of his early seminars and said, "Mr. Woodruff, you told us a little while ago to bring up anything that seemed to be important. I would just like to say that New York University showed a lot of sense in asking you to join the faculty. I for one am glad you have come to work here." Not a polished speech on race relations, but it expressed the feelings of the entire department. Hale Woodruff thanked him warmly and that was all that was said on either side.

Mr. Woodruff is working harder than he has ever worked before. He teaches a full week in downtown New York and rushes back uptown to his own painting in his studio on 125th Street. Never having taught before outside the segregated South, Mr. Woodruff, like all his fellow teachers in Atlanta, was never allowed to forget that he was first a Negro and then an artist. Today there are long periods during which he is conscious only of the fact that he is a teacher of students in art education.

Mary Huff Diggs was taking a year of well-earned rest when Hunter College asked her to consider a faculty post there last fall. Mrs. Diggs is a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of the University of Minnesota, an M.A. from Fisk University, and a Ph.D. in social economy from Bryn Mawr, the first Negro to receive a doctorate from this institution. For six years Mrs. Diggs has been on the graduate faculty of social work at Howard University, to which post she had planned to return this fall. The offer from Hunter College to become a permanent full-time member of the faculty came as a surprise to Mrs. Diggs, but for Hunter College it was the final act in a careful search to fill the vacancy with the highest qualified person in the field.

These are typical illustrations of Negro staff members teaching in Northern colleges. Happily, there are now many more. Ira Reid, for example, who, in addition to being the editor of *Phylon*, a monthly of unusual literary merit, has commuted this year between New York University and Haverford College, teaching some of the most popular courses in both institutions.

Adelaide Cromwell Hill, a recent graduate of Smith College, is back there teaching courses in the field of sociology. And then there is Lawrence D. Reddick, curator of the Schomburg Collection, who teaches history at the New School for Social Research in New York. And Walter Anderson, formerly director of music at Karamu House in Cleve-

land, who now heads the Music Department at Antioch College. And St. Clair Drake, co-author of *Black Metropolis*, who teaches sociology at Roosevelt College in Chicago. And Cornelius Golightly, teaching philosophy at Olivet College in Michigan, and Madeline Clarke Foreman, professor of biology at William Penn College in Iowa, and Joseph Gier, lecturer in electrical engineering at the University of California. These and many more, and each month the list grows longer.

Of all the letters we received on this subject, only one expressed serious disagreement. It came from the retired president of a Northern college whose name and charter carry it back to Revolutionary times. "It is unwise," said this letter, "to put on a drive to secure the appointment of Negroes to the colleges of the North for white students, for in doing so you will pillage an already depleted field and thus deprive the Negro college of its leadership." The whole idea, he added, was harmful to the advancement of the Negro race, and we should instead get educated Negroes "to accept positions in their own institutions that need them so badly."

The answer is, of course, that none of us needs any single part of the whole as much as we all need one another. This must be the basic principle of our future either as Americans or as citizens of the world. The paradox of evil with which we struggle daily is that as a nation we permit seventeen of our forty-eight states to carry on a segregated program of educational enlightenment in an administrative pattern which is itself a product of the Dark Ages. If Americans are to assume leadership as citizen of the world, segregation as a national institution must go.

The colleges of the country will do their part in this great endeavor by introducing to their students as friends and teachers such men as Sterling Brown, one of America's finest raconteurs; Arna Bontemps, the only college librarian to write a book for children, another for adults, and to have a play produced on Broadway all in the same year; and Alain Locke, who, in the minds of many, shares top honors with John Dewey on the philosopher's bench. Great progress has been made by public and private educational institutions during the past five years. Still greater lies ahead.



LIKE A STAR

by HUGH CHISHOLM

THIS year is like a star too near the dawn.
The light is sickly. Oceans hold their breath
before the birth they know to be a death.
Birds, O gather early.

Those who love each other walk a lawn
of broken glass. The artificial lake
that holds their islands is about to break.
Birds, O gather early.

Before the star falls we shall be afire
close to the snow and closer to the ice
where nothing and no one ever melts twice.
Birds, O gather early.

And after the fall another star will sire
another breed of mortal. Then the dead
will die indeed and take the world to bed.
O birds, gather early.

LADIES ONLY

by ANN LEIGHTON

1

TRAVELING with Aunt Agatha was the ideal way to see North India. Tall, handsome, white-haired, British, and a medical missionary, she was the perfect guide and chaperone. She had lived in India for forty years, but her hospital in the South had so exhausted her time and money that she had never seen the northern part of the country.

Now she was going to take some time off and would ease her conscience by visiting every hospital we came near. Two American girls, under oath to go nowhere unaccompanied, were extremely lucky to be taken on by her. She spoke several languages and had a way with the natives.

There were only two small drawbacks to traveling with Aunt Agatha. One was the simple problem of comfort, which meant nothing to her, and the other was the question of conventional behavior, which meant everything to us. We could endure being uncomfortable; but the boisterous tender embarrassments of adolescence linger until they are lanced and healed by worldliness. We were young and extremely tender. Very likely she did not know how much we suffered.

It was her habit of trying out everything herself that frightened us. No matter what we were shown she would say, "H'm," speculatively, and set her hand to it. In a gray pith helmet, gray pongee suit and veil, she was an arresting figure, posed — one arm above her head, as with a pitcher for pouring — among the mirror-inlaid walls of the queen's bath, or sitting, a hand on each golden arm, on a throne.

We were to meet in Bombay, and to spend our first night on the train, Aunt Agatha said, in a third class carriage. No ONE, she said in capital letters, ever traveled first class, except rajahs and

English women who were nervous and liked to lock themselves in with a shower in the bathroom. Colonel Kennedy had been murdered in a first class carriage, she said darkly, as if to show how much good it had done *him*.

Second class is almost the same as first, except that there is less stuffing in the upholstery and some of the doors can be locked only from the outside. There is an intermediate class with six wooden seats and somewhat European bathroom arrangements. But third class is the way to see India, she said, although we must hurry to be there early enough if we wanted to lie down for the night.

A third class carriage takes up the whole of the car and is full of wooden benches like a New England meetinghouse. A hole in the floor takes the place of the plumbing in other classes, and their signs, DO NOT STAND ON THE SEAT, and DO NOT BREAK ICE ON THE BASIN, are unnecessary here. In any class, one has to have one's own mattress, sheets, blanket and pillow. "Why pay so much for nothing?" said Aunt Agatha, undoing her bedding.

Hastily we spread our bedding beside hers on the front three pews. There was still room left for a very large congregation, but even when we considered that we were taking up the space where many men and women and little children could sit in all the comfort they required, it did not make us feel luxuriously entrenched. I had a window by my head and I made more room for someone by putting my pillow on the sill.

Aunt Agatha did not go to bed at once, she was so interested in the people. The men chewing betel nut sat nearest the windows to be able to spit easily, and I saw why she had insisted we take the seats nearest the engine. Mothers with babies in their arms sat in the middle of the car and did not try to move at all. Aunt Agatha diagnosed *everyone* automatically and tried to show us how to group the more obvious cases of venereal disease, eye

ANN LEIGHTON is a New Englander who came to know and eventually to live in India. In the course of her first visit, which she here describes with a smile, she met and fell in love with the British officer who is today her husband.

trouble, and goiter. The smell of seeing India so intimately kept one awake, like strong coffee. The lights in the carriage were left bright all night. It was not easy to keep one's eyes shut, but I think we even slept. I still see as in a dream the little boy baby, all dressed for the great world in a feathered cap, who alternately dozed and puddled next me.

2

THE next morning the carriage was in a great bustle at dawn, brushing teeth and otherwise taking care of itself. Everyone seemed very excited and not in the least tired. Aunt Agatha said she would make us some coffee as soon as we got her some boiling water. Where? From the engineer — as soon as he stopped. We could take her little kettle and walk up and ask him.

The train halted soon to take on water in the midst of a desert waste and we hurried to get out. The men in the third class got out, too, as the one convenience was not enough. As we picked our way forward, around them and past the second and first class carriages, white faces appeared at the windows, and heads were stuck out to look at us. There was nothing else to look at. They were men's heads and obviously English. The younger ones looked surprised. It was like those dream parties when everyone fits perfectly into the normal pattern except oneself. And all those potential dancing partners spoke to us as naturally as they do in dreams.

"What," they said, "are you girls doing out there? Can we help?"

"No, thank you," we said. "We are just going to get some hot water."

More heads. "Is anyone hurt?"

"No," we said, and it is wonderful how one can tell who is on one's side in a difficult world even at first glance. "No — our chaperone is going to make some coffee."

"My God," they said with sympathy and went back to their shaving.

The engineer was a Mohammedan who got in his prayers while the sun rose and water ran. He had a huge black beard through which he muttered as he gave us water, which was purer than it looked, from his boiler. We picked our nightmare way back, resolving not to travel third class again if we never saw anything.

But after real baths and breakfast in a pleasant hotel at Mount Abu we studied the intricately carved marble columns without even remembering the smells of the night before, and Aunt Agatha got us into a third class carriage again that evening

in a state of weary gratitude for a good day. We had suggested we would pay her fare second class; but she said if we had all that money to waste we had better give it to her hospital. One of her chief supporters in America had turned to prohibition as her hobby and left Aunt Agatha right in the middle of an X-ray machine.

But one more night determined us. We would rather do anything than see India that way. We were cowards, we knew, and we burst into tears and confessed ourselves failed adventurers.

Aunt Agatha was kind to her spoiled companions. As soon as we got to the big cities, she said, we should be staying with her hospital friends anyway. Until then we could spend the nights in hotels. We had a happy day sight-seeing, and Aunt Agatha found out what was the matter with the wife of the local rajah, who would die because her husband would not allow her to go to a hospital.

Our hotel was chosen with great care. The two biggest and best were dismissed as expensive traps for ignorant tourists, but Aunt Agatha knew that one run by a Parsi could be expected to be inexpensive and still have European improvements. So we went to the Hotel Metropole. As our sagging black carriage rolled away from the station, men with bright ribbons, naming hotels, pinned across their bare chests, ran after us calling, "Dirty sheets! Bedbugs there!" in happy unison. Aunt Agatha said they always did that.

The Hotel Metropole was full of lace curtains, and the proprietor was the color of a well-cooked prune. The food could be as European as we liked and was served in courses that were downright British. Aunt Agatha never touched toast or jam until after egg and bacon. Americans, she said with a shudder, *mix* their food so.

We were going to see a deserted city, piles of rose-red battlements and temples and palaces left intact even by time. It would take us all day and a special car. Aunt Agatha never begrudged expense when the sight was worth it.

The hotel proprietor approached us, bowing very low. Would we, he said, permit a European gentleman to accompany us on our day? We had the only car. The gentleman, too, was eager to see the great empty city.

Aunt Agatha looked straight into the proprietor's eyes. "Is he," she said, "a *nice* man?"

The proprietor reminded her he had said a European. As added security, he said he was also a guest of the hotel. Aunt Agatha graciously consented.

It was bitterly cold, and, as there was no one else

about, I do not know why we should have minded so much; but when our fellow tourist appeared in the lace-filled lobby, dressed like a North American Indian in a hotel blanket, we died a thousand adolescent deaths. His overcoat, he explained, had been stolen from him — but the hotel proprietor was allowing him to wear this. With the name of the hotel hugely woven in, the proprietor could have had no fears as to its return.

Aunt Agatha found out at once where he came from in the United States and what he was selling to the Indians. They got on well together, as neither cared in the least what anyone might think. We cared terribly about what even the parrotlike guides might say about his costume in their own rose-red corners. And when we all stood together in the queen's marble latrines and Aunt Agatha pointed out that it was a very sensible plan, really, we were ready to throw ourselves into the moat.

But one has to lose one's adolescent skin some time. We shed ours that day. We bought second class tickets for that night and told Aunt Agatha we had hers.

As we had our reservations we did not have to hurry to the station, but we got there early to enjoy our night of luxury. We found our names written on the door of the compartment and had our things put in by the scrambling coolies. But we were stunned to see, lying possessively on one of the lower berths, a man's gray felt hat. Aunt Agatha did not seem to notice it. She sat down on the other lower berth and opened the railway guide.

The carriage was marked LADIES ONLY. We decided merely to point this out to the other occupant when he should return, and we generously got out to save him time and walked down beside the train to see what other second class compartment he could move into. There were no free places left with any European men, but the compartment next door had two tall Hindus swathed in white sheeting with their heads shaved except for that center lock by which they expected to be pulled into the next world. These locks were neatly furled and they were obviously distinguished and superior men. Whoever he was could sleep with them.

When he bounced in, a stout little Hindu in European dress, it seemed the solution was brilliantly obvious. We smiled and pointed out the LADIES on the door.

He said that he was not proud — it did not make any difference to him.

We said we were sorry but it did make a difference to us. We knew he would not mind moving into the next compartment.

But he said he would mind. He did not like traveling with uneducated Indians.

A railway guard passed and we asked him to explain to this man that as the compartment was reserved for ladies, he would *have* to move.

The little Indian guard spoke in some strange tongue to the stoutly European Hindu and was sharply quelled. He bowed and went on his way.

"You are an official on the railway?" asked Aunt Agatha, diagnosing correctly as always. The Hindu said he was and took off his tie.

As quietly as if he were not there at all Aunt Agatha explained to us that the guard would only lose his job if he tried to put him out. She went back to her reading.

We said we were still sorry, but as we had paid to have a comfortable night on the train, we were not going to sit up all night because of him.

He sprang up from removing his shoes.

"The reason you want me to move," he shouted, "is because you are British and I am Indian. I shall stay here!"

"It is not," we said tartly. "We are American women and the reason we want you to get out is that we want to get undressed and go to bed."

"Americans!" he said shrilly, and gave way to theatrical laughter. "Americans! And you want me to move so you can get undressed!" He waggled a merry finger at us. "I know," he said. "I know all about travel in America. Ha. Ha. You all get undressed together there," he said, "in one great big car. All men and women together. And then you all sleep together in the same car, too. Oh, no," he said, "you don't get me to move out for any Americans!" He took off his collar.

Aunt Agatha stood up. "Girls," she said mildly, "if he doesn't mind, why should we? Let's go to bed."

But by then we were consumed by a patriotic fire so great as to be beyond all reasoning, beyond any early reluctances to sleep with strange men. Halfway down the train we had seen an intermediate compartment with three benches as yet unoccupied. That three snoring Eurasian males filled the others in no way detracted for us from that compartment's fitness as a place to which we should nail the Stars and Stripes.

We threw our luggage onto the platform as the little man removed his trousers. We called coolies to help us, but we hushed them as we slid quietly into the other compartment and spread our beds among that sleeping company of seeming saints.

Aunt Agatha was very good about it all. She had felt a little guilty about the second class comfort anyway.

END OF A BERLIN DIARY

by WILLIAM L. SHIRER

A Middle Westerner, born and educated in Iowa, WILLIAM L. SHIRER trained as a cub reporter on the Cedar Rapids *Republican*. For three years he was the young chief of the Central European Bureau of the Chicago *Tribune*, with headquarters in Vienna. From 1937 to 1940 he delivered a series of broadcasts beginning, "This is Berlin," with a German censor at his elbow and with the American listeners of CBS hanging on his words.

In 1941 Mr. Shirer published his uncensored chronicle, *Berlin Diary*, and in 1945 he went back to Berlin to dig among the ruins and to search through the captured German documents.

This is the third installment from Mr. Shirer's forthcoming book, *End of a Berlin Diary*. In the earlier excerpts he quoted Ribbentrop's amazing letter to Churchill; he described Hitler's marriage and suicide as traced by Army Intelligence; he quoted Hitler's will and political testament. He translated in full Thomas Mann's memorable broadcast to Germany explaining his decision to remain in America; he showed how much of German industry has remained virtually intact despite the bombing, and finally he quoted the "Road to War" address which Hitler delivered in secret to his top military leaders in November, 1937. — THE EDITOR

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Berlin, Wednesday, November 14 (continued). — On May 23, 1939, Hitler burns his bridges. The minutes of the Führer's conference with his top generals and admirals show that peace is doomed. Further success cannot be obtained, he says, "without the shedding of blood." Good, it will be shed against Poland "at the first suitable opportunity." Danzig has nothing to do with the war at all. Germany needs living space in the East. While getting it, the Reich will settle with the West as well. England is the real enemy of Germany there. She must be forced to her knees.

"If there were an alliance of France, England, and Russia against Germany, Italy, and Japan," Hitler declares, "I would be constrained to attack England and France with a few annihilating blows." He "doubts the possibility of a peaceful settlement with England. We must prepare ourselves for the conflict. England sees in our development the foundation of a hegemony which would weaken England. England is therefore our enemy, and the conflict with England will be a life-and-death struggle. What will this struggle be like? . . .

"The Dutch and Belgian air bases must be occupied by armed force. Declarations of neutrality must be ignored. If England and France intend the war between Germany and Poland to lead to a conflict, they will support Holland and Belgium in their neutrality and make them build fortifications, in order finally to force them to coöperate.

"Albeit under protest, Belgium and Holland will yield to pressure.

"Therefore, if England intends to intervene in the Polish war, we must occupy Holland with lightning speed. We must aim at securing a new defense line on Dutch soil up to the Zuider Zee.

"The war with England and France will be a life-and-death struggle.

"The idea that we can get off cheaply is dangerous; there is no such possibility. We must burn our boats, and it is no longer a question of justice or injustice, but of life or death for eighty million human beings."

The whole plan for the war in the West is outlined by the mad Führer. (No matter that in London the complacent Chamberlain does not know it, does not suspect it, and that in Washington the venerable Senator Borah says he knows, from his own special sources of information in Europe, that there will be no war.)

All through the late spring and the summer, the finishing touches are put to the Nazi war machine. In Moscow the British and French representatives dawdle with the Russians. Do not Chamberlain and Daladier still hope that German aggression may yet be turned on Russia so that the civilized West will be saved? Before June is up, General Keitel, chief of the Supreme Command of the armed forces, submits the timetable for "Operation White" — against Poland.

August, the fateful month, arrives. It is time to let the ally, Italy, in on the secret, for she has a role to play in Hitler's calculations. Count Ciano is summoned to Berchtesgaden. Stunned at what he hears from the Führer's lips, he remains there two days, August 12 and 13.

We have the German records of the two-day meeting. They are remarkable on several counts. They show that Hitler has now picked his date for the attack on Poland, that he is ready for war with the West, that he has Russia in the bag (though the world will not learn of it for ten days), and that Ciano and Mussolini are taken completely by surprise. They obviously had no idea that war was so near.

Ciano comes out in this meeting better than I expected. He talks up to Hitler. He tells him bluntly that Italy is not ready for war. And he stands up to the Führer and argues for peace—proposing instead of war a peace conference!

Ciano, the frightened playboy, now hurries back to Rome to tell the Duce that Hitler is going to war in a fortnight. The magnificent German war machine is poised for the blow, supremely confident it can smash Poland in a fortnight.

There is one little sour note, the German documents show. On August 17, Admiral Canaris, Chief of German Counter Intelligence (strangled to death for treason in the last months of the war), sees General Keitel. The Admiral is worried about the Western powers coming into the war. He finds Keitel supremely confident that Britain will stay out of the war. Canaris tries to argue to the contrary, pointing out especially the dangers of a British blockade. But Keitel is cocky this day. Canaris gets nowhere.

On August 22, Hitler convokes his Commanders-in-Chief to Berchtesgaden for a final war conference. It is a date to remember. The newspapers around the globe are telling in screaming headlines the ominous news from Moscow that Germany and Russia have decided to conclude a non-aggression pact. Hitler knows that in a day or two a virtual alliance with Russia to destroy Poland and frighten the West from coming into the war will be signed at Moscow. He is in even a more swaggering mood than usual. He is carried away by his own success, his own personality.

THE FÜHRER'S SPEECH

August 22, 1939

I have called you together to give you a picture of the political situation, in order that you may have insight into the individual elements on which

I have based my decision to act, and in order to strengthen your confidence. . . .

It was clear to me that a conflict with Poland had to come sooner or later. I had already made this decision in the spring, but I thought that I would first turn against the West in a few years, and only afterwards against the East. But the sequence cannot be fixed. One cannot close one's eyes ever before a threatening situation. I wanted to establish an acceptable relationship with Poland in order to fight first against the West. But this plan, which was agreeable to me, could not be executed, since essential points have changed.

It became clear to me that Poland would attack us in case of a conflict with the West. Poland wants access to the sea. The further development became obvious after the occupation of the Memel region, and I realized that under the circumstances a conflict with Poland could arise at an inopportune moment. I enumerate as reasons for this reflection, first of all, two personal constitutions: my own personality and that of Mussolini.

Essentially it depends on me, my existence, because of my political activities. Furthermore, the fact that probably no one will ever again have the confidence of the whole German people as I do. There will probably never again be a man in the future with more authority than I have. My existence is therefore a factor of great value. But I can be eliminated at any time by a criminal or an idiot.

The second personal factor is the Duce. His existence is also decisive. If something happens to him, Italy's loyalty to the alliance will no longer be certain. The basic attitude of the Italian court is against the Duce. Above all, the court sees in the expansion of the empire a burden. The Duce is the man with the strongest nerves in Italy.

The third factor favorable for us is Franco. We can ask only benevolent neutrality from Spain. But this depends on Franco's personality. He guarantees a certain uniformity and steadiness of the present system in Spain. We must take into account the fact that Spain does not as yet have a Fascist Party of our internal unity.

On the other side a negative picture as far as decisive personalities are concerned. There is no outstanding personality in England or France.

For us it is easy to make a decision. We have nothing to lose; we can only gain. Our economic situation is such, because of our restrictions, that we cannot hold out more than a few years. Göring can confirm this. We have no other choice, we must act. Our opponents risk much and can gain only a little. England's stake in a war is unimaginably

great. Our enemies have men who are below average. No personalities. No masters, no men of action. . . . Our enemies are little worms. I saw them in Munich.

I was convinced that Stalin would never accept the English offer. Russia has no interest in maintaining Poland, and Stalin knows that it is the end of his regime no matter whether his soldiers come out of a war victorious or beaten. Litvinov's replacement was decisive. I brought about the change toward Russia gradually. In connection with the commercial treaty we got into a political conversation. Proposal of a non-aggression pact. Then came a general proposal from Russia. Four days ago I took a special step, which brought it about that Russia answered yesterday that she is ready to sign. The personal contract with Stalin is established. The day after tomorrow von Ribbentrop will conclude the treaty. Now Poland is in the position in which I wanted her.

We need not be afraid of a blockade. The East will supply us with grain, cattle, coal, lead, and zinc. It is a big arm, which demands great efforts. I am only afraid that at the last minute some *Schweinhund* [literally, swineherd's dog; figuratively, filthy person] * will make a proposal for mediation.

The political arm is set farther. A beginning has been made for the destruction of England's hegemony. The way is open for the soldier, after I have made the political preparations.

Today's publication of the non-aggression pact with Russia hit like a shell. The consequences cannot be overlooked. Stalin also said that this course will be of benefit to both countries. The effect on Poland will be tremendous.

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FROM the documents it is plain that Hitler meant Saturday, August 26, "for the start," and that he postponed it until the following Friday in order, as he told Göring, "to see whether we can eliminate British intervention." On August 23, Neville Henderson, the British Ambassador, flies down to Berchtesgaden to inform Hitler that the British government will honor its pledge to Poland if Germany attacks her, regardless of the German deal with Russia. The Führer gives him a contemptuous answer, but Henderson, who has staked his all on appeasement, keeps on trying, calling on the mad dictator in Berlin twice during August

* The official translator speaks here in the brackets, but with some awkwardness. The word *Schweinhund*, a great favorite with the Nazis, simply means "damned pig." — W. L. S.

25 and flying off to London on August 26 to confer with Chamberlain.

It is of no use. At dawn on Friday, September 1, the German armies pour into Poland. On Sunday, September 3, Great Britain and France come into the war against Germany. Hitler has his World War!

For two years there is not the faintest shadow of defeat. Hitler goes from one fantastic victory to another. In the spring, Denmark and Norway are overrun. In early summer, Holland, Belgium, and France. The invasion of Britain has to be postponed in the fall. But all during the winter of 1940–1941 the cities and towns of England, which is now standing alone against the Axis might, are battered unmercifully from the air by German bombers.

During this winter, Hitler is feverishly pushing his secret plans to fall upon Russia. The confidential German documents show he decided to turn against the Soviet Union before the six weeks' war in the West was scarcely finished — "during the Western campaign," according to General Jodl. By October 1, 1940, the General Staff is back in Zossen and "working intensively on the problem," General Franz Halder, chief of the Army General Staff, will later reveal.

The problem is called "Operation Barbarossa," which becomes the code word for the plan of attack against Russia. Hitler and his generals can think of nothing else. "Operation Sea Lion" — for the invasion of Britain — is all but forgotten. By December 5, the German documents show, General Halder has given Hitler the General Staff's plan for the Russian campaign. On December 18, Hitler issues his "Directive 21 — Operation Barbarossa," which begins: "The German Armed Forces must be prepared to crush Soviet Russia in a quick campaign before the end of the war against England." Hitler orders all preparations completed by May 15, 1941. The unexpected resistance of Yugoslavia to being swallowed up by the Germans postpones the date by five weeks, the documents make plain — and probably thereby saves Russia.

General Halder, whom Hitler hates but whose brilliance he cannot dispense with, warns that "Russia's strength in military personnel is completely unknown." But the Führer has no patience with such warnings. He calls in his top generals on February 3, 1941, and, according to the captured minutes of the meeting, exclaims: "When Barbarossa commences, the world will hold its breath and make no comment."

In the early morning of June 22, 1941, it commences. The German armies hurtle through Russia. It seems that nothing can stop them. In Washing-

ton, General Marshall calls in the editors and correspondents to warn them that Russian collapse is only a matter of a few weeks. Hitler is sure it will come before winter. By the end of September the Nazi hordes are deep in Russia. Kiev, capital of the Ukraine, has fallen. Von Rundstedt's southern group of armies is pressing toward Rostov and Kharkov. On October 2, Hitler launches his great offensive on Moscow. On October 4 he is in Berlin for a speech. "The enemy is already broken and will never rise again," he proclaims.

A few days later, on October 9, he sends his press chief, Dr. Otto Dietrich, pell-mell back to Berlin to tell the correspondents, hastily convened in the Propaganda Ministry, that the last fully effective remnants of the Red Army are trapped in two German pockets before Moscow and "undergoing swift, merciless annihilation," and that "for all military purposes Soviet Russia is done with."

Hitler believes it himself, as General Halder later will confirm. In fact Halder, in a report written after the end of the war, makes the sensational revelation that Hitler secretly ordered the "dissolution of about forty army divisions, the manpower to return to industry." So sure was he that Russia was finished, says Halder, that he also ordered a halt in munitions production.

The Russians, as the Germans soon learned, were far from finished. In the South, Timoshenko had taken over from Budenny at the end of October and within a month had driven von Kleist's victorious armies out of Rostov. But the crucial battle of the war was being fought before Moscow. Though Hitler and Dr. Dietrich had "destroyed" the last remnants of the Red armies on this front early in October, ferocious fighting, with heavy losses on both sides, continued all through October and November.

On December 5 and 6, the tide turned. On December 5, a German armored column from Istra fought its way into the outskirts of the Russian capital. It was the nearest the Germans ever got to Moscow. The next day, the Russian counter-offensive was in full swing, the Germans in retreat. The greatest army the world had ever seen had at last been stopped. It would never recover from the blow. December 6 was the turning point of the war.

Where did the German plans to finish Russia, before the winter snows, go wrong?

I think I have found the answers in a report drawn up after the end of hostilities by General Halder, chief of the Army General Staff at the time and, in my opinion, the greatest German strategist of the war. (He was dismissed by Hitler in the midst of the Russian campaign, and in 1944 arrested and

placed in solitary confinement.) His comments on the turning point of the war, taken from his lengthy report, destroy, once and for all, the Nazi myth that Hitler was a military genius.

HALDER'S REPORT

At the start of operations, Hitler's belief in his own infallibility and the omnipotence of his will had grown. So had his nervous irritability. His interference in the directing of the Army, even in small matters, increased, and tense debates about strategical and even tactical questions . . . became more and more frequent in the course of the Russian campaign.

There was no doubt that Hitler was under considerable pressure because of the advanced season. . . . I am firmly convinced that he entered the Russian campaign with the preconceived idea, which was not shared, still less encouraged, by the Army General Staff, that Russia could be forced to make peace even in 1941, and that thus the further prosecution of the war would be hopeless for the Allies.

Spoiled by the quick successes of the previous campaigns, he expected operations to be carried through in a space of time which ignored completely the conditions of terrain and roads in the East. He obstinately refused to take notice of the results obtained from studying the map and working with a compass. The advance on Russian territory could never be fast enough for his impatience. . . .

The number of divisions employed for the initial attack on Russia was sufficient for the frontier battles, but was not enough to cover later needs which were going to arise when the front advanced further to the East. . . .

Hitler was continually dominated by the illusion that there was a continuous front. . . .

A series of military reverses set in soon after the early and unusually severe beginning of the winter. The main causes were: the results of the strategically wrong decision taken before the battle at Kiev; the tired condition of troops who, in full confidence in their leaders, had exerted their full strength without hesitation in unsuccessful attempts to accomplish the tasks set them; and the enemy countermeasures, which could be foreseen by the expert eye, but which Hitler in blind arrogance refused to see. Mistakes made by the local German commanders did the rest.

The reverse suffered at Rostov was sufficient to induce sensible German leaders to withdraw the front to the Mius. When this decision was reported

by Army Group South, Hitler vetoed its execution and, from his command post in East Prussia and working only from a map, fixed a line in the Eastern Ukraine which had to be held "to the last man." Rundstedt asked for and was granted his retirement. The Commander-in-Chief of the Army was never consulted. . . .

The first heavy Russian counterattacks around Moscow were soon followed by further German reverses further south (Orel, Kursk). . . . The enemy appeared with strong and fresh, if frequently only improvised, forces. He was filled with the impetus of new confidence. The German troops, on the other hand, had reached the limit of endurance. The equipment was worn out, and communications with the homeland were threatened by a transport crisis which caused much worry. The morale of the Army had deteriorated. . . .

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THE myth of the invincibility of German arms was broken, then, in the Russian snows before Moscow, and it was never restored — even in the German Army, as General Halder makes clear. There would be more German victories to be sure — battles won here and there — but they did not recreate the myth, and each triumph on this front or that weakened the German armies more than it did those of the Allies, which, now that America, the world's greatest arsenal, was in the war, were rapidly growing in strength.

By the end of October, 1942, the British had smashed Rommel's bid for Suez, and the shattered African Corps was in disorderly retreat toward Libya. On November 8, an Anglo-American army under Eisenhower had landed in North Africa. In the Mediterranean, as in Russia, the tide had turned against the hitherto invincible Axis arms.

The summer of 1942 had, indeed, seen crushing German victories deep in Russia. By the end of August, Hitler's armies had smashed into the Caucasus and appeared to have the Soviet's richest oil fields within their grasp. Worse, they had driven to the outskirts of Stalingrad on the Volga. But again the final, decisive victory eluded the Germans. In November the Russians hit back, and as the year ended, the Nazi armies in the south of Russia were in retreat and the massive Sixth Army was surrounded and doomed at Stalingrad.

The situation did not improve for the Germans in 1943. How did the war look at the end of four years to the German Command? One of the most remarkable documents I have seen gives us a good

picture. It consists of a lengthy lecture delivered by General Alfred Jodl to the provincial political leaders at Munich on November 7, 1943 — in celebration of Hitler's Beer House Putsch.

It is entitled "The Strategic Position in the Beginning of the Fifth Year of the War." It is no mere pep speech such as was usually given at Munich on this anniversary. General Jodl admits that defeatism in Germany is rife, that the "devil of subversion" strides the Reich. It is obvious that on Hitler's orders he intends, for once, to tell the Nazi political authorities the stark truth — or at least more of it than they have ever heard. The seriousness of the situation can no longer be hidden.

We have here no ordinary "lecture." We have indeed a document, prepared with typical Teutonic thoroughness, which is in effect a Short History of the War, as experienced and analyzed by the German Supreme Command. Here we can see in broad but specific outline the Nazi military and political objectives and why they were not always reached. The detail is almost overwhelming. The document is full of figures on the disposition of German troops all over Europe and of the Allied forces all over the world. The disposition of American divisions is given, not only for Europe, but for the Pacific and for the home front. The length of coastlines to be defended, the position and the state of fortifications, the nature of German and enemy armament, the probable strategy of the Allies — all these and many other matters are gone into with an array of figures, charts, and maps.

It was General Jodl's lecture, but it is obvious from the captured documents we have that it was Hitler himself who supervised its preparation. We have dozens of memoranda marked "Top Secret" or "Very Secret" and stamped "Führer's GHQ." On each is a notation: "Material for the lecture of the Chief of the Armed Forces Operations Staff on November 7, 1943."

It is evident that in General Jodl's lecture we really are getting the picture of the war as Hitler saw it at the beginning of the fifth year.

Nothing seemingly is forgotten by this Teuton general. One memorandum is marked: "List of Italian Booty." It is an exhaustive list of everything grabbed from the Italians after their collapse, from artillery to destroyers, trousers, and tallow.

One document shows how clearly the German Command realized the danger of an Anglo-American invasion in the West seven months before it actually took place.

Jodl reveals German strength in the West at 1,374,000 men. British and American forces are given in detail. But in the East, Jodl states, the

Germans have 200 divisions amounting to 4,183,000 men. The Russians, it is plain, are still bearing the brunt of the war on the Allied side.

A "top secret" memorandum prepared at the Führer's GHQ on October 31, 1943, for Jodl's lecture provides fascinating material on how the Russian front looked to the German Command. It notes a "large-scale building up of Russian artillery." It finds "specially unpleasant for our troops . . . the new Russian battle airplane now appearing in large numbers." It refers, no doubt, to the Stormovik.

General Jodl concludes his lecture with the following declaration of faith that all will end well for Germany:—

When, at the end of my considerations, I come to sum up the general situation in a few words, I am bound to describe it quite candidly as difficult. Moreover, I cannot gloss over the fact that I expect further severe crises. . . .

In particular, however, our confidence is built up on a series of points of view to be set forth objectively. At the head comes the ethical and moral foundation of our struggle, which leaves its mark upon the general attitude of the German people and makes our armed forces a definitely reliable instrument in the hands of its Command. The force of the revolutionary idea has not only made possible a series of unprecedented successes: it also enables our brave troops to achieve feats in defense and in retreat according to plan, such perhaps as the Russians, but certainly no other people, could achieve, and which drive off into the realm of Utopia any hope on the part of our opponents for a military breakdown.

As against this the moral, political, and military tendencies of our opponents by no means form a closed, uniformly directed whole. This shows most clearly in the fighting morale of the English and Americans, whose successes in Africa, Sicily, and Italy are solely ascribable to the weakness and treachery of our Italian ally. Where they have met German forces in battle, they have shown themselves inferior throughout and obtained the advantage only as a result of multiple numerical advantage. This shows particularly clearly from the point of view of their conduct of the war, for according to our ideas it is totally incomprehensible that the Anglo-Americans should have avoided forming the Second Front in the West which their Russian allies have been demanding for over two years, and they have by no means extracted from their opportunities in the Mediterranean that which, according to the true state of affairs and by

German standards of activity, they might have extracted.

Well, whatever comes, any further attack by our opponents—whether in the North or West, in Italy or in the Balkans—will put their readiness for action to a hard test. . . .

My most profound confidence is based upon the fact that at the head of Germany there stands a man who by his entire development, desires, and striving can only have been destined by fate to lead our people into a brighter future. In defiance of all views to the contrary, I must here testify that he is the soul not only of the political but also of the military conduct of the war, and that the force of his will power and the creative riches of his thought animate and hold together the whole of the German armed forces, with respect to strategy, organization, and munitions of war. Similarly the unity of political and military command which is so important is personified by him in a way such as has never been known since the days of Frederick the Great.

That no command is free of errors has often been said by the Führer himself. Moreover, the history of war—to use an aphorism of Schlieffen's—consists in general only of a series of errors; and every war situation, naturally, can only be the product of errors.

What matters ultimately is constant readiness to act, the determination never to let oneself be beaten and always to stick to the enemy. That is so now, I assure you from the bottom of my heart. . . .

It behooves us all, therefore, to crush down within ourselves all faintheartedness and, by so doing, to create within ourselves the foundations of that confidence out of which alone victory can grow. After all, the other fellow is just a bit more frightened still, and a war is only lost when it is given up.

How this war will end, that no man can foretell. What imponderables it may yet bring with it, how many hopes may be disappointed, and how many troubles may turn to the contrary, lie hidden in the darkness of the future. All that is sure is that we shall never cease to fight; for through the history of the world there run, like a bronze law, progress and advance upward. In these Europe has led, and at the head of Europe—Germany. A Europe under the whip of American Jews or Bolshevik commissars is unthinkable.

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Berlin, Thursday, November 15.—Though my time has been much too short, I have found out some of the things I came here to find out: what happened after I left—indeed, first of all, what went on in

secret during the tumultuous years I was here — and then what the physical damage has been, and the moral damage, and finally the state of the German spirit after defeat and collapse.

There is so much more I could learn if I could linger on. The picture is so black. Are there no shadings? Could I not find some? Are there no “good Germans,” for instance, on which to build one’s hopes? Ah, surely! Was there not the poet Adam Kuckhoff, who did not give in? Who was convicted of “high treason”? Who was hanged on the gallows at Plötzensee on the morning of August 5, 1943? Who, before he was led away, wrote his wife, Greta, one of the most moving poems and one of the most courageous letters ever penned by man? Yes, there was Kuckhoff and the poet Bonhoeffer and others in this sad land who gave their lives in the name of human decency.

But amid these ruins I do not hear their names. Was the sacrifice of these few of no account? Is it not rather the spirit of Hitler and Himmler which is rising again from the debris? Is it not *their* deaths, their deeds, which count among these tragic people? And are the Germans not already waiting to follow another diabolical Führer to still another destruction? Alas, so it seems to me.

Tomorrow, I shall leave Berlin — perhaps for the last time. I am weary of the Berlin story I started to chronicle so long ago and which has been the core of my life for more than a decade. It turned out to be the most important story of my generation, starting almost unnoticed here in this city, and in the end engulfing the world, uprooting the lives of the mechanic in Stalingrad, the farmer near Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and the sheep-grower in Australia on the other side of the planet.

I am weary and have had enough of it. Surely there must be something less ugly, not so brutal and evil, that I can concentrate on in the remaining years. The sprawling, crazy, wonderful land of America, certainly. My family, which I hardly know; the children whom I have scarcely seen. And perhaps poetry and music and the theater and, above all, Peace.

At home, maybe, they will say the German story is not finished, the German problem still unresolved, a third German war not too far off, and that one must not abandon thinking of it and writing of it. They will be right. The German story will never be finished.

Tomorrow I shall set out for Nuremberg there to see justice try to catch up with some of the vile little men who have brought this awful destruction to the human race. Will it — can it — overtake them?

Nuremberg, Sunday, November 18. — It is gone! The lovely old medieval town behind the moat is utterly destroyed. It is a vast heap of rubble, beyond description and beyond hope of rebuilding. As the prosaic U.S. Army puts it, Nuremberg is “91 per cent dead.” The old town — the old Nuremberg of Albrecht Dürer and Hans Sachs and the Meistersingers, the three venerable churches of St. Lorenz and St. Sebald and Our Lady, the old Rathaus, and my favorite inn, the Bratwurst-glöcklein is, I should say, 99 per cent “dead.”

I crawled for hours today in the debris looking for familiar landmarks. Few were left, and none intact. The façade of the Gothic Frauenkirche on the Market Place (known as Adolf Hitler Platz when I was last here in 1937) stands precariously, supported by two side walls. The rest of the church has been smashed into dust. St. Lorenz, one of the oldest and most beautiful Protestant churches in Germany, probably can still be saved, though it has been badly smashed. Half the wonderful old frame dwellings along the river Pegnitz have caved into the little stream. Most of old Nuremberg’s winding little streets are completely blotted out. The Deutscher Hof, where Hitler always stayed during the annual Nazi Party rallies in September, I could not find at all. The whole block was gone.

What had happened? I asked some of the burghers. The first big bombings had come in October, 1943, they said. The last one, the biggest of all, the one that really completed the destruction of Nuremberg, had come, they recalled, the day after New Year’s in 1945. That was the day the medieval city finally died and was buried in its own ruins.

The gripping beauty, the great charm, the very soul of the ancient city, though, had departed — I always felt — when the Nazis came. Spiritually, Nuremberg had died then. The Nazis had made of it the city of their annual Party rallies — those obscene orgies of the Teutonic herd in which the German man and woman had joyously shed their individuality, their decency, their dignity as human beings and become merged into the putrid, inhuman mass that Hitler was shaping.

Oh, I had seen it with my own eyes! In 1934 and again in 1937 I had been sent here as an American newspaperman to describe the foul performance. Night after night under the arc of searchlights (which really had been built for the approaching war), by the glare of the barbarian torchlights, and between the bloodcurdling shouting (“We are strong, and will get stronger,” they kept yelling in the night), I had heard Hitler rave and Göring rant, and watched the miserable Jew-baiter, Streicher, brandishing his short whip. Was it not proof of its

utter degradation and final death that in this great center of European culture, where the incomparable Dürer had lived and created, the repulsive, debauched Julius Streicher, who boasted of his pornographic publications and his pornographic "library" and his own lecherous fornications, had become supreme political boss and indeed the first citizen of Nuremberg?

In this town, I had heard the frenzied shouting of the madmen when, on September 5, 1934, Hitler had made the ridiculous "announcement" that "the German form of life is definitely determined for the next thousand years. There will be no revolution in Germany," he had told them, "for the next one thousand years!"

The once-sturdy burghers of Nuremberg, like all the rest of the Germans, had become intoxicated by the evil Nazi gospel and they were proud that their beautiful city had become the scene of the monstrous annual Party rally.

Now in their grotesque ruins did they recall it all? What was in their minds this Sunday afternoon? It was difficult to tell. They seemed a bit more dignified, a little more cool toward us in enemy uniform than the Berliners or the people of Frankfurt. Resentful they were, naturally, and sullen. Oh, they had applauded wildly the dire threats against the foreign lands that Hitler had uttered from this place. They had hurraed and tossed flowers at the SA Brown Shirts and the SS Black Coats and the gray-clad soldiers parading through their ancient, winding streets. But, like everyone else throughout the German wasteland, they had never wanted to face the consequences of all that had been hatched and nurtured here.

The consequences had come late and sudden and with terrible fury. All that loving, knowing hands had wrought here in stone and wood, in shape and color, for nine hundred years, had been pulverized into dust and ashes in a brief, fiery moment by a flick of the hand of Anglo-Saxon youths whose short lives, probably, had never been touched by this particular flowering of civilization. Their bomb-sights, at any rate, had been aimed not at it, but at a deadly arsenal near-by which was helping to keep Hitler's Germany in the war and which therefore had to be destroyed.

It was a fearful consequence. Saturation bombing, which the Germans had originated over London and Coventry, had never been an ideal solution for the Allies, and an American could feel sick in the stomach and the heart and the mind at the contemplation of its inaccuracy here. But was it not a fate of war, the fate that Warsaw and Rotterdam and so many other innocent non-German cities had

first experienced, a fate determined by those who bred the war in the German places such as Nuremberg?

A bit dazed, I went over late in the afternoon to the Court House to do my Sunday broadcast. The tiny radio "studio" looked directly on the courtroom. It was cold and bare. Raucous GI's were testing the lights and shoving furniture about, making ready for the trial of Göring, Hess, Ribbentrop, Rosenberg, and the seventeen other Nazi leaders whom I had seen strut so arrogantly about this town, and who, day after tomorrow, will face the consequences of all the blood of this world they helped to spill.

18

Thursday, November 22. — Thanksgiving. A raw, cold day, and I spent most of it in bed trying to lick the flu. Got up about dusk, which comes a little after 4.00 P.M. here now, and wandered up to the "castle's" bar. Ed Morgan of the *Chicago Daily News*, one of the most thoughtful of the new generation of correspondents, was there. We had a long talk. We tried, as newspapermen in a bar will do, to find an answer to a question: Why the disintegration (as General Marshall called it the other day in his speech to the *Herald Tribune* Forum) of the U.S. Army so soon after its mighty conquests?

Fundamentally, we wondered, was it not a reflection of a disintegration at home in America, of our headlong rush to forget the war, get the boys back home, and return hell-bent to "normalcy"? It was, of course, a very human and natural thing for an American to want to get back home, now that the war was over. But who would stay on in Germany then — at least until he could be replaced — to do an unpleasant but necessary job if we did not want to have a *third* German war? (The Germans might win the third.)

Ed thought there were several reasons why we are doing such a lousy job of occupation.

1. American officers especially (but also GI's) think first of creature comforts. (Ah, but is that not characteristic of all of us Americans with our mania for the material things?) Now, Ed said, our officers were busy holing up for the winter, expending most of their energies on getting a comfortable billet, plenty of heat for it, good food and drink, and a girl, of course.

2. A typical American has a natural and healthy yen to get his immediate job done. Thus, if the Germans in his town are not getting enough food or fuel, his first inclination is to try to see that they get it. If there is a factory silent in his town, he wants

to get it humming. It would scarcely occur to him to adjust his inclinations to the larger political picture of how Germany is to be treated — for instance, whether the additional food he may get for his Germans or the coal for his factory should not go to the Dutch or the Belgians or other victims of the Germans. He has no idea of what the victims in Europe went through under the hideous German occupation. Nor is he curious to learn.

This leads to point 3: our weird lack of political sense. Ed described a German motor-truck factory he visited the other day. It makes Daimler-Benz trucks. An American captain is in charge, but a young sergeant is the real American driving force in the plant. He has a knack “for getting things done.” His factory is consequently turning out more than its quota of trucks.

There is only one drawback, but he does not want to hear of it. The German manager of the plant is an out-and-out Nazi, a Party member. General Eisenhower has issued strict military orders that no Party members can remain in managerial positions. But our captain and sergeant pay no attention to Eisenhower, supreme chief though he may be. They will be judged by their immediate superiors, they say, on the number of trucks they turn out. It fills them with pride to turn them out ahead of schedule.

The German workers protest. They threaten to strike unless the Nazi manager is turned out. The captain and sergeant crack down on the workers. No nonsense, no strikes, from them. And so the workers, Ed concludes, come to the conclusion that the Americans are either political idiots or conquered Germany to save it for the Nazis.

In miniature, I'm afraid, this is the true picture of our occupation of Germany.

19

Friday, November 23. — Certainly no other trial in history can have been like this. The Nazi defendants are going to be convicted by their own words, their own records of their own foul deeds. The idiots wrote everything down, and in the chaos of the collapse were unable to destroy the damaging evidence.

This afternoon the American prosecution unloaded on the court (and on us) 91,000 words of secret Nazi documents tracing the road to aggressive war which the Nazis deliberately took. The defendants in the dock appeared flabbergasted. All the skeletons in all the dark closets were showing up. Here was not what Hitler or Göring or Ribben-

trop or Hess said for public consumption — the propaganda lies about wanting peace. Here was what they said at their secret meetings at which war was plotted and planned. Here at last was the *truth* for the world to see.

Most of the material I had seen in Berlin, but there was some new stuff today about a preliminary understanding reached in Berlin on April 4, 1941, between Hitler and the then Japanese Foreign Minister, Yosuke Matsuoka, for war against the United States. Hitler, we learn, on that day promised that Germany would go to war against the United States *without delay* in case Japan became involved in a conflict with America.

This then — April 4, 1941 — was the date on which America's involvement in the war became certain; and it is a terrible irony, I think, and a terrible indictment of the United States and its lack of political sense, that our destiny in this instance was decided, not by ourselves, but by a German and a Jap sitting in an ornate room in Berlin. The two men had a very interesting conversation that day, and as usual the German government preserved in its secret archives complete notes on the talk. The pertinent part reads as follows: —

“The Führer pointed out [to Matsuoka] that Germany would immediately take the consequences if Japan got involved with the United States. . . . Therefore Germany would strike without delay in case of a conflict between Japan and America.”

Matsuoka, for his part, left no doubt in Hitler's mind that Japan intended soon to attack the United States. The secret German minutes of the meeting make this very clear.

“As regards Japanese-American relations,” they state, “Matsuoka explained that . . . sooner or later a war with the United States would be unavoidable. . . . In his opinion this conflict would happen rather sooner than later. His argument was: Why should Japan not decisively strike at the right moment and take the risk upon herself of a fight against America?”

At this point the wily little Japanese Foreign Minister admitted to the Führer that there were some in Japan who “hesitate to follow these trends of thought” and who considered him “a dangerous man.” Hitler apparently felt the need of bucking him up a little on the subject of the Americans. The German minutes continue: —

“Germany [Hitler said] had made her preparations so that no American could land in Europe. Germany would conduct a most energetic fight against America with her U-boats and her Luftwaffe, and due to her superior experience . . . she would be vastly superior, and that quite apart from

the fact that the German soldier naturally ranks high above the American."

We know from previous notes that Hitler had already decided to attack Russia and that, in fact, the date for the beginning of the war with the Soviet Union was but a couple of months off at the time of his talk with the Japanese Foreign Minister. Naturally he did not disclose his plans to his Japanese ally. But he did throw out a hint. "He would not hesitate a moment," the secret minutes quote him as telling Matsuoka, "to reply instantly to any widening of the war, be it by Russia, be it by America."

How much did Russia know of Hitler's real intentions? There is an interesting document here in that connection which undoubtedly will not be admitted into evidence at this trial since we have both a Russian judge and a Russian prosecutor. It is a secret German memorandum on the conversation between Hitler, Ribbentrop, and Molotov in Berlin on November 12, 1940. Nazi Germany and Communist Russia were allies then and though even the German minutes of the meeting show that a definite coolness had developed in their relations, they also show the Soviet Union begging to be allowed to become a partner in the tripartite alliance of Germany, Italy, and Japan, which, in reality, was directed mainly against the United States! The German memorandum on that point reads as follows:—

"Then he [Molotov] spoke of the significance of the three-power pact. What was the meaning of the New Order in Europe and Asia, and in what respect could the U.S.S.R. be a participant? Questions with regard to Russia's interests in the Balkans and the Black Sea would have to be cleared up. In relation to Rumania, Bulgaria, and Turkey it would be easier for the Russian government to take a definite position if it were given explanations. It was interested in the New Order in Europe, particularly in the tempo and form of this New Order. It would also like to have some idea of the New Order in Asia.

"Hitler answered that the three-power pact would arrange matters in Europe in relation to the natural interests of the European states and that Germany would consult the Soviet Union before a settlement was reached. This was also true for Asia, where Russia would take part. Hitler thought it possible, in conjunction with Russia, to raise the question of the Black Sea, the Balkans, and Turkey. The crux of the matter was to prevent all attempts of America to dominate Europe. The U.S.A. had nothing to look for in Europe or Africa or Asia.

"Molotov said that he was fully in agreement with Hitler's remarks about the roles of the U.S.A.

and England. He thought that Russia could take part in a three-power pact on the condition that she came in as a partner."

It is something to contemplate that, but for Hitler's foolish decision to attack Russia, the Soviet Union, the citadel of socialism, the paradise of the workers, would in all probability have become an active partner of the Nazi-Fascist regimes of Germany, Italy, and Japan! The United States would have been in the soup then. But no doubt the Party comrades at home would have found some means of justifying and even defending such a foul alliance.

[I also learned at Nuremberg that the Nazi-Soviet pact signed at Moscow on August 23, 1939, a week before Germany attacked Poland, contained a secret appendix providing for the division of Eastern Europe into Russian and German spheres of influence. The State Department, which has a copy of this interesting document, declined to release it for publication in my book. But we know from the testimony of Baron Ernst von Weizsäcker, former Secretary of the German Foreign Office, its main provisions.

[On May 21, 1946, Weizsäcker made the following statement to the tribunal in Nuremberg: "I know this document well. It was a comprehensive, extensive secret appendix to the non-aggression pact and portioned spheres of influence and put in lines between areas that would come under the control of Russia and Germany. To the Soviet sphere went Finland, Estonia, Latvia, the eastern part of Poland, and certain areas of Rumania, while anything west of this area belonged to the German sphere. In September or October [1939] a vital amendment gave Lithuania to the Soviet sphere and moved the demarcation line in Poland westward."]

20

Sunday, November 25. — Waiting to go on the air this evening, had time to wade through some more secret German documents.

General Halder, in the memorandum he has drawn up at the request of the Allied High Command, claims that had Neville Chamberlain delayed his famous flight to Munich during the Czech crisis in 1938, a group of German generals would have carried out a well-planned attempt to depose Hitler and thus saved, as he puts it, the world from war. He contends that all arrangements had been made for General von Witzleben (who was later hanged for his part in the attempted assassination of the Führer on July 20, 1944) to march on Berlin with a

Panzer division and arrest Hitler. The fact that the dictator remained in Berchtesgaden longer than expected held up the plan.

When he finally arrived in Berlin, the conspirators met in von Witzleben's office and decided to act immediately. Just as they were about to give the signal to set the plan in operation the radio flashed the news that Chamberlain had agreed to fly to Munich the next day. The plot was postponed and after Chamberlain's capitulation at Munich — forgotten.

The former chief of the Army General Staff also speaks of a similar attempt by his predecessor, General Beck, and by Goerdeler (both of whom lost their lives in the abortive 1944 plot against Hitler's life) in 1939–1940. General Halder then raises and answers a question most of us have pondered often.

"The question has frequently been asked — and particularly by the enemy — why the German Officers' Corps, and especially the generals, watched developments in Germany without interfering.

"The first answer is that any attempt at interference could only have been made by the Army. No support could have been expected from the Air Force or Navy; rather the contrary. . . . The fight against the Supreme Commander [Hitler] had therefore to be carried out by single [Army] personalities. . . . The number of these personalities was very small. . . . A single farsighted personality [had] to take the consequences as far as his own person was concerned."

Alas, there was none willing to take the consequences, and Halder gives various not very convincing excuses for this. Finally, he says, when the generals realized the Army "was going to its doom, it was too late for collective measures by the military leaders, even if they had overcome their aversion to such a step, which, according to German conceptions, would be mutiny. Such an atmosphere explains July 20, 1944, when personalities who were willing to sacrifice themselves in their despair used means which cannot be approved. . . . But [otherwise] the clear will and determined leaders were lacking, [so the generals] did their military duty silently to the bitter end.

"The prediction," General Halder concludes, "made by General von Fritsch [former Commander-in-Chief of the German Army, who committed suicide before Warsaw in September, 1939] has been fulfilled. In 1937 Fritsch said resignedly, in reply to my impassioned demand for a fight against Hitler: 'It is useless. This man is Germany's destiny, and this destiny must run its course to the end.'"

In other words, the German military went along.

Not a single general, until it was too late, had the guts really to stand up to Hitler.

Monday, December 3. — In bed all day with fever and a chest cold but got up this evening. Ran into David Low, the genius of the British cartoon world. He looks exactly as he often portrays himself in a stray corner of one of his masterly drawings. Until today he had never actually seen the Nazi culprits whom he had so often caricatured.

"Did they look different from what you expected?" I asked him.

"Very much," he said. "They seemed much more ordinary little men than I had suspected."

Good talk with him and with some of the Russian correspondents about the sad state of the world so soon after the glorious Allied victory.

It's rather interesting how well the Russian and American correspondents get along in this "castle" press headquarters, where journalists from a score of nations are housed under one roof. Despite the gulf between our two worlds, a lot of us Americans find much in common with our Soviet confreres. For one thing, they are hard drinkers. For another, they like to sit up all night talking. And most of them are extremely intelligent and well-informed fellows. They keep asking me, for instance, to tell them what our major American writers have been up to since the war began. They have a surprising knowledge of the pre-war works of most of our important authors. What has Steinbeck written, and Hemingway and Faulkner and Upton Sinclair and Sinclair Lewis and Dos Passos, they ask? What have your composers been doing in music?

The other night one of the Soviet correspondents — who, I'm told, is also a poet — proposed that we have a Russian-American banquet.

"You fellows can tell us what your writers and musicians have been producing during the war and we'll try to tell you what our writers and musicians have done," he suggested. "Maybe I can show you on the piano some new things of Prokofiev and Shostakovich."

He had one other suggestion. "Let's make it a real banquet," he said. "You fellows bring a dozen bottles of whiskey and we'll bring two dozen bottles of vodka — and we can talk all night."

21

Tuesday, December 4. — It turned bitterly cold today and in the afternoon it started to snow. Strange the beauty of the ruined old city under the cold, white mantle of snow!

The Nazi thugs on trial for their life here, or rather those who were military men, received comfort and encouragement from a strange source today — from the U.S. *Army and Navy Journal*. Its curious remarks, quoted here in the *Stars and Stripes*, that Jackson was trying to discredit the “profession of arms” by bringing men like Keitel and Jodl to justice because of their service on the German High Command, did not escape the notice of the culprits, who, through their lawyers, have access to what is published in *Stars and Stripes*.

Naturally the view of the U.S. *Army and Navy Journal* was pleasing to the Nazis, but it shocked the Allied prosecutors and drew a quick retort from Justice Jackson. He pointed out that the Nazi generals are not being prosecuted because they are soldiers but because they helped start a war that almost destroyed the world — something that you might have thought would be self-evident even to our brass hats.

Wednesday, December 5. — Historians will now have to revise their judgment of the infamous pact at Munich which destroyed the first Czechoslovak Republic and staved off the World War for one year. A mass of secret German documents introduced in the trial last week show beyond a shadow of doubt that the mad Führer was not bluffing during the “Munich crisis.” He was quite ready to go to war.

I myself had believed, after personally covering the crucial meetings at Godesberg and Munich in the tense September days of 1938, that Hitler had pulled a gigantic bluff. But the confidential pages reveal that until the Sudetenland was handed to him on a platter at Munich with the connivance of Chamberlain and Daladier, Hitler and the German High Command were ready, and indeed intended, to attack Czechoslovakia with an overwhelming land and air force on or about October 1, 1938. What is more, the documents make clear that Hitler and his generals fully realized that an attack on the Czechs would engender a world war, and that they (with the exception of a few generals) were determined to risk *that* too.

Hitler was ready to go to war and would have, had not Chamberlain and Daladier surrendered. Some may think this vindicates the bungling British Prime Minister. But I take the opposite view. Aside from the dishonorableness of his action in sacrificing Czechoslovakia so sordidly, he only post-

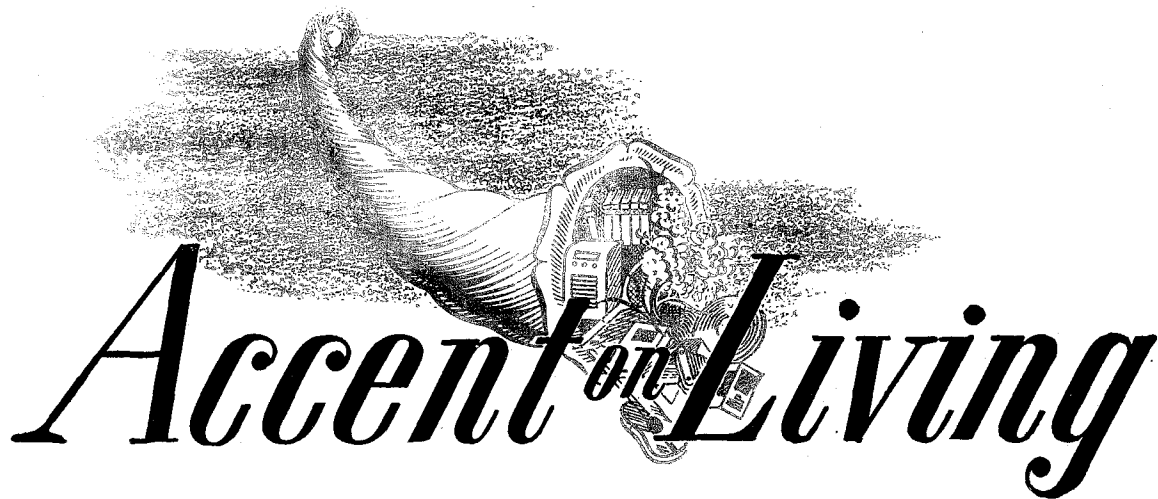
poned the World War by eleven months. Had Germany started it in 1938, I think we are justified in concluding from these German documents themselves that it would not have lasted long, that Germany would have been easily and quickly beaten, and that the world would have been spared the terrible devastation and suffering of the long war which began a year later. We see from these German archives that in the opinion of most of the German military experts themselves, the Third Reich was not powerful enough in 1938 to take on Britain, France, Russia, Czechoslovakia, and probably Poland at one time. In 1938, it is fair to assume, this powerful coalition would have reacted to the German threat at once. When the World War actually came in 1939, Czechoslovakia, which a year earlier had had an excellent army defending formidable fortifications, was no more, and Hitler was able to attack the others one at a time, since Russia had fallen out of the potential coalition.

Sunday, December 9. — A strange feeling of relief to be leaving this tortuous, tragic land again — perhaps for the last time. There are, of course, one or two things that one can take with him: the love and appreciation of German music — of Bach and Beethoven and the Austrians, Haydn, Mozart, and Schubert — and the beautiful things that a few Germans wrote: Schiller and Goethe and Heine and Thomas Mann and the wonderful lyric poet, Rilke, who was born in Prague, and Kafka, who was a Czech but wrote in German. Theirs was a German spirit one can live with.

It is almost five years to a day since my last going-away from Germany. It seemed then that the evil in the German had triumphed over himself and was about to triumph over the world. One's soul turned sick and black at the prospect. The bleakness, the loneliness, the injustices of life, one could always support. But not this. Not this outrageous cruelty, this lust to destroy, this monstrous tyranny over a man's life and, worst of all, over his spirit.

What seemed like such a certain doom when last I left did not come off. Those who sought to destroy the world are themselves destroyed. One does not rejoice at that either. But it is better than the other way around. The realization of it makes this last departure a different experience. The heart is less hurt and a man's hope for man begins to rise again.

(The End)



Accent on Living

This Month

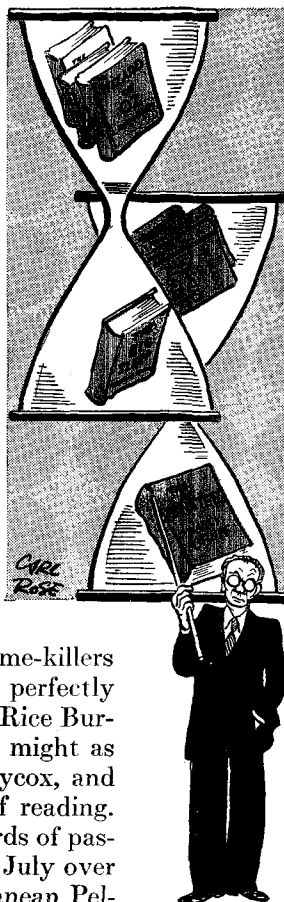
One of the dominant superstitions in the publishing field is that the summer months are the time for "light reading." The vision of a hammock in the shade, a glass of lemonade, and a breeze is heavily identified, in the editorial belief, with the fluffy novel. Readers grind through the rest of the year on economics, international affairs, and Literature, the legend runs, but the very same people estivate on the witty frolic—gay, frothy, sometimes exciting but always easy to read, bringing a dimple to even the dourdest cheek. No one seems to be able to write a novel of this kind, to be sure, but no reader would ever take to his hammock with anything else in the summertime.

The legend shows a want of respect by publishers, it seems to me, for books which might be generally lumped together as time-killers. Most of the time-killers are mysteries, with interplanetary fiction and Westerns supporting the flanks, and with the whole brigade of dime-store paperbacks covering the rear. (I say "want of respect" advisedly, because whenever a publisher brings out a really first-class mystery, he always goes into a public argument with himself as to whether it's only a mystery or whether it isn't actually good enough to be called a "novel.")

The fact is that there are only two kinds of readers the year round: those who read time-killers and those who don't. The first group are perfectly willing to accept the propositions of Edgar Rice Burroughs, Leslie Charteris, Sax Rohmer—I might as well add Algernon Blackwood, Ernest Haycox, and W. C. Tuttle—in their normal course of reading. But these readers are not mere seasonal birds of passage; the man who is smacking his lips in July over roast thag—or was it thoat?—in subterranean Pel-

lucidar is not going to turn skeptic at a touch of frost. Similarly, the hard-shell who doesn't believe the dock district of London is swarming with stranglers, Chinese necromancers, and dacoits is not to be converted by hot weather. The reader of time-killers may draw happily on other kinds of books, but the common-sense faction won't touch pulp writing at any time regardless of the solstice.

I believe there is an identifiable continuity in the reading habits of the two groups, and that both tastes could be traced, with some consistency, from early reading down to the present. Here is a short list of contrasting books and authors which might explain how today's middle-aged reader got there. The frivolars are in the left-hand column and the common-sense faction in the right.



EARLY

<i>The Wizard of Oz</i> by L. Frank Baum	Aesop
The Motor Boys Series by Clarence Young	The Alger Books

PERIODICALS

<i>Diamond Dick</i>	<i>The Youth's Companion</i>
<i>Young Wild West</i>	<i>St. Nicholas</i>
<i>Nick Carter</i>	<i>Chatterbox</i>

ADOLESCENT

<i>Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea</i> by Jules Verne	<i>Ivanhoe</i> by Sir Walter Scott
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MATURITY

<i>The Big Sleep</i> by Raymond Chandler	<i>The Manatee</i> by Nancy Bruff
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Well, it only goes to show where a common-sense standard may finally land.
C. W. M.

My Interplanetary Teens

By FRANK K. KELLY

CERTAIN peculiar experiences I suffered at the age of sixteen, when I was under contract to deal with death rays and rocket ships for several pulp magazines, have prepared me for the day of the robot plane and the flying bomb and other things of the future which burst a little too suddenly on the minds of my friends. Many of them have struggled bitterly to adjust themselves to the possibility of personal disintegration in the atomic age. My mind must have been softened when I was a boy, for my main feeling recently has been a sense of wonder that it took the future so long to arrive.

At eleven I had begun to read the fantastic magazines, fascinated first by a cover picture of Martians riding on tripods across London, which illustrated *The War of the Worlds* by H. G. Wells. I brought their issues home and hid them under my mattress, because I knew my father wanted me to read the adventures of Tom Swift, and my grandfather urged me to study the life of Buffalo Bill, who ranked in his affections next to William S. Hart. I stubbornly preferred flights to Mars or trips in time machines.

When I reached fifteen I felt a compulsion to write a strange tale in secret, and I did. I slipped it into a mailbox on my way home from school one day and it was published soon afterward in one of the magazines. I was lost then — words poured out of me by thousands and tens of thousands. A few months later, when I was sixteen, a contract arrived in the mail. My poor mother opened the envelope, and a faraway look came into her eyes. Peering over her shoulder, I saw a magical sentence typed in blue ink on buff-colored paper: —

"Agreement is made on this 3rd day of October, 1931, between the Stellar Publishing Corporation of New York City, hereinafter designated as the Publisher, and Frank K. Kelly, hereinafter designated as the Author. . . ."

My mother turned to me. "Oh, Frank! What have you been doing?"

"I couldn't help it, Mother," I said. "I just started writing."

I thought I had climbed the peak of happiness, but my subsequent responsibilities became rather severe. My editors turned out to be extremely critical men. My readers complained that I would not give them joyful endings even on Jupiter or Saturn. My family showed serious doubts about my sanity.

Fighting forward, I sold my dreams of interplanetary war and love among the asteroids month after month — for half a cent per word. But the hardheaded editors were more at home on the airless plains of Mars or in the riotous life of steaming Venus than I could ever be, and they savagely criti-



cized me when I made what seemed to them an obvious error in describing conditions under Saturn's rings or on the moons of Jupiter.

The first letter I received after I signed the contract was dated October 29, 1931, and the editors wrote: "We are accepting your story 'The Man from Earth.' We think it is quite well done, although it contains some scientific errors such as the pool of liquid radium and the fact that water will be transported from Earth to Mars. Your story did have a tendency toward the weird which it might be advisable to avoid in the future."

After these rebukes, they concluded on an encouraging note: "We are looking forward with excited interest to your next contribution."

Their excitement evidently died down rapidly when my contribution landed on their desks. The next letter began plaintively: "We are accepting your story 'On the Mars Run,' as it is substantially better than some of your earlier ones, but why, oh why, did you use such a theme as the invisibility cloak in this story? If such a cloak were known and in use, it could have changed entirely the aspect of the story, for then everybody would be prying into everybody else's affairs with impunity."

The letter continued sternly: "For no reason at all, you drag such a device into your narrative, with an offhand, unconvincing explanation, and thereby give your story an aspect of a bedtime tale. *Not that invisibility is impossible.* But the point is, you drag it in so purposelessly."

In attempting to edge away from the weird and to avoid the "aspect of a bedtime tale," I packed my pages with scientific terms, creating many of the words myself. I was given a brisk rap on the knuckles for this activity: —

"We are accepting your story, 'Exiles of Saturn,' in its revised form. We were not entirely pleased with the revision, since you still keep all of your queer scientific jargon without explaining the terms that you use. You are not fooling the reader by making up new words to indicate scientific apparatus that you do not explain. We wish, in your future stories, that you would keep a little closer to your readers, who do not know just what those terms mean."

I gave the best years of my adolescence, from sixteen to twenty, to the creation of fables of the future. But I never succeeded in giving complete satisfaction to the editors.

FRANK K. KELLY completed a Nieman Fellowship at Harvard, which had been interrupted by overseas service in the Army, and is now writing in New York.

While I was struggling to supply the magazines with chronicles of the wanderings of Earth Men through space and time, I tried to creep closer to my readers. They would not take me into their hearts. My vision of the future was too bleak.

In the Reader Speaks departments, I achieved an odd form of fame, if you can call it fame. People wrote in from Australia to suggest that I might choose happier subjects than planetary famines and interplanetary feuds. "Perhaps a happy ending is not possible on this Earth," wrote one philosophical fan of mine, "but how do we know that it is not possible on Saturn or Jupiter?"

The worst blow came from a man in Los Angeles. "Kelly's stories leave me feeling cold and comfortless," he declared from the golden comfort of Southern California. "Is there no hope?"

I kept on writing, because I had compensations for these criticisms — a steady flow of checks, and a few letters praising my work. And one night while I stood on the front porch of my home in Kansas City, a boy rode up on a bicycle. He looked at the iron numbers on one of the porch pillars, and asked me: —

"Could you tell me where I could find Frank K. Kelly, the writer?"

"Right here," I said. "What can I do for you?"

"Would you shake hands?" he said. I was eighteen then, and he was fifteen or sixteen. He seemed to be serious. "I just read 'Evil on Saturn,' and I found out where you live. I've read every story you've ever written, from the first one they printed."

"What was the name of the first one?" I said.

"The Light Bender," he said. "That was the one where you made the Woolworth Building disappear, and nobody knew what had happened to it, but it was there all the time. The scientist had just bent the light around it, so nobody could see it."

He was right. We shook hands. That was the high point of my experience with readers.

My family difficulties increased through the years as my stories grew wilder. I wrote about explorers in glass-topped cities on the moon, duels in the fourth dimension, terrifying studies of scientists who developed living cells in their lonely laboratories and then couldn't stop the multiplication of these cells, which swarmed at last in shapeless masses over the entire Earth.

One magazine featured on its cover a story of mine about a rocket ship bound for Jupiter. The ship had been hurled by cosmic rays into another Universe, where everything seemed to be turned inside out and upside down, in the eyes of the Earth crew. Then they found themselves changing shape, and their thoughts ran backward in their brains.

A few of my finest tales I showed to my grandfather — a tall, straight, pink-nosed Irishman of eighty — and he read them through, his sharp blue eyes frowning. He must have

spoken to my father afterward, because I remember my father urged me about that time to take up handball or tennis.

Once when I came home my mother told me she had found my sister crying in the kitchen. "I asked her what could be the trouble," my mother said. "She answered, it was the strange things in your stories."

My mother engaged in months of internal argument before she permitted the neighbors to know that I was a writer. She seldom read any of my stories, and she was a little doubtful about my themes. When I prevailed upon her to glance through several of them and she found that the characters from Earth were of noble mind and had the highest motives, — the evil people were usually from Saturn or Jupiter, — she was completely converted.

Her early misgivings surged back later, I think. We sat in the kitchen one summer afternoon, having tea together before I attacked my typewriter to finish a serial. My young brother Vincent raced through the back door to join his baseball team. My mother touched my hand, and said finally: "Vincent is worried about you. He was reading one of your stories."

"It's about time he did," I said defensively.

"And he told me, 'Mother, there's something wrong with Frank. In this story I just put down, there's a part where a guy steps out of bed in green pajamas and explodes.'"

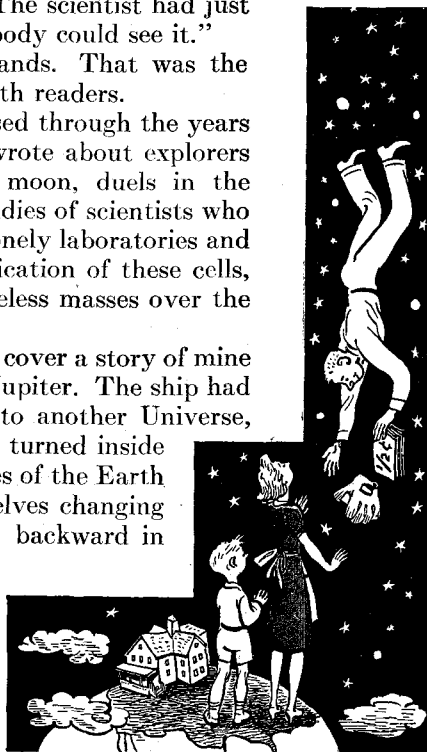
Her teacup trembled when she lifted it. "Did you write that, Frank?"

"The fellow had an electronic beam trained on him, that's all," I said. "He was disintegrated by an enemy because he had the plans for a radium plant in his head. I explained the whole thing."

She took a long sip of tea. "Perhaps you shouldn't write any more of those stories."

I couldn't stop. I kept on dreaming of rockets in the night, and sleek, shining ships hurtling through space. Stretched full-length in a soft suspended hammock which relieved my body of the tremendous pressure created by a speed of ten thousand miles an hour, I listened to the drumming of star fragments on the rocket ship's outer shell and I smiled sometimes at the luminous face of Zeletta, the phosphorescent girl who often lay beside me.

My dreams were big and sprawling, and ran to twenty thousand words, including three or four thousand adjectives. With adjectives I bought my brother a baseball glove, and silenced his criticism. My sister got a new hat, my mother got a waffle iron, and I took my grandmother to a Chinese restaurant. She could never get enough of chicken chow mein.



Sand Gets in Your Eyes

By DAVID L. COHN

Travels in Arabia Deserta is perhaps the greatest travel book in the English language, but it is not from Doughty that we derive our notions of the Middle East. They come from *The Arabian Nights*, from superheated novels in which handsome Englishmen (preferably of noble birth) risk their lives to rescue wealthy young heiresses who, lost in the desert, seem remarkably unaware of the awful fate that awaits them in the silken tents, and Hollywood. We still people the region with Aladdin, the Merchant of Baghdad, Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. It is a world filled with magic carpets, jewels, silks, heroes of the Foreign Legion, camel bells, mosques, "as God wills," and all manner of Oriental opulence, set to the music of Rimsky-Korsakov. It is a world without a dime store, and consequently girls having no other future become dancing girls, wear nothing but veils, and answer to the name of Fatima.

I have been reading books about the Middle East since my return some months ago from that region. The literature pertaining to it is, in English alone, immense and various. It began with the Crusades. The English of the period — rude, poor, bone-gnawing, and flea-bitten — saw for the first time how the other half lived, when they went to the East. There they discovered rugs, silks, porcelains, damascened bronzes, glass. They came upon oranges, figs, dates, melons, the balm of Gilead, and — dancing girls. The boys from the English shires and the Scottish highlands, liking what they saw, took to Persian wines, grew beards, wore flowing robes and turbans. They brought back tales of an Araby flowing with milk and honey, and their pictures of the region have since persisted. "To the minds of most Elizabethan poets, the country was associated with images of wealth and luxury in contrast with the actual barren desolation of the most of the great peninsula. From the time of Herodotus the notion has been prevalent that the winds of Araby passed out to sea laden with balmy odors." (S. C. Chew, *The Crescent and the Rose*.)

The English admired the Moslems' falcons, horses, and dogs, and were deeply impressed by the chivalric tradition of the princes. Here, if anywhere, fighting was a pleasure, for "they [the English] found Muslim warriors to be brave and skillful and when the noblemen took Christians captive they were treated with enormous graciousness, even to the point of enjoying the love of Muslim princesses. . . ." (Dana C. Munro, *The Kingdom of the Crusaders*.) Thus was

These are additional findings from a long trip which DAVID L. COHN made through the Middle East and the Orient in the closing months of the war.



inaugurated the age of chivalry in Europe: peltings with midnight roses of fair ladies incarcerated against their will; perishings for love in dark tarns; and a boom in steel clothing which made Nuremberg the busiest city on the Continent, as everybody who was anybody in Europe ordered the new, light, flexible-fitting suit turned out through mass production methods by the tailors in iron of that town.

There was a blackout for two or three centuries as the Renaissance focused attention on the West, but literature about the Middle East has since continued by way of authorities as diverse as Hakluyt, Sir

Walter Scott, Doughty, T. E. Lawrence, Gertrude Bell, the U.S. Armed Forces, and E. M. Hull, author of *The Sheik*. This great novel of love, hate, passion, and peril in the desert (written by a lady) created the Rudolph Valentino boom of the twenties and brought about some notable changes in our intellectual and social life. It produced the silliness school of novelists who showed that Arabian sand (the Indiana variety wouldn't do) in your hair would do more for your eyes than mascara; more for your mind than a double martini. It caused H. L. Mencken to nominate Valentino as the country's most useful citizen; the one who had done the most for the American Home. For, he said, thousands of ladies waiting through the second showing of *The Sheik* in darkened movie theaters for a second ride on the pommel of Valentino's white horse were then quite content to go home and put the meat loaf in the oven just before Papa left the office for supper. Thus, in a sense not contemplated by the Founding Fathers, Valentino contributed to the more perfect union.

Nor is this all. *The Sheik* led to a new cultural synthesis which gives us the jump on the rest of the world. "See the movie — read the book"; or vice versa. Literature about the Middle East had an archaic charm for us, and an especial appeal for the back-seat-driven American male, because it stemmed from a vanished period when men only traveled and ladies sweated it out on the castle side of the moat. "The people of Mecca," says the chronicle, "are clad in green. The women of the place are courteous, jocund and lovely, faire, with alluring eyes, being hote and libidinous, and most of them naughty packes."

All this would be later reversed. Men would stay home. Travelers to the East would largely be ladies. Most of them, reading between their own lines, were more inflammable than incendiary, and this is perhaps why they used many a purple passage describing Arab sheiks romantically lethal at five hundred yards whether to leeward or to windward. At the same time, however, by the use of severe discipline,

they were able to restrain what might otherwise have been their untrammelled admiration for Arab women. This is how they appeared to Lady Anne Blunt (*Bedouins of the Euphrates*):—

A— has more wits than most Arab women have, and can carry on a conversation farther than is usual with them, for they generally come to a dead stop when they have asked how far my home is and how many children I have had.

Throughout the nineteenth century, travelers to Arabia were numerous. Many of them tried to penetrate Mecca in disguise. Costumers did a roaring business. Shoals of novels and melodramas cashed in on the prevailing demand for the romance of the disguise. Burton succeeded in reaching Mecca, and published his *Pilgrimage to El-Medinah and Mecca*, but it was only with his translation of *The Thousand Nights and a Night* that Europe and America (the first American edition of the book was brought out in Baltimore in 1794) wallowed in flutes and pipes, dancing girls and mountebanks.

One of our soundest maxims, indicative of our democratic heritage, is: You pays your money and you takes your choice. One may, therefore, go to Doughty or to Carsten Niebuhr, the eighteenth-century traveler, for an account of things as they are in the Middle East, or to such a novel as Joan Conquest's *Desert Love*, for what is called "thrill-packed desert romance." It is an axiom of the book trade that "how" books always sell well: *How to Stop Stammering*, *How to Speak French*, *How to Be the Life of the Party*, and so forth. Our passion for self-improvement makes us suckers for books that point the way. So, too, the self-improved ladies of this country, condemned to associating with tamed and self-improved men in a civilization typified by frozen French-frieds, are avid for desert books in which a beautiful girl conquers by her charm wild and untamed chieftains who in their savage caprice are as likely to cut your lovely throat ("a slender column of marble") as to place around it a priceless string of emeralds.

The following is the conversation, in *Desert Love*, of a sheik with an English heiress whom he addresses as "Woman of the West." It is evident that he is what plantation Negroes call a "smooth-mouthed man":—

"Would Madame be taken at night to see the oasis, the horses and the stars?"

The sheik does not wait for answer. No sheik ever does wait for an answer in desert novels. It is not for a woman to reason why in the presence of these masterful men. He continues:—

"Make known your choice, for although we travelers through the desert of life lie down to sleep and rise again to live, to fight, to hate and above all to love, in obedience to the will which counteth and heapeth the particles of sand upon this spot, yet we are allowed to voice our desires, being mouthpieces of Fate. Nay! wait one moment until I make clear the way, that you may not put down your beautiful feet upon a trackless waste of doubt and mistrust. If you come with me tonight, you come *alone*. I have no woman in my desert home, excepting one old hunchback slave, a withered bough but faithful. No woman has set foot within the belt of palms surrounding my house, and without, the sand stretches! Mile upon mile of pathless sand.

"You will come into the desert alone with me, and the sand will close in upon you and keep you in the desert alone with me!"

This nonstop dialogue, full of sand and fury, laid out the Woman of the West, or, as the novelists say, "swept her off her feet."

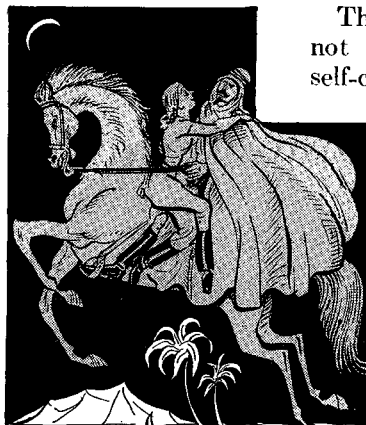
The soul of the desert glinted for one moment in the English girl's eyes. . . . "There may be no woman there, but there will be a man—a man indeed."

It is an occasion for something less than surprise that most of us should prefer Miss Conquest's version of desert love to Carsten Niebuhr's. In his *Travels in Arabia*, he writes:—

The woman's lot is here unequal concubinage and in this necessitous life a weary servitude. . . . And his heart is not hers alone; but if not divided already she must look to divide her marriage in time to come with another and certainly as she withers, which is not long to come, or having no fair adventure to bear male children, she will be a thing unprofitable to be cast off. . . .

There are strong men in the desert but they are not silent. There are passionate men but their self-control is superb. I found another eloquent talker in *Arab*, a *patisserie* by Lewis Cox, an English writer of the "Allah wills" school. Arab heroes have one advantage over ours, which they fully exploit. In Arabia one can always ask a girl to look at the irresistible desert.

Anne asked one young officer with whom she danced many times if the Caid of the Kasbah at Asni was there, and presently he pointed out to her a dignified figure, with a divided, silky beard which his jewelled hands continuously stroked, framing a pale brown face and hazel eyes. . . . She was talking to a Caid from the Atlas, a man who ruled Moors. . . . Berber huts, nomad camps, splashes of orange flame from the camp fires flashed across her vision. She heard strange tongues and the monotonous tapping of drums and melodic reed music.



Then the Caid asks the inevitable question:—

"Madame has seen the desert?" he asked.

"Never," she answered.

"It is the garden of oblivion," he said, still in a low voice and speaking with a delicate refinement. "In the desert one forgets everything, even the little heart one loves, and the desires of one's own soul."

"How can that be?" she asked.

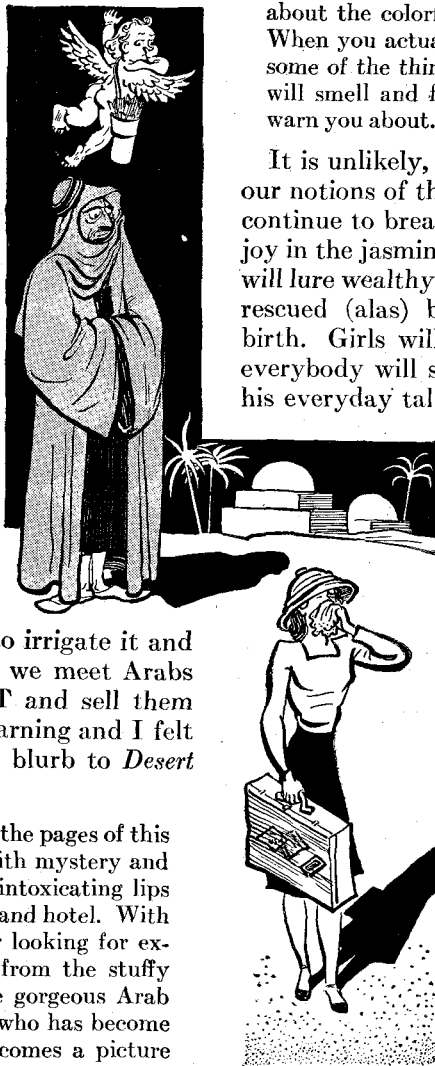
"Shal-lah. It is the will of God. One remembers nothing any more."

I was about to be depressed by all this, finding that, as opposed to the English, who know how to use a desert when they see one, we, on the other hand, when we stumble upon a desert, are simply hell-bent to irrigate it and grow cantaloupes. Similarly, when we meet Arabs we want to douse them with DDT and sell them chewing gum. But we are slowly learning and I felt considerably cheered as I read the blurb to *Desert Night* by Kathryn Hulme:—

The spell of the Orient — meet it in the pages of this enchanting book, a tale as fragrant with mystery and love as the stories that fell from the intoxicating lips of Scheherazade, yet as modern as a grand hotel. With Philip Andrews, an American painter looking for exotic subjects for his canvas, you go from the stuffy European section of Kairouan to the gorgeous Arab quarters. He seeks an American girl who has become an Arab princess. What he finds becomes a picture painted on his heart in the eternal colors of love. He finds her only to lose her — then follows a mad ride into the sands, a wild pursuit, death, and a bridal night of mortal fear and immortal ecstasy under the Heavens of the Sahara. It is impossible to hint the fascination of this story. It is romance you can believe. The mystery of the *Orient* and the realities of the *Occident* are fused into a story of glamorous power.

The latest newcomers to the long line of writers about the Middle East are our War and Navy Departments. They issued a series of booklets during the war designed to give servicemen bits of thumbnail information about the area. The general tone of the service guides to the Eastern lands is disillusioning — so at variance with what our men had come to believe beforehand as to make them neurotics. For instance, the smells. In the novels a staple property is the "jasmine-scented night air"; the night being the only time, one supposes, when the jasmine scent can compete on terms approaching equality with the more vigorous and assertive smells of daytime. *A Short Guide to Iraq* delivers our illusions a body blow.

Or maybe the first thing you notice will be the smells. You have heard and read a lot about the "mysterious East." You have seen moving pictures



about the colorful life of the desert and the bazaars. When you actually get there you will look in vain for some of the things you have been led to expect. You will smell and feel a lot of things the movies didn't warn you about.

It is unlikely, however, that any of this will affect our notions of the Middle East. For us, bulbuls will continue to break their little hearts singing for sheer joy in the jasmine-scented night air, handsome sheiks will lure wealthy heiresses into their silken tents to be rescued (alas) by handsome Englishmen of noble birth. Girls will grow up to be dancing girls, and everybody will sprinkle a few "God wills" through his everyday talk. We have already had a test case of the strength of our illusions. When the Arab delegates to the San Francisco Conference marched through the lobby of the Palace Hotel, they had to make their way through solid masses of Helen Honkinson ladies oh-ing and ah-ing. The last man in the parade, aware of the sheik tradition among us, turned his head slightly and said loudly: "You ought to see us on our horses!"

Shall I tell the ladies that sheiks now cross the desert in jeeps, mail-order suits under their flowing robes? Shall I let them know that, because of American cars, the best pure-bred Arab horses in the world are now bred at the Kellogg Farm in California and by Lady Wentworth in England? These questions disturb my sleep.

Born under Virgo

By ROBERT CECIL

You were born under Virgo, while the Sun
Swam between the Fishes,
So that all your wishes
Dart ever from this to that other one.

Your feet touch ground and yet the undertow
Hinders your reaching shore;
The more you clutch, the more
Moon draws the tide and you must still let go.

Venus you understand too little
And practise overmuch;
The flower's marked "Do not touch,"
But every passing bee may settle.

You turn to priests, because their talk of sin
Gives appetite its edge;
Yet even in joy you lodge
With Saturn at the Melancholy Inn.

The Case of the Glass Coffin

By ELINOR GOULDING SMITH

RUTHERFORD J. GAINSFORT sat at the big oak desk in his study, his head in his hands. (It should be perfectly plain to any reader of detective stories that Rutherford J. Gainsfort is a doomed man.) His stamp album, open to the page with the famous Japanese lavender (a bit of necessary erudition), lay on the desk in front of him, but Rutherford J. Gainsfort was not looking at it. The ornate jade clock on the mantel pointed to ten minutes to eleven. (This is of no significance whatever, but it sounds as though it might be, and anyway you need a lot of false clues in these things to throw the reader off the track.)

Gainsfort groaned, rubbed his forehead with the knuckles of his right hand, took a crumpled note from the inside breast pocket of his gray flannel sack coat, and smoothed it out in front of him. The note was written on pale-gray paper with purple ink, and a faint perfume rose to Gainsfort's nostrils as he smoothed out the creases. (All notes are written on pale-gray paper with purple ink and are faintly perfumed. I couldn't say why.)

The handwriting, which he studied carefully for the thirtieth time since he'd received the note three days before, was completely characterless and revealed nothing about the writer. The note said: "Dear Gainsfort, Unless you deliver the Japanese lavender before Thursday night at midnight, you will die."

That was all. The note didn't tell Gainsfort to whom the stamp was to be delivered, or where, or why. (You ought to be consumed with curiosity at this point — I know I am.) For two days he had told himself nervously that it was a joke — a joke in very bad taste, too, damn it, he thought. But now, at almost eleven o'clock Thursday night, he was sure it was no joke, and Rutherford J. Gainsfort was frightened. (They always get frightened too late — that's to make it harder for the detective.)

He got a classified directory from the bottom drawer of the desk, leafed through it quickly till he found what he was looking for, and then dialed.

Martin Canby was still in his office at eleven o'clock Thursday night, but not because he was working. He was sitting at the battered, scarred desk in his office, his feet up, his shoes off, a bottle of Scotch in front of him. (The chief mystery here is: Where did he get the price of the Scotch?)

He had shaved that morning, but he had a heavy black beard that gave him an untidy look even when he was freshly shaved. And he had gray eyes. His

eyes were the first thing you noticed about Martin Canby, and most people, especially women, didn't notice much else. (There. That ought to establish him as a tough guy — and fascinating, too.)

The phone rang, and Canby stirred. He didn't pick it up till it had rung four times. (See what I mean? A strong-willed type.) "Hullo," he said. "Oh, Gainsfort, huh. . . . Yeah, I've heard of the Japanese lavender (he's crude, too), but I didn't know you had it. . . . When did you say? Three days ago? . . . Listen, I'm not taking on any jobs tonight, thanks. I'm taking a vacation. . . . A thousand? I really need that vacation, Gainsfort. . . . Hell, I'm no charitable institution. . . . Two thousand? O.K. Keep your shirt on, I'll be right over. Oh, and listen. Listen carefully. Stay in your study till I get there. Don't leave the room, and don't let anyone in. Be there in fifteen minutes." (It's plain that Canby has his suspicions, and there's no telling — he may even have solved the case already.)

Canby hung up the phone, lit a cigarette, took another shot of Scotch, and went out.

He took a cab, and when he arrived at the Gainsfort mansion in the East Seventies, he glanced at his watch. It was almost eleven-thirty. He noted automatically that no lights were visible from the street except a dim lamp in the doorway. He cursed under his breath. (I don't know why — detectives just *do* that sort of thing.) He looked at the house for a moment more, threw down his cigarette, ground it out, and lit another. Then he went to the door.

He paused for a moment before ringing the bell, stooped over, and picked something up from the top step and put it in his pocket. (This is probably an important clue, but I'm certainly not going to tell you what it is. That might give you a chance to figure out the mystery as fast as Canby, and we couldn't have that sort of unconventionality, could

we?) Then he rang the bell.

A butler with a face masked of all expression opened the door. (All butlers are expressionless, and hang around looking suspicious, but they never do the murder. They're just there to throw you off the track.)

"Where's the study?" Canby asked.

"Mr. Gainsfort is not at home, sir."

"Listen," Canby said, "cut it out. Gainsfort is home, and he's in his study. He called me. My name is Canby." (Detectives hardly ever call anybody Mister.)

"I'm sorry, sir," the butler said, "but Mr. Gainsfort left word that he wasn't to be disturbed."

Without any warning, Canby's right arm shot out, and in the next



ELINOR GOULDING SMITH is a New Yorker whose work has appeared in several issues of the *Atlantic*.



moment the butler, still expressionless, was lying on his back on the polished floor. (It seems to me that Canby could have found an easier way to get in, but leave it to a detective to do things in a becomingly tough way.) Canby stepped over him and looked around. He whistled once as he took in the magnificent hall.

He started toward a door under which he saw a thin thread of light, snapped his fingers in annoyance, and went back to the butler's motionless body. He removed some papers from the butler's pockets, looked through them quickly, and put them all back, except one which he put in his own wallet. (Listen, I can't tell you what these things are until after Canby has solved the case. What do you think this is? Literature?)

He went on to the door he thought was probably the study and went in. Gainsfort was slumped over the desk, his arms flung out in front of him, and protruding from his back, just under the left shoulder blade, was a tiny curved jeweled handle. A dark stain spread out around the glittering knife handle. (Blood is always spoken of as "a dark stain.") Canby grunted. (Detectives always grunt when they find their client murdered. I don't know whether this is to show repressed emotion or disgust at the possible loss of a fee.)

He went over to the desk and looked at everything, his gray eyes glinting and the muscle in his left cheek twitching. (In anybody else, a twitching muscle would just be a tic and would belong in the same category as a cold in the head. In a detective, it indicates a mind like a steel trap.) Gainsfort's head rested on the open stamp album, and Canby saw, without any change of expression, that the Japanese lavender was still in place. (Nothing surprises him.) The note lay on the table, near Gainsfort's left hand.

Canby went over to the window, pulled back the heavy velvet hangings, and looked out. In the earth of the garden below, there were clear footprints, both approaching and leaving the window. The window was locked from the inside. (If there are footprints outside, you can bet your last dollar the window will be locked from the inside.)

Suddenly Canby heard a slight noise inside the room and he wheeled. A woman was standing in the doorway. She was not, Canby guessed shrewdly, quite as young as you were supposed to think. She was dressed in a white negligee, with a small, high, round collar that gave her a curiously young and innocent air that went not at all with the hair that was a little too blonde, and the brilliant purplish lipstick painted heavily on her lips.

"Who are you?" Canby growled. (Detectives growl every bit as often as they grunt. In fact, they rarely sound like human beings.)

"I'm — I'm Mrs. Gainsfort," she said hesitantly in a low voice. "Is he — dead?"

"Yeah," Canby said, "he's dead all right. You knew he was dead before you came in here. Why did you ask me?"

"All right, Mr. Canby," she said, almost in a whisper, "I'll tell you everything. I did know he was dead. I — I came in here to ask him something, about ten — no, fifteen — minutes ago, and I found him like this. Mr. Canby, it's no secret that my husband and I didn't get along. I — I was — afraid. So I ran back upstairs and waited." Her voice was almost inaudible as she finished. (I can't help all this repetition. You just have to have it in a detective story. If a character talks in a low voice, you have to mention it every time the character speaks. This is called "character development.") "What are you going to do?" she whispered hesitantly.

Canby sat down on a corner of the desk and picked up the telephone. He dialed, and as he waited for an answer he spoke mildly to Mrs. Gainsfort. (They always talk mildly as the trap springs.) "It was clever," he said. "Except for one thing, I never would have guessed."

From here on the story winds swiftly to its inevitable denouement. Lieutenant Robinson of the Homicide Squad arrives. He isn't stupid, exactly, but nobody is allowed to have a mind like a steel trap except the detective. He is no help at all, but that doesn't matter, because Canby's lightning brain has the whole diabolical plot figured out anyway.

Naturally the Japanese lavender has nothing to do with the murder — it was just to throw you off. As for the glass coffin, well, you have to have a *title*. It probably turns out that the glass coffin is a goldfish bowl containing one dead goldfish which gave Canby all the clues. Or perhaps "The Glass Coffin" is the title of a book found in Gainsfort's bathtub. I don't know. In any case, the story winds up with Canby, suddenly and unaccountably articulate (you mustn't carry character development too far in this sort of story), explaining the whole thing to Lieutenant Robinson.

Of course you can't hope to get out of this without hearing any number of versions of the plot: in addition to Canby's account to Robinson, you have to suffer through the criminal's confession, and you can tell, before the book is over, that *somebody* is going to repeat the whole thing to somebody else — but it won't be me. One thing more: Canby knew *plenty* that I didn't give away, and it may well be that at the very end, as Canby exits, grinning at his cleverness, there will be several items unaccounted for. The murderer, in case you care, was a man named Pottsworthy, who entered the story as the cab driver.



POETS VERSUS READERS

by PETER VIERECK

1

THE spirit of revolt is over, the revolt against poetic forms and disciplines which began just before the First World War and reached its height in the 1920's and early 1930's. The themes and techniques of the new books of 1946-47 prove it is over. Needed yet never popularly respected, it was a revolt which had scared the general reader completely away from poetry, for he had seen only the gibberish, the exhibitionist stunts, the prosaic "free verse." Today the same general reader is still inclined, on the basis of such half-knowledge, to dismiss all Modern Stuff as a snore and an allusion.

Actually the uprising was less against form than against formalism, against the romantic clichés and adjectival imprecisions of the Georgians and Victorians. It is regrettable that the rebels often let their zeal carry them against form itself and into sloppiness of metrics and into originality-via-eccentricity. Yet their real foe, to put it in one word, was what they would have called "cornyness," had they possessed the resources of our current slang. Thereby they served a conservative and traditionalist function: sweeping away — by a temporary esthetic chaos — the misuses of form, they paved the way for the present return to more rigorous and exacting forms.

This return began long before World War II. Auden, the incorruptible Robespierre purging literature of every imaginable convention, became his own Thermidor Reaction by turning out the neatest heroic couplets, sestinas, sonnets, and canzones of our day. Still earlier, in 1927, Eliot

had announced almost casually that he was now "Anglo-Catholic in religion, royalist in politics, and classicist in literature"; and even in 1917 he had concluded that free verse had gone too far and that the time had come to return to strict forms.

The same process continued while the crises of the 1930's were culminating in a second war. Though e. e. cummings (our purest lyricist) may still sing his defiant Marseillaise and dream of the heady days when Greenwich Village sans-culottes were storming the Bastilles of typography and decapitating all those royal capital letters, yet the Bourbon Restoration is already a fact.

The struggle of our time, as Eliot said, has been "to renew our association with traditional wisdom"; and revolt in the arts (to the surprise of artists as well as public) has turned out to be the means to this end. Poetry has returned from the dazzling and esoteric to its traditional concern with the mystery of mortality. But it has returned with a difference. It has been purged of an all too finite rhetoric about infinite stars and an all too wooden "impulse from the vernal wood." Instead, there is a fruitfully obsessive search for the path from our dinginess and glibness to regeneration. This is the path that leads the reader from Eliot's *Waste Land* to *Ash Wednesday*.

The return to a problem shared by both reader and poet involves a return to the common language they had ceased to share; and communication is now being steadily restored. In the last twenty years a whole body of incantatory poems has grown up about the regeneration theme, treated magically yet humanly, not in terms of superhuman titanism, nor of sentimental rhetoric about living on in Mother Nature or in halls of fame. That rarest and sweetest of nuances is attained: the reader is consoled without being lied to. Exalted with-

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out being exhorted, he escapes without escapism. Struggling against inner and outer mediocrity and mechanization, he finds in the arts, and not in the sciences, his exuberant ally.

He may detest the word "esthete" as heartily as the esthetes do. He may ignore utterly the indispensable pioneering of the Little Magazines. Yet he will find himself turning away unsatisfied from the banal rhymed editorials of his high school poetry courses, his Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" and Kipling's "If," as he discovers the Christian exaltation of Eliot's *Rock* choruses and *Ash Wednesday* and the heathen exaltation of Yeats's "Crazy Jane" and "Wild Old Wicked Man."

Other such extraordinary modern examples of poetry-as-incantation are Wallace Stevens's "Sunday Morning"; the flesh-clad abstractions of Auden's epilogue to *The Double Man*; Hart Crane's "Repose of Rivers"; Allen Tate's "Mediterranean"; John Crowe Ransom's "Painting: A Head"; Theodore Spencer's symbolic "Phoenix"; Stephen Spender's "I think continually of those who are truly great"; the Hellenic hush of Robert Graves's "Instructions to the Orphic Adept"; the tragic doubt-lacerated hopefulness of Robert Lowell in "The Holy Innocents" and in "As a Plane Tree"; and the simple terrestrial gladness of Dylan Thomas's "Fern Hill." Poems like these rebuke the reader's prejudices against twentieth-century verse and hint the direction it is really taking. The last four of these poems are included in the new books of Graves, Lowell, and Thomas, each published in 1946. Stevens and Spender, whose above poems are from far earlier works, have each published new poems in 1947. This year Spender has also published, with an analytical preface, his apt selections from the romantic poets, which throw light on the moods of his own early writings.

2

FOR me, the four best younger poets appearing in 1945-47 are Robert Lowell (*Lord Weary's Castle*, winner of the Pulitzer Prize), Dylan Thomas (*The Selected Writings*, with a beautifully written and indispensable preface by John L. Sweeney), Randall Jarrell (*Little Friend, Little Friend*, with its flawless mating of form and content), and Howard Nemerov (*The Image and the Law*, proving it is possible to be subtly intellectual without losing the ability to sing).

Lowell's book is crammed with blazing metaphors and condensed imagery. While Keats advised Shelley to fill his rifts with ore, the reader wishes

Lowell would fill his solid ore with rifts; the images follow each other too thick and fast for such short poems, so that we sometimes have too much of a good thing. But a very good thing it is despite that, perhaps a great thing. Too many reviewers have overlooked his amazing esthetic merits for the sake of debating his apparent theological fervor; it has become a cliché to classify him (how convenient classifications can be to reviewers!) with the Catholic poets of our literature, with Gerard Manley Hopkins and Francis Thompson. But Lowell is not a Catholic poet in the sense of Hopkins and Thompson and the newly published Trappist monk, Thomas Merton. These men are deeply and impressively Catholic as a positive attitude. Lowell's poems reveal his Catholicism as a position taken for negative reasons, as a convulsive reaction against commercialism, against Boston, and against his own Brahmin Protestant heritage.

Robert Lowell is really the extreme of Protestant individualism, a typically New England and typically Puritan introspectiveness which carries integrity so far that it turns against itself. But our true religious poets, like Hopkins, are Catholic out of love for God and not out of hate for godlessness; their faith is a salvation and not a suicide. Once Lowell resolves, one way or another, this paradox which makes too many of his poems Janus-faced and implausible, he may become — and here I venture on a prophecy — the great American poet of the 1950's. For he seems the best qualified to restore to our literature its sense of the tragic and the lofty.

If Lowell promises more for the future, Dylan Thomas, the supposed mouthpiece of an eerie Welsh peasant-romanticism, is the smoother poet for the present, for his book is well-integrated and without contradictions in form or content. Since his first verses appeared in England in 1934, when he was twenty, his critics have kept parroting the word "imagination" as summarizing his strongest quality. Rightly so; for he has written some of the most imaginative single lines of our day, such as "honoured among wagons I was prince of the apple towns" or his metaphor for the heart: "my nest of mercies in the rude, red tree." Yet his admirable zest for rhetoric and fancy will be less appealing to those whose credo includes the neo-classicism of Pope. They might even be tempted to recall what Byron said in 1821 in an essay defending Pope against the romantic school: —

"It is the fashion of the day to lay great stress upon what they call 'imagination' and 'invention,' the two commonest of qualities. An Irish peasant, with a little whiskey in his head, will imagine . . . more than would furnish forth a modern poem."

But such classicist objections to romantic imagination do not ultimately apply to Dylan Thomas; they miss his unromantic sense of form and discipline. Though no modern poet can exceed him in lurid extravagances, he is a well-groomed Wild Man for all that. What justifies him as major artist is that his imagination is shaped by a neat technical control, which even Pope would have envied, in such a poem as "Vision and Prayer."

Outstanding among the two dozen other younger poets published in the past year are Sidney Keyes (*Collected Poems*, published posthumously), Thomas Merton (*A Man in the Divided Sea*), Howard Moss (*The Wound and the Weather*), John Nims (*Iron Pastoral*), Dunstan Thompson (*Lament for the Sleepwalker*), Byron Vazakis (*Transfigured Night*), and Reed Whittmore (*Heroes and Heroines*). At this writing, the books of William Abrahams and Richard Wilbur are scheduled for early publication; if we may judge by what they have published in the literary quarterlies, their books will prove particularly rewarding.

The above names are listed not as mere also-rans to Lowell, nor as men of "future promise" (most patronizing and avuncular of phrases), but as good reading here and now. It is fitting that revolt has been superseded by a new formalism, but it is also fitting that the revolt has left its indelible brand on this formalism. The careful diction of these writers of today (especially Jarrell, whose taste is sensitively right) is a post-mortem vindication of the literary revolts which began with the Imagists. Without the lessons learned from those past experiments, the phrase "young poet" would still mean, as in the nineteenth century, an endless embarrassment of yearning vagueness, tremulous adjectives, and runaway exclamation marks.

For straw-in-the-wind purposes, I am concentrating upon these younger poets. Yet it is instructive to note briefly how large a number of older or long-established poets are also publishing new books in 1946-47. Besides the eagerly awaited new books by Auden and Shapiro, these include: —

Elizabeth Bishop's *North and South*, an almost ruthless wisdom, sugar-coated by charm and by an attractive tiredness; e. e. cummings's *Santa Claus*, a thought-provoking allegory, as fascinating as everything by this beautiful and exasperating craftsman, fanciful and with a whim of iron; Robert Frost's *Steeple Bush*, with his famous complex simplicities and overwhelming understatements; Robert Graves's *Poems, 1938-1945*, full of such wonderful situations and opening lines as "Sir John addressed the Snake God in his temple"; Janet Lewis's *The Earth-Bound*, a delight to ear and mind,

unobtrusively masterly manipulations of vowel music such as the line "Now tell me how did Mary know"; Theodore Spencer's collected poems, lyrical and philosophical, which will appear later this year (he can combine musical overtones and religious undertones in the same startling metaphor, such as "Five ladies dancing in a strict quartet"); Stephen Spender's *Poems of Dedication*, featured by his quietly rhythmical "Elegy for Margaret" and by his calculated abstention from the technical tricks of the pre-Thermidor Auden-MacNeice-Lewis-Spender days at Oxford; Wallace Stevens's *Transport to Summer*, in which he carries still further the subtlety of *Ideas of Order* and *Parts of A World*, polishing nouns and similes to the vanishing point, yet with many a sudden stinging insight among his artifices like a living bee on a glass flower; Mark Van Doren's *The Country Year*, delightful finger exercises, too trivial in theme to give a fair picture of so fine a poet; Oscar Williams's *Selected Poems*, constantly transforming the deadliness of urban life into such lively metaphors as "the train zoomed, a zipper closing up swiftly the seam of time"; and William Carlos Williams's *Paterson*, first installment of a most impressive long philosophical poem.

3

FAR from complete, these two lists of distinguished writing justify two generalizations about Anglo-American literature: (1) there have often been larger numbers of *great* poets than today; (2) there has rarely been a year in which more *good* poets have been published than 1946-47. This undoes Herbert Read's famous prophecy that "it is almost impossible to be a poet in an industrial age." In practice, industrialism has not shooed away the Muses, but has goaded young poets like Karl Shapiro and Robert Lowell and Dylan Thomas into a reaffirmation of their ideals, on the grand old analogy of the sand-grain irritating the oyster into pearl production.

Almost half the names listed above are men under thirty-five publishing their first books. Far more than half the names, both old poets and new, illustrate poetry's return to strictness of form and craftsmanship and to lucidity. Yes, lucidity — though this statement counters the universal popular prejudice, almost a persecution complex, that all modern verse is maliciously and neurotically obscure and is designed deliberately to bewilder and enrage the worthy burgher.

Aside from the difficult but decipherable poets, there do flourish the gibberers, the phony-profound.

But this merely reminds us of the never ending need of distinguishing the craftsman from the charlatan, a need that has existed equally in every age and is not a specifically modern problem. Few modern poets are more obscure or allusive than the Metaphysical Poets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The word "modern" has become a heavy-caliber weapon, both pro and con. But when all is said and done, there remain two kinds of poetry, good poetry and bad poetry, and value judgment cuts across chronology.

How explain the popular distrust of poetry, which almost makes us forget the sorcerous and compulsive role of poetry in certain past societies? As an answer, the overworked concept of "philistinism" — middle-class philistinism or the philistinism of the masses, according to your social philosophy — seems pretty thin. (How philistine to go around wasting time by shocking Philistia! — nothing so much resembles Main Street as Bohemia.) A complete answer would make us deviate from literature into the problem of the values of Western civilization as a whole; they know not literature who only literature know. But an important partial explanation, locally American, lies in a cultural lag of both readers and writers: a lag from their outworn feud of the rebel twenties.

The end of this vendetta is presaged by the present revival of public interest in verse. This interest is manifested not merely by pious applause but also by good solid impious dollars spent on poetry books — still not much, still not enough, but much more than in earlier years. Publishers are surprised to find they are now making money on Auden, Karl Shapiro, Lowell, and others.

These sales are on legitimate grounds; that is, grounds of literary merit (if literary snobbism enters, thank God it's *that* kind of snobbism). None of these authors are either demagogues or Edgar Guests; nor do they receive free advertising by being denounced for immorality. Yet they do sell, thereby refuting the old high-brow assumption that Americans will buy nothing in rhyme better than folksy quatrains for Mother's Day or *All the Best Dog Poems*.

At the risk of naïve or premature optimism, I see an abating of America's anti-intellectualism which had so distressed the Paris-ward *émigrés* of yore. Consider the revival of so fine-spun a novelist as Henry James. Consider Robert Lowell's deserved acclaim: a serious and difficult poet who guards the highest esthetic standards and never, never writes down. His creative-writing fellowship, his present sales, his Pulitzer Prize, and the \$1000 award from the American Academy speak for themselves.

These seem to palliate materially, if not always spiritually, the sting of Lowell's title quotation: —

" . . . He built Lord Weary's castle
But payment gat he nane."

Consider the two valuable anthologies, of modern poetry (1946) and of great poetry (1947), compiled by the poet Oscar Williams. They prove it is possible to combine popular success not solely with Hollywood blandness but sometimes with difficult experimental verse. His *Little Treasury of Modern Poetry* has already 40,000 copies in print in America. Taking it together with Elizabeth Drew's clear and intelligent *Directions in Modern Poetry*, the general reader will have just the sort of practical guides he needs for the mazes of modernity.

Does the 1947 non-aggression pact between poet and public mean that our culture ceases to be materialistic and commercialized or that sincere artists should cease criticizing it as such? Certainly not; nor has there been any Canossa or sudden conversion on either side. Mr. Business-for-the-sake-of-business has not said, "Peccavi, pater," (as in Walter Pater) to Mr. Art-for-art's-sake. What it does mean is that, with the return to form and clarity, there can now be a disarmament conference between reader and poet, the former dropping his persecution complex about the willful perversity of Long-Haired Coteries, and the latter dropping his persecution complex about the Sordid Vulgarians refusing to shell out hard cash or soft sympathy for Higher Values.

Best example of how the poet-versus-reader feud of the 1920's can still re-erupt today is Robert Graves's preface to his new book of poems: —

I write poems for poets. . . . For people in general I write prose and am content that they should be unaware that I do anything else. To write poems for other than poets is wasteful. The moral of the Scilly Islanders, who earned a precarious livelihood by taking in one another's washing, is . . . that nowhere in the Western Hemisphere was washing so well done.

This hermetic attitude on the part of one of England's best living poets is no rootless affectation. It has a long and respectable literary ancestry. My objection to it is pragmatic rather than absolute: ivory towers are not equipped with air-raid shelters. Culture is not a self-sufficient island separated from some safely distant mainland but is infinitely vulnerable and infinitely responsive to outside stimuli. The Scilly Islanders of Robert Graves's metaphor are very silly islanders. Or have we forgotten the war so soon? For it never did hurt a free culture to try to broaden its base.

ON HUMAN MISUNDERSTANDING

by HAROLD NICOLSON

ANYONE who has had experience of public speaking or lecturing will agree with me that, whereas the limits of human understanding are strictly confined, there are no limits to human misunderstanding. The line of comprehension runs strict and narrow as a military canal; the area of incomprehension possesses no outline at all, but fades beyond the horizon, having the immensity and the countless silly smiles of the Pacific Ocean.

For three quarters of an hour one will have expounded in simple language and with becoming clarity the thesis, let us say, that the French romantic movement owed much to the romantic movements in England and Scotland by which it had been preceded. The audience, let us assume, is composed exclusively of men and women who would resent being told that they were wholly uneducated and quite incapable of using their minds. And yet, when one has finished speaking and the chairman calls upon the audience to put questions to the lecturer, one becomes aware that, by some curious process of transmutation, one's words have assumed in the minds of one's hearers totally different and unwanted shapes.

There will be the man who, after a few tiresome and irrelevant remarks about Burns, will ask whether the lecturer does not agree that the *Gitanjali* of Rabindranath Tagore shows influences deriving from the Celtic school. There will be the woman who, adopting in her nervousness a tone of truculent suspicion, will inquire with scorn how it comes that the lecturer should never have read Madame de Staël's book on Germany. It is of no use replying to such a question with the remark that Madame de Staël has nothing whatever to do with the theme of the lecture just delivered. The questioner, with increased truculence and suspicion,

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will carry the rest of the audience with her in having demonstrated that the lecturer is either deliberately concealing an important fact, or is a man of no knowledge or qualification, an unlettered impostor, not ignorant only, but in addition deceitful.

A former colleague of mine in the House of Commons once informed me that it had become for him a physical torture to listen to speeches other than his own. I go further than this. If I find myself faced by a dull audience, it becomes an almost intolerable burden to hear the sound of my own voice. I sometimes resort to a device to test whether my audience is really such a moron as it looks. I introduce into my speech or lecture a passage regarding the tendency of human beings to use comforting phrases without examining the meaning or implications of the words they use. I then illustrate this remark by telling them a true story. The moment one says, "Now, I can tell you a story to illustrate my point," their attention, which has been drooping, becomes alert; all audiences like stories. I then tell them how, at the time of the Hoare-Laval crisis, I received a letter from a constituent.

"Sir," the letter ran, "cannot you persuade the Government that what the people of this country want is Collective Security, and that they will never stand for any European entanglements?"

If the audience is amused by this story, then I decide that they are less stupid than I had imagined, and my interest in my own lecture revives. But if, as frequently happens, they receive the story with expectant eyes and mouths half opened, indicating that there *must* be more to come, then I conclude my lecture as best I can, saddened by the dull weight of human incomprehension.

I was reading this morning an interesting leaflet sent me by Mr. Tom Harrison of Mass-Observation. The leaflet describes the results of a survey which had been conducted in order to ascertain how far the ordinary citizen understood the Government

White Paper or, in its more popular garb, *The Battle for Output*. Mass-Observation began by asking people how they interpreted the drawing on the cover. This drawing was designed for the Central Office of Information in order to impart a matey appearance to Cmd. 7046; to me it seems a spirited and simple picture.

Yet according to Mr. Harrisson the purport of the design is not always understood by the ordinary citizen. A workingman approached the picture from an ideological angle; to him it was intended to convey the struggle between the forces of the Left (colored red) and the forces of the Right (colored blue). A housewife in Kilburn decided that the picture was meant to represent a man trying to commit suicide by hanging; whereas an artisan, when shown the design, decided that it symbolized a workingman striving to do his work but eternally entangled in the meshes of red tape.

It is not surprising, therefore, that if the popular cartoon upon the outside of *The Battle for Output* could lead to misunderstanding, an even greater degree of incomprehension would follow as the pages were turned. Mr. Harrisson and his friends were anxious to discover how many of the words used in the text were understood by the ordinary citizen and how many were not. They thus selected a few typical specimens and used them for what, I regret to say, Mr. Harrisson calls "reaction tests." He found that the word "flexible" was generally understood, as was also the word "deprive." The word "assess," however, was often supposed to bear some relation to the word "assist." Many people were confused by words such as "ultimately," "resources," and "subordinates." The expression "formulate," which to my ears is a simple if tiresome Civil Service word, was variously interpreted as meaning "speed up," "get together," and "first to get going"; whereas the word "conception" was defined as "the Government's personal point of view."

Having experimented with these reaction tests in the shape of isolated words, Mass-Observation then proceeded to examine how far whole sentences could be understood. They took the sentence, "The gap between resources and requirements will in the end be closed by some of the requirements being left unsupplied." I admit that this sentence is a pretty stiff example of officialese, but, when read the third time, its meaning is not in doubt. Yet Mass-Observation discovered that few could understand it. Many were infuriated by the long and

tortuous words employed; whereas one citizen, when asked to interpret the phrase, plunged his hands into his hair and ejaculated, "Oh, God!"

Another sentence — not perhaps in itself a gem of basic English — ran as follows: "The objectives of this paper embody the Government's determination to put first things first." This, as we may well believe, led to a whole crop of variant interpretations.

"It probably means," said one citizen, "that the Government want to run all industries instead of being run privately."

A laborer of the age of thirty, when confronted with this horrible sentence, remarked (and I should hesitate to say that he is wholly wrong), "It means sort of conscription."

Another laborer, a younger man, opined that the sentence meant, "They are going to fetch things up to a standard of living what we were used to before the war."

When asked more precisely to define the meaning of the words "objectives" and "embody," people answered that the first signified "obstacles" and the second "enforce." All of which leads one to suppose that when the Prime Minister stated on February 27 that the White Paper "is written in simple language and I am sure the bulk of the people can read it and understand it," he was either speaking optimistically or else using the word "bulk" in a specialized sense.

Mr. Harrisson does not conclude from this that the public are unintelligent; he concludes, and I think he is right, that there is a wide gap between the ordinary citizen's powers of understanding and the language in which he is addressed. Many political speeches, he contends, are delivered in a language which is above people's heads and is in fact a "ritual survival" from an age in which electors were few and literate. Mr. Harrisson's opinion coincides with that of Hitler, who always held that a demagogue should use very few expressions, but repeat them all the time, until they become detached from their own meanings and are echoed as cries and calls.

All this provides for one a salutary lesson. May it not be, perhaps, that when I get angry with audiences for misinterpreting my remarks, the fault lies, not with the audience, but with myself? Am I quite certain that neither in speech nor writing would I ever use words such as "requirements being left unsupplied"? No, I am not quite certain.

THE PRESS AND ITS CRITICS

by LOUIS M. LYONS

NOWHERE in the metropolitan press was it front-page news when a distinguished commission reported that the press is endangering its own freedom. In countless newspapers the report of the Commission on Freedom of the Press, *A Free and Responsible Press* (University of Chicago Press), went unnoticed, though it was made available in concise summary by all three press services. Even many large city papers carried nothing on it, and it appeared in others only in columns by Walter Lippmann or Marquis Childs.

No other institution could have been criticized by as distinguished a group as Chancellor Hutchins's commission without having the indictment land on the front page. The lack of news the press found in this report is itself news of interest to those of us who have been buying papers all these years under the illusion that the newspapers cover the news. It is, incidentally, one of the central points of the report on the freedom of the press that there's an unhealthy absence of self-criticism in our newspapers.

No newspaper carried the full text. The New York Times carried a competent summary in three and one-half columns on page 24. The Christian Science Monitor gave up a full page to a digest of the report. These were among the few papers that gave readers, in the headline, a chance to realize that here was something they might want to read.

Most headlines ran only some variation of "Freedom of the Press in Danger." It sounded like the familiar cry of the publishers that somebody is after them. A reader must have been immune to boredom if he read below such a worn-out wolf cry. I have a whole bale of papers collected by a friend who alerted his exchange room for me. The same headline over the same AP story on approximately the same page 24 runs monotonously through the Detroit Free Press, Washington Star, Wilkes-Barre Record, and Tampa Tribune.

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Yet the little Spartanburg Herald could spell out "Press Must Be Responsible, Commission Finds." The Cleveland Plain Dealer headline was "Press Held Endangering Its Own Freedom by Abusing It." That's correct. That's what the man said. But try and find it in nine tenths of the papers.

It is always unsafe to say of anything that it was not in a given newspaper. There are enough obscure places for items to lurk under the ads on the back pages to defeat the most painstaking searcher. Or it might have run in the early upcountry edition and been dropped from the later more important ones — as they handled this story in Minneapolis. But it is safe to say that in any of the Boston papers except the Christian Science Monitor it would have taken an assiduous search to discover any news about the most thorough and competent examination of the press they ever had a chance to print. The Wilkes-Barre Record had staff enough to handle it. The Newark News wrote its own story. The Scranton Tribune gave its readers more service on this news than the Boston Post or Boston Traveler, which gave their readers nothing. The Boston Herald had no news on it, but two days later ran an editorial-page article brushing it off, by John Crider, editor of the Herald. That was the only thing written on the subject in Boston outside the Monitor. The Boston Globe would have had nothing on it at all if Walter Lippmann hadn't happened to base his column that day on one point in the report.

The extraordinary number of major newspapers that left all responsibility in the matter to syndicated columnists, chiefly Lippmann and Childs, is a noteworthy commentary itself on the responsibility of the press. This was not true of the Louisville Courier-Journal, where editor-owner Barry Bingham wrote the paper's appraisal of the report under his own name. It was not true of the Christian Science Monitor, which had a signed article and editorial besides a page of news. The New York Herald Tribune ran editorial, book column, and news story on it. The New York Times, besides

daily editorial and news, made it the lead topic of its Sunday book section in an article by editorial writer R. L. Duffus. The *Washington Post*, while carrying both Lippmann and Childs on the report, had its own story and editorial. The *San Francisco Chronicle* made it a prominent news story; the *Portland Oregonian*, its lead editorial. These and maybe one or two more call the roll of papers that took it in stride as news to report and discuss.

Some editorials were fatuous. Said the *Nashville Banner*: "The very fact that the press gives prominence and liberal space to their indictments of it refutes at least some of the charges." Huh, liberal space!

The *Asheville Times* carried three inches of the AP report under the head "Freedom of the Press Held in Peril," and so edited the story that it contained no slightest suggestion that the peril is found within the press itself. The *Asheville Citizen* carried no news of the press report. (It ran the Marquis Childs column which happened to be on it.) But next day when the radio report of the same commission came out, the *Citizen* had half a column to devote to the criticism of the rival medium.

Approximately the maximum coverage outside the metropolitan press was that of the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* with a column-and-a-half AP story under a two-column head on page 10, and the Childs column. I haven't found any trace of the report in any Hearst paper.

The treatment of the report in the trade paper of the press, *Editor and Publisher*, was really something. They spent ten pages on it. The biggest type on their first page is given to the exultant discovery that the report failed to charge advertiser control of newspapers but did make that charge of radio. (R. L. Duffus in the *New York Times* observed that the finding of owner bias in the newspapers is a more serious charge.) They carry a full news summary of the report. Then come four articles of refutation. One is a blast by Frank Tripp, general manager of the Gannett papers, which is so hysterical as to leave no doubt as to one outfit the shoe fitted. Another is described as an answer to the "monopolist charge," by the editor of the *Elkhart Truth*, evidently a well-intentioned paper; and if I never heard of it, that is no fault of its forthright editor. But if *Editor and Publisher* meant us to think they had to go to a place as small as Elkhart to find a local news monopoly, let us also mention Kansas City, Providence, Minneapolis, Springfield, Worcester, Manchester, Rochester, Camden, Trenton, Toledo, Omaha, Duluth, Des Moines, Richmond, Louisville, Galveston.

Wilbur Forrest, president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors and himself attached to the publisher's office of the *New York Herald Tribune*, says he's going to try to get the ASNE to reply to "loosely drawn attacks on the American press." He sees the commission under influences "long designed to undermine the public confidence in the press." "Are we to sit quietly by and permit people who have very little knowledge of the workings of newspaper publishing or editing to preach so-called reformation blindly and without the slightest responsibility?" Not if Mr. Forrest knows it. "There will be editors who will not agree with me," he concedes.

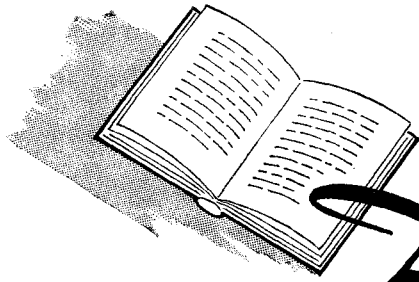
Evidently, and one of them must be in his own office, the editor of the *Herald Tribune's* editorial page, which warned the press that the substance of the report "is one which neither press nor radio nor motion pictures can afford to shrug off as professorial whimsy." The vice-president of the ASNE, Erwin Canham, must be another who disagrees with Mr. Forrest, for the *Christian Science Monitor*, of which Mr. Canham is editor, says of the report, "This is a most thoughtful, penetrating, inclusive study of the great mediums of communication in the United States. We hope American newspapers will not bristle at all this excellent advice from without. We hope they will augment it with self-criticism and self-improvement."

The *New York Times*, whose editors are eligible to Mr. Forrest's society, concluded its appraisal of the report by saying, "We welcome the study made by the commission. We applaud the title of this report. Freedom and responsibility must always be linked together." Mr. Forrest is an interesting example of a professional defender of an institution. He makes one think of Doctor Fishbein.

One mustn't omit Colonel McCormick's *Chicago Tribune*. Its headline tells its story. "A Free Press (Hitler Style) Sought for U.S. Totalitarians Tell How It Can be Done." The *Chicago Tribune* exists to prove that the incredible is actual and always with us.

The *Chicago Sun* editorialized that the *Tribune's* "news" account "is itself a pretty conclusive documentation of the commission's charge of bias and irresponsibility in the press." Then it proceeds to document more and equally striking news-twisting in the same issue of the *Tribune*, and to observe, "Now do you see what Doctor Hutchins' commission was talking about?"

This example illustrates also the internal criticism of the press that the commission says is needed. I think Chicago is about the only place where you'll find it.



THE ATLANTIC

Bookshelf



THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

THERE is a great pond not far from our summer house, whose changing moods it is a delight to explore. The body of water is surrounded by conifers out of which tower the landmark pine, and is accessible only to those who will bring their own boat. No house, dock, or open road mars its shut-in tranquillity. Because it is little used, it is well used. Here are no eggshells, broken bottles, and stray papers to remind you of those American travelers who love to litter. One deeply wooded point (known to us as Pulpit Corner because of the angler who still-fishes there for hours in his little high-seated skiff like a pulpit) has a rock-laid fireplace, and chunks of birch neatly cut and stacked for the newcomer. The few who use this water do so with vigilance and with the apprehension that it cannot remain forever inviolate from the metropolis which lies only twenty-eight miles away.

With canoe lashed on the top of our car or in a borrowed truck, here we have come for innumerable family picnics. Noon is a good time to start, but even so, the hours are not long enough to satisfy the anticipation which begins to grow in the mind the day before. We lower the canoe gently into the little path through the reeds; we mount the spinning rod and the fly rod; Twelve takes his place in the bow; the mate seats herself against the thwart, with the lunch basket and Mickie, the spaniel — still shivering with excitement for all his sixteen years; the worms and the fishing box are placed under my seat; and then we probe and battle our way through the path and out into the miniature lake. Mickie,

hindquarters trembling, peers intently over the gunwale as the water slides back. When he lets out a half-eager yelp he speaks for us all; whereupon Twelve, who is just as eager as he is, pokes him with the paddle.

With three years' familiarity we have imagined the ground plan of this hidden water. Along this left bank the white perch have their habitat (or had — have they moved?); Pulpit Corner is the private hunting ground of one or two big bass (we have seen and hefted a 4½-pounder landed by the Pulpit Corner fisherman); half a mile away among those rocks lie the bass beds; the yellow perch are thick in the marsh water by the Outlet; the pickerel congregate in White Pine Cove; and there are one or two other dens — which I would rather not disclose — where my flies have disturbed the sun-and-shadow siesta of the sly and cautious bass.

This body of water, less than a mile long, is full of the unexpected. I have yet to learn the name of the small scarlet high-stemmed flower which rises close to shore, and whose reflection is so lovely against the green. I have yet to know with any certainty which fly is the best for this water in July: I have seen a big bass come clear out of water for my Gray Ghost, and again and again I have seen bass follow that fly when I had found their lair, but too often it is the pickerel, not the bass, which takes. I have seen the entire finny tribe put down by a thunderstorm and remain dormant in those tranquil hours which follow. I have learned that the excitement of fishing, like that of lecturing, shrivels the stomach, and that the sandwiches taste like sand (except to Mickie) if eaten in the canoe, while if eaten ashore the fever to be out paddling makes two of them a meal.

I have been caught — alone this time — in one of those magical sunset hours when what seemed like a million fish were feeding on the flies which strewed the calm water, and when no artificial fly I had to offer distracted them for an instant. For solace I

have gathered the waxy water lilies at the day's end when the big one got away, and more than once, as we turned into our home path between the reeds, have disturbed in that warm shallow water a fish which would have gladdened our hearts could we have found him earlier at his address.

As we fish and picnic on the pond this summer, our campaign for Mr. Smallmouthed will be guided by that wise and well-written new book of **Ray Bergman's**, *With Fly, Plug and Bait*. Here is the kind of experienced thinking which brings you to a new understanding of the topography; here is advice calculated upon the time of the year, the temperature of the water, and the temptation of the lurker. Again and again Mr. Bergman cautions the angler not to rush. Play the plug or the fly more slowly. Let that wise big-shouldered bass make up his mind that here is something to follow before you draw it away and thrash out in a new direction. Like the best of our angler-authors, Mr. Bergman enjoys writing. He brings to his pages not only the incidents of four decades of skillful fishing, episodes to make your mouth water, but also the alertness, the forethought, and the fresh expectancy with which every fisherman should come to the water in the prime of the year.

Southern demagogue

It was my fault that I missed **Robert Penn Warren's** best novel when it appeared. Friends had told me long before it received the Pulitzer Prize that *All the King's Men* was an exceptionally well drawn narrative of the South; that it caught, with far more accuracy than *It Can't Happen Here* and Dos Passos's *Number One*, the aspiration, the corruptibility, and the sheer cussed vitality which go into the making of an American demagogue. Belatedly I took up the book, and have found it a story to be enjoyed in sips like a julep, not in gulps.

Writers, like David Cohn, who once worked in the Kingdom of Huey Long, while acknowledging his damage and his vulnerability, have added that he rose in answer to a local need, that in a measure he did serve the poor and ignorant, and that if he had been aimed right, if he had been helped instead of thwarted by those he had to buck in his formative career, he might have been a better public servant. It is this mixture of the good and the bad which Mr. Warren makes so plausible in the rise of Willie Stark, the back-country lawyer in a Southern state who is flimflammed by the boys in the smoke-filled room in his first earnest bid for political office. Willie wakes up to realize that he knows the needs and can speak the language of the electorate far better than

those who have grown old in office, so he goes out to settle his score and, when he has won the election, to make the state over in his own likeness.

Willie has the sympathy of a missionary and the lust of the hot-blooded. He has a rhetorical power which can be coruscating and magnetic. He has an eye for any woman and a spectacular command of the mob. With his remorseless love of power and his cynical knowledge of men, he proves to be irresistible in his home state. All of this is a familiar story and one which could easily have been overdone, but in Mr. Warren's skillful human treatment it comes to us with the force of something authentic and dangerous; it enlarges our knowledge of a demagoguery which feeds too often on the susceptibilities of our home-grown democracy.

The rise and the reign of Willie Stark are seen through the eyes of Jack Burden, a seedy, cynical journalist who is one of his inside men and who, in attaching himself to Willie, has rebelled against the semi-aristocracy of the big houses set back in the magnolias and oaks of Burden's Landing, where he was born. Jack's nearest and dearest, his hollow-cheeked, man-hungry mother; his Roman senator, Judge Irwin; his boyhood love, Anne Stanton; and his best friend, Adam, the great surgeon-to-be — these are creatures of romanticism drawn too evidently from the "Colonel Massa" school and made to seem doubly romantic through the inverse cynicism of Jack's observations. All of them are to me highly colored and all of them slightly incredible when compared with such a sinister trio as Willie Stark, Tiny Duffy, and Sadie Burke.

I think Mr. Warren was wholly right in employing the romantic as a counterfoil to the ugly realism of the politicians, but I wish he did not indulge in it to such great length. The long account of Jack Burden's Ph.D. thesis is an instance of this romantic overindulgence. It contributes nothing to the central theme and, as it rambles on, it becomes one of those egocentric disquisitions which mar the pages of Thomas Wolfe. *All the King's Men* would have gained from a higher power of selection; it would have gained, as Sinclair Lewis has pointed out, from the open recognition throughout the story that there were also Negroes in the Kingdom of Willie Stark. But take it for what it is — a superb portrait of the Southern demagogue, a man and a type, who has it in his power to do irreparable harm to the country we love — and you have an exceptionally good novel.

The brass hat

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to the days of the British Navy of Nelson, to participate in the career of a shy and frosty officer who had much more charm for the ladies than he ever suspected, and much more naked courage in handling men than he ever dreamed of, the night before his battles. The Hornblower stories establish Forester as one of the ablest sea narrators of our time, on a par with Masfield and Nordhoff and Hall. Indeed, the success tended to obliterate for American readers the very real value of his earlier novel *The General*, which I am glad to say has been recently reissued.

The General is the most stern and unimpeachable picture of a brass hat to emerge from the First World War. In its story, it sums up the half-affectionate and half-condemnatory attitude of the British public and, more particularly, of the British volunteers of Kitchener's Mob toward the traditional officer of the old British Army unable to adjust himself to the conditions of modern warfare. General Curzon, the hero of this story, is a kind of older brother of Captain Horatio Hornblower: he is a fine Cavalry officer of the old school, dedicated to his profession and possessed of all military virtues except a nimble intelligence. In short, he is brave and wooden-headed, where the young mariner is brave and resourceful.

For a long time luck favors Curzon. He wins his first reputation and his D.S.O. in the Boer War, when, groggy from a wound, he has the good luck to lead his squadron to the unprotected flank of the Boers. In 1914 he is part of the Cavalry Brigade which is almost annihilated in the retreat from Mons, and in that action he wins his second reputation for holding on at all costs.

Curzon's rise from Major, in 1914, to Major General, and then to Lieutenant General by the Battle of the Somme, is accomplished partly by reputation, partly by the superb care he takes of his troops, partly by his ruthless discipline, and partly by his lucky, if awkward, marriage. But his incapacities as a soldier are as close to the surface as they were when he was twenty. His love of horse and lance, his inability to grasp the meaning of machine gun and tank, are more than the indictment of a brave woodenhead. This story is an ironic, affectionate, deeply probing analysis of that military mind which, by its bullheadedness, lost England the best army it had ever trained and which, when the Germans broke through in 1918, had no other answer than to mount its horse and ride straight to suicide at the closed crossroad.

The target of this criticism was once essentially British, but there is a wider interest in it for us all now.

IS THIS RUSSIA?

by SIR BERNARD PARES

RUSSIA: MENACE OR PROMISE, by Vera Micheles Dean (Holt, \$2.00)

WHY THEY BEHAVE LIKE RUSSIANS, by John Fischer (Harper, \$2.75)

STALIN MUST HAVE PEACE, by Edgar Snow (Random House, \$2.50)

HERE are three more books on Russia, all of them short and all very readable. In the long run, if the reader will absorb it, the most important is that of Vera Micheles Dean. It is the least argumentative, because, as most serious students of Russia will recognize, it is the nearest to an accepted statement of exactly how things are in the Soviet Union. I can see no bias of any kind, only a highly intelligent exposition of actual facts; and it covers, in turn, all the main questions on which the American public needs to be accurately informed. The best that I can do is to refer the reader to the book itself and to advise him to read and reread it.

This book is only a part of the service that Mrs. Dean, in her unremitting work for the Foreign Policy Association, is contributing to the cause of understanding and peace. One must pay a tribute to those accessions to American citizenship from Russia who, from the standpoint of those principles of democracy in which they and we believe, can write about their old country with such objectivity and fidelity.

In the middle of the book it seemed to me that some of Mrs. Dean's suggestions as to ways out of our present world confusion, especially those on economic issues, were not very clearly thought out. But I cannot too strongly recommend to general attention the advice contained in her concluding pages. The way to meet the challenge of revolutionary ideas is not to run away from them or to try to crush them by force, but to set ourselves to remove the causes of revolution. I often wonder why those who claim to be champions of democracy have so little faith in its virtue and strength. We in England are no longer afraid of the Russian Revolution because our public is much better informed about it and knows we can stand up to it, especially since the great trial of strength in the General Strike of 1926. I like those lines of the "Marseillaise" which run: —

Liberté, Liberté chérie,
Combats avec tes défenseurs.

There is quite a lot that democracy can and should be free to do in its own defense.

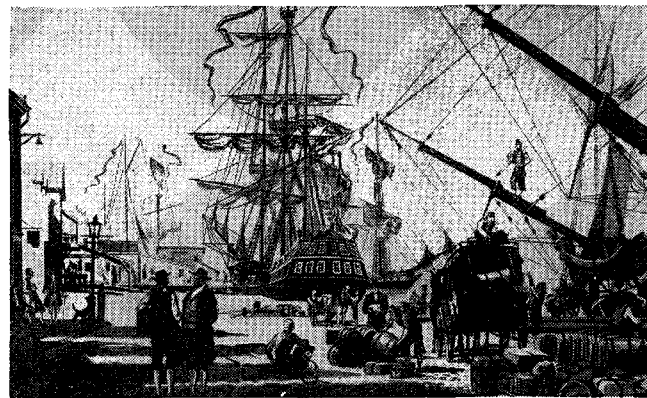
John Fischer's book, though it is entertaining and

contains some useful comments, is on a much lower level. It is entitled: "Why They Behave Like Russians"; but if Mr. Fischer knew more about Russia, he might have called it: "Why the Russians Don't Behave Like Russians"; and he might have given as the answer: "Because they are made to, when they are talking to us." Gareth Vaughan Jones, that brilliant young Welsh investigator of Russia who was killed by Chinese bandits the day before he would have been thirty, would put a polite question and receive the official answer; then both Welshman and Russian, both questioner and questioned, would smile, and after that a real conversation would begin; but then Gareth had perfect Russian and knew Russia well. Mr. Fischer has boosted his credentials, with the result that they read rather thin. It is true that two months in the Ukraine without the language and in an escorted party is three weeks more than William L. White, also without the language, had under a closer escort; but as usual, short knowledge leads to confident judgments.

I consider that Mr. Fischer had no right whatever to try to scare the American public with a menace that Russia's program of heavy industry carries an implication of an attack on the United States. It was only this program, starting almost from scratch, that made it possible for Russia as our ally, with plentiful Allied help, to meet Hitler in the field, and it was American industry that, before all other things, gave us the victory. Russia has now to start again from the beginning; and, as has been pointed out conclusively by Edgar Snow, to reach the point where America now stands will take Russia at least fifteen years. But heavy industry has a far more immediate task in Russia of today. Nothing else can bring the country even approximately nearer to present living conditions in America and repair the immense ruin to which Mr. Fischer bears convincing testimony.

Mr. Fischer's contribution is, of course, in no way to be compared to Mr. Snow's. Mr. Snow is much more controversial than Mrs. Dean, but for that very reason his appeal to our attention is more immediate. Mr. Snow is answering others — a whole chorus of them, and many of no more authority than Mr. Fischer. He is frankly "replying for Russia" — that is, for the real Russia — more effectively than is ever done by Mr. Molotov. He is reasonable and restrained, and when he is forcible, it is because he is meeting argument with argument.

For instance, Mr. Snow at last puts in its proper perspective the speech, to which Mr. Fischer rather casually alludes, made by Stalin in February, 1946, on the program of his government before an election. Stalin, as he said in the clearest way to Elliott Roosevelt, knows he cannot call on his people for another war, and that in any country a war is unthinkable without the support of the people. The universal desire of his people is for some early restoration of tolerable living conditions, for at present Russia is still something very like a rubbish heap.



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The road to better living conditions, as before the war, lies through heavy industry, and Stalin has braced his people to a long, weary task of peaceful construction. It is a poor thing if any mention of the word "steel" in Russian plans is to raise a shudder in the American reader and cause talk of preventive wars with atomic bombs. That is the atmosphere that makes for war. Stalin, as Mr. Snow has shown, needs peace more imperatively than we.

Mr. Snow faithfully lays a heavy hand on the initial and most serious cause of misunderstanding between the two countries when he speaks (page 50) of the "incredibly blockheaded treatment of American correspondents" in Russia. As Harrison Salisbury has put it in his illuminating *Russia on the Way*, this is a central infection that poisons outside relations at the source. This is what gives the newspaper chains outside Russia every chance of distorting the news. "A little study, and Russia is no riddle," writes Mr. Snow, challenging the flimsiest of Mr. Churchill's epigrams. Mr. Snow suggests (page 70) that Russia may have to become a compulsory study in America, and it is in that direction that this country is already rapidly moving, for since Pearl Harbor the number of colleges offering this study has risen from 19 to 112. Mr. Snow's book contains a whole number of simple verities which, with study, will become evident. They are "the other side of the question," and they are just those which have not been understood here. By putting them before us, both he and his publishers have done a great and courageous service.

CRAFTSMANSHIP AND THE ART SCHOOL

by ARTHUR POPE

IN *Twilight of Painting*, R. H. Ives Gammell (Putnam, \$5.00) has made a serious and sincere attempt to analyze what he considers the deplorable state in which the art of painting finds itself at the present day and to suggest certain remedies. The book contains perhaps too much in the way of sweeping generalities, but the vigor with which these are stated adds to its interest. Its chief value lies in the discussion of the decline of craftsmanship in painting in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries and of the emergence and failure of the art school system, until at the present day, from the standpoint of technical performance, the line of demarcation between the work of the professional and that of the amateur is exceedingly narrow. Of particular interest is the unusually clear account of

the gradual abandonment of the apprentice system of training in favor first of the atelier and then of the art school as we know it today.

One finds oneself constantly in agreement with many of the author's statements and one is tempted to quote far more than is appropriate for a review. A single example may suffice: —

The art school is so absurd an institution from the point of view of training painters that it seems incredible that intelligent artists should have wasted their energies teaching in them. The art school inevitably is run on a business basis, and, in order to pay for itself or to justify the support of its sponsors, it must attract and keep as large a number of students as possible. More often than not the administration is quite separate from the teaching staff and chooses the instructors for their ability to bring in students rather than for their ability to teach the austere and difficult art of painting. The great majority of students that support the schools have not sufficient natural gifts to become painters at all. Indeed, most of them give up art, wisely enough, after having paid tuition for a few years. In each class there may be, at best, three or four students who would have the makings of painters in them, if given proper instruction.

This they cannot possibly get. In the crowded classes they cannot set up their easels in a proper relation to the model. The slovenly standard of work set by the general level of the students inevitably affects their own work. Twice a week the teacher comes in. The task of criticizing so large a number of students is a formidable one. His average criticism is five minutes per student. In the general confusion he has little opportunity to size up the needs of the few students who really deserve his help. He may not even detect their presence. Only the most general of his ideas get across to the class at all.

This certainly should give pause to fond parents who are tempted in their pride to send all talented children off on an artist's career.

At the same time the book is puzzling in its general point of view and at times exasperating in its prejudices. The contempt for the obvious incompetence shown in much so-called modern painting, as well as in most representational painting of the present day, blinds the author to the at least interesting character of the best of contemporary work, and this is accompanied by an apparent admiration for much painting of the nineteenth century with which it is impossible to sympathize. It is obvious that among the more adventurous and inquiring artists there has been a deliberate breaking down of the plastic or pictorial tradition of the nineteenth century into an experimentation with more abstract modes or with the possibilities of pure design or what is spoken of as non-representational painting.

To lament this experimentation is to take the position of a person in the third or fourth century of the Christian era who might have lamented a similar breaking down of the ancient plastic tradition — a change of point of view which finally culminated in the mosaics of San Vitale and Haghia Sophia! On the whole, paintings which emphasize a two-dimensional pattern are more adapted to the rooms in which we live today than the dark and heavily framed affairs of the nineteenth century.

In spite of the author's accurate description of the changes in teaching that took place in the nineteenth century, he fails to take into account the fundamental factor which caused these changes: namely, the change in the character of artistic patronage. This may be briefly stated as follows. Down to the end of the eighteenth century, dominance in artistic patronage was in the hands of persons who, in spite of all the variations in fashion, were trained to distinguish between good and bad performance. With the economic and social changes of the nineteenth century, a new class of persons arose with the necessary wealth to patronize the arts, and this class in its turn became dominant in the control of artistic production. There was a demand for more artists, and the big exhibitions created a chance for fame or reputation on the part of mediocre painters who catered to the taste for the grandiose, sensational, or sentimental. It was the necessity of teaching larger and larger numbers of would-be artists that brought about the gradual change to the atelier and then to the art school system of teaching.

Much the same state of affairs exists today. Trained persons able to distinguish between good and bad performance either in representational or in abstract types of painting are lamentably few, and incompetence is the general rule. Performance — craftsmanship — of a level that would not be tolerated, for instance, in music is accepted with little protest. The importance of the patron in all this is not sufficiently stressed by the author.

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This first novel by a young Filipino writer tells a simple story of a young man's marriage in a remote country village on one of the Philippine Islands — Panay, to be specific — and of his efforts to make a home and living for his wife and sons. But because Stevan Javellana is a real novelist, this plain tale of a man and the life and death of the community he lived in becomes the story of all the Philippines under the heel of Japanese occupation. It is an extraordinarily vivid book, worked from the fabric of Philippine life — quiet, laughable, exalting, bitter, and horrifying; but it is written almost gently, with an undertone of lightness, like the sound of Filipino voices heard in the fields towards the end of day. Its roots are deep in the earth from which, in spite of the



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embroideries of science, all life springs, and its simplicity makes it universal. It belongs, perhaps, in the category of the great Scandinavian novels of the growth of the soil, but because it deals with Filipinos it also has a gift of sunshine and laughter and broad humor despite the horror with which the ending unfolds.

When Carding Suerte married his Lucing, there was still peace in the Philippines. His father was one of those rare and lucky people who owned a handkerchief of land in his own right; but as it would not grow rice enough to support more than one, he and Carding worked the land of an absent proprietor. This land was so rich that they lived well by village standards and were regarded as fortunate. For a year there was happiness in the new marriage.

Then the landlord's son came to stay in Carding's house, attempted to seduce his wife, and was badly beaten. In revenge the land the Suertes had worked so long it had come to seem almost like their own was taken from them. The old father could live alone off his own freehold's produce, but Carding had to look elsewhere. An experiment with city life was a failure. Carding returned to his home village with nothing to show for his labor. It was then war came.

With others Carding was taken away by the Army to fight on Luzon and on Bataan and to make the Death March with the Americans. When he finally returned to the village, the Japanese controlled the land. He wanted only to rest and to fight no more. How he came to join the guerrillas and fight his own war against the Japanese, and how they retaliated with the insensate and capricious cruelty that marked their occupation, is the ending of the book.

Carding's story is a grim and bitter tale that fits in many quarters of the globe. It has seldom been told so well or with greater feeling for the dignity of simple men in the unholy mess that "civilized" mankind is making of this earth.

WALTER D. EDMONDS

THE WORLD GROWS ROUND MY DOOR

David Fairchild

SCRIBNER, \$5.00

IN WALKING with Dr. Fairchild through "The Kampong," his "home on the edge of the tropics," as it is described in the subtitle of this book, one knows that he loves his house, his trees, his shrubs, and his vines from dozens of distant lands. At the same time, on these occasions, it is apparent that Dr. Fairchild is not rooted to this spot either physically or in spirit; he quite obviously would like nothing better than to depart for some remote country in search of a promising fruit tree or vine, and his conversation, like his newest book, reflects his absorbing interest in a vast number of places, their people, and especially the useful and beautiful plants to be found in them.

For his plants are not the dried subjects of systematic study of the botanist, but useful and pleasing symbols of

the continuity of life, and of the forces of nature in a world full of man-made ugliness, destruction, and stress.

The World Grows Round My Door is at once the story of a house and garden, a series of reminiscences of the life of David Fairchild, and a number of short essays on, among other things, such matters as sense perception, human beings, the kinds of houses people live in in various parts of the world, and the orderliness of the jungle. The Kampong, acquired by the Fairchilds in 1916, stands as a central theme among the separate stories of many plants, of the great figures in the world of botany and plant introduction, and of incidents of plant exploration from the author's world-wide experience.

The house itself, low, rambling, and charming, with its outlook on Biscayne Bay, plays second fiddle to the palms, vines, mangoes, avocados, strange and varied citrus, and hundreds of other mysterious species. Their nurture has not been easy; the limestone has had to be blasted or dug away to provide root space; periodic freezes have killed tender specimens; and three savage hurricanes have left the garden a shambles of uprooted trees and torn limbs. But Dr. Fairchild, as much as he dislikes these excesses of nature, views them with philosophic calm; other trees will grow where those damaged beyond revival grew before.

He is far more perturbed, I think, by the spectacle of modern civilized people destroying the Everglades, for example, or, what I believe he fears almost worse, generally appearing to lose their keenness of perception and full appreciation of the natural world. His mind is inquiring and imaginative, so trained in nature and so unbiased and adventurous in matters of smell, taste, and the appreciation of beauty that he is distressed when others so obviously miss the pleasures he enjoys. Those of like spirit, with imagination and without prejudice, whether plant lovers or not, will relish this book. The 123 excellent photographs, most of them by the author, and not by any means confined to south Florida, bear captions that, in themselves, form a considerable text, adding enormously to the worth of the book.

ALFRED KIDDER, II

PAINTING AND PERSONALITY: A Study of Young Children

UNIV. OF CHICAGO PRESS, \$10.00

Rose H. Alschuler and Laberta Weiss Hattwick

FOR the past quarter century psychoanalysts, psychiatrists, psychologists, and educators have been searching for reliable criteria on which to base reasonably accurate predictions as to behavior. It has been the misfortune or ill luck of such researches that whenever any instrument has been devised, its value has been minimized by one of two very important shortcomings. Either the instrument was devoid of accurate quantitative checks and measures to the point that the scientific method was entirely sabotaged, or — as was more frequently the case — all spontaneity was strait-jacketed with stringent rules and lost among modes, means, medians, and standard deviations.

Notable exceptions (in fact the only ones of any clinical value) to escape these alternative reefs in the realm of tests and measures have been the Rorschach Ink Blot Test and the Thematic Apperception Test of Murray. But in the two-year to five-year age-groups neither of these tests was of much value in uncovering the dynamic aspects of children's behavior. And, finally, though easel and finger painting had received considerable attention in child psychiatric clinics, the results were never subjected to exact and extensive quantitative analysis.

The authors of this two-volume study of children's paintings have eliminated all of these shortcomings and present both the professionally trained, and the interested, well-informed layman with accurate insights and incisive interpretations — all in good writing.

Even a partial enumeration of the methods and contents of their work is enough to establish its value. The importance, in relation to the individual child's total personality, of his choice of media (easel painting, finger painting, crayons, blocks) and of the changes in such choices, as indices of growth and maturity; the actual interpretive value of choice of colors; the expressions in line, form, space usage, placement, again with emphasis on developmental norms relative to these various items; cross-sectional patterns of painting that reveal emotional conflicts and dynamic interpretation of repetitive patterns — all point to a work fundamentally based on the genetic-biological point of view of human behavior. The uses of painting in the diagnosis, therapy, and prognosis of children's emotional problems are conservatively outlined. Adequate case-history material, instructive plates, adequate numbers of cases, and well-chosen statistical expressions form the scientific bases for the interpretations advanced.

These volumes are not stodgy, academic, esoteric studies for the instruction and guidance of psychologists and psychometrists. Nor are they case histories of interest and value to the analyst alone, though certainly Edward Liss, to whom the authors give credit for suggesting this study, must be greatly pleased at the contribution this work makes to his own field. On the contrary, they are extremely readable and interesting volumes concerning the development of the normal child.

GEORGE E. GARDNER, M.D.

THE SIDE OF THE ANGELS \$3.00
Robert McLaughlin KNOFF

IN MORE than a dozen wartime stories in the *New Yorker*, Robert McLaughlin revealed his remarkable talent for reducing the bigotry and intolerance in this country to single, dramatic incidents too human and definitive to be denied or easily forgotten. His first novel, *The Side of the Angels*, is more of the same on a much broader scale, but less restrained and specific, and consequently, less effective.

Against the backdrop of war and changing human values, Mr. McLaughlin has pitted the two Egan brothers — Tom, a youthful and idealistic enlisted man, and Clark, a successful, amoral advertising man of the "huckster" variety who has wangled his way into the OSS. Both are finely drawn characters representing what Mr. McLaughlin considers the good and the evil in our current

Atlantic

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society. Tom, a non-radical liberal, is on the side of the angels and wears his concern for humanity on the sleeve of his battle jacket. Clark cares for no one except himself and sides with the reactionaries, who butter his bread.

The war careers of the two brothers cross and recross, first in New York and later in Italy, with each meeting enhancing the deep schism in their attitudes and reactions. After falling in love with a Jewish girl, Tom is shipped overseas as an infantry replacement and learns war at first hand at Salerno. Clark hobnobs with generals and plays it safe, until he is accidentally caught in the fiasco at Bari, where German planes sank fourteen Allied ships in a single raid. Each is wounded and eventually reaches home for a final meeting and a determined parting of their post-war ways.

Mr. McLaughlin has a Dos Passos eye for detail. The stamp of authenticity is on everything he describes, whether it be the operation of a flame thrower, or the grand strategy for an aborted invasion of Yugoslavia, or the conversations of a young couple engaged in a hurried love affair. He has said much about the war that needed to be said, and said it well. Without resorting to heroics, he has given a graphic account of the barracks-to-battle experiences of a sensitive GI, plus the tale of fast living and frantic furloughs in Washington and New York.

What apparently is disturbing Mr. McLaughlin is the inability of conscientious citizens in a democratic society to hit upon a positive program for progressive action. His hero, Tom Egan, has a desperate desire to fight reaction and racial prejudice, but does not know how to go about it. As Tom himself remarks in a moment of self-criticism, speaking of do-gooders in general, "We're negative, really. We know what we don't want to happen, but that's all. The liberal is the apostle of the irresolute." And the reader is inclined to agree, as far as Tom is concerned, because Mr. McLaughlin makes him the weaker of the two Egan brothers in terms of practical accomplishments. It is the bigoted Clark who is the more likely to change the world to suit his ends.

EDGAR L. JONES

A TREASURY OF MEXICAN FOLKWAYS

Frances Toor

CROWN, \$5.00

SCHOLARS and travelers alike have described the arts and customs of the Mayas and Aztecs of Mexico, present and past, and good roads have introduced the most casual motorists to the flavor and look of Tarascan and Zapotec villages. Miss Toor's monumental new work, while not scanting these more obvious cultures, goes on to describe the cults and the crafts of any number of less accessible peoples: the Huicholes of the states of Nayarit and Jalisco, who worship (and sacramentally eat) aphrodisian gods; the Mixes of Oaxaca, who adore mythical two-horned water serpents; and the Tzeltals of the state of Chiapas, whose dead each year take raucous vacations from a Christianized heaven.

Miss Toor, a Professor of Folklore at the University of

Mexico, has hiked and ridden through the Mexican hinterland for twenty-five years, and during the twenties and thirties edited *Mexican Folkways*, her own sparkling journal. The immensely detailed folkloric thesaurus which results now from so many years of field work falls into four parts, each of which might have been a useful book in itself. The first part, "Work and Worship," describes such fundamental activities of primitive life as the getting of food, shelter, and clothing, together with the rites of religion which pertain to that life.

Part Two, "Society — Custom — Fiesta," takes up variations on the life cycle. The Catholicized Zapotecs of Yalalag in the state of Oaxaca, for instance, cross the coastal mountains on foot to pray at Juquila for babies to carry on the work of the family. Tarahumara women, at the parturition, stand over nests of plucked grass, cling to the branches of trees for support during travail, and go back to work within twenty-four hours — a couple of days before their husbands get over the shock. The education of children in the more pagan groups is spotty for the reason that their parents do not approve of the schools. In the towns, they observe, children are taught only to lie and to steal and be disobedient. Facts of life are come upon early, mostly by close observation, and marriage, more often tribal than civil, soon follows puberty. In Oaxaca, the neighbors shoot off firecrackers if the bridegroom can report that his bride is a virgin. Fiestas, both tribal and Christian, supply the grim cycle of seasons with the color and emotional warmth which nature, a picturesque miser, withholds.

Part Three contains a complete guide to the regional dances which, amongst primitive people, are a structural part and not merely an ornament of the processes of living and dying. The hundred tunes reproduced here, some with a rudimentary bass for guitar or piano, include hymns and ceremonial dances along with ballads and popular songs.

Howard Cline, Alfredo Barrera, Ralph Beals, Donald Cordry, and other colleagues contribute myths and legends to the delightful fourth part of the volume. Margaret Park Redfield relates an enchanting myth of creation in which a Maya St. Joseph, as Adam, begets the Three Kings of the Orient, while Anne Chapman tells a tale from Chiapas in which Santo Tomás invents brandy to make Santo Cristo too merry to flood the world again with a watery stream.

To illustrate more than 500 densely packed pages of fascinating and factual text, there are 170 photographs showing nearly every phase of native Mexican life, 100 ink drawings by Carlos Merida, and ten handsome color plates of regional costumes.

MACKINLEY HELM

KNOCK ON ANY DOOR

\$3.00

Willard Motley

APPLETON-CENTURY

SINCE much of Willard Motley's study of Nick Romano, who began as an altar boy and ended in the electric chair,

is just as good as the publishers claim it is, it seems best to dispose at once of the book's weaknesses. The opening section is slow, a methodical case history of juvenile mischief leading inevitably to the reform school, which corrupts instead of reforming; and because this subject has been covered time and again in the past dozen years, these chapters have an effect of repetitiousness. Through most of the book, Mr. Motley reports Nick's adventures with no change of emphasis or pace. The women characters are all stereotypes. The author occasionally wobbles into sentimentality.

What remains, when these matters have been dutifully pointed out, is a truly remarkable first novel. Soberly, conscientiously, Mr. Motley documents the development of a criminal. It would be more accurate, perhaps, to say the development of a boy who is executed for shooting a policeman, for Nick has little conscious desire to be a criminal, and less talent for it. The background of Nick's tragedy is built up out of small bits and scenes which gradually knit together into an almost unbearably convincing picture of slum life. The people who drift across Nick's path are presented in the same way. They appear first as names, or faces passed in a crowded street, but with each reappearance they gain in solidity.

Nick Romano's life follows the classic pattern of the smalltime, inefficient, adolescent lawbreaker. He is the son of hard-working but rather unsympathetic parents, who look upon Nick's adoption of bad companions as merely another nuisance added to the horrors of the family's sudden poverty. From stealing food because he is hungry, Nick progresses to further petty thievery, and is finally sent to reform school for something that he has not, in fact, done. The brutality and monotony of reform school life turn Nick into an implacable enemy of all civil authority.

When his family moves to Chicago, Nick begins operating in a bigger, better, and much tougher slum. At sixteen he is a finished little hoodlum, thief, mugger, and gambler, with a police record and an addiction to alcohol. Except for a brief and disastrous marriage which inspires him to even briefer attempts at reform, Nick is essentially unchanged when he is convicted, at twenty-one, of murdering a veteran cop named Riley.

Two thirds of Mr. Motley's book describes the way in which a clumsy, careless, impersonal society converts a nice little kid named Nick into a killer called "Pretty Boy Romano." The last third of the book shows this same society gathering its weapons in pious rage to take a highly personal revenge on Nick Romano. Mr. Motley does no preaching, but the indictment is inescapable.

Despite its occasional slowness, despite the prevalence of episodes that one has certainly met before somewhere, *Knock on Any Door* compels the reader's attention by its honesty, its thoroughness, its concern for the people who appear in its pages. And when Mr. Motley gets to Nick's trial, he has no need to compel attention. It will be readily given, for his description of the legal and intellectual battle waged in the courtroom is as exciting, and as full of suspense, as the best cloak-and-sword melodrama ever written.

Knock on Any Door is primarily a social novel, but Mr. Motley has contrived to do what social novelists so often miss. He has created a complete, self-contained, absolutely convincing world.

PHOEBE LOU ADAMS

1946

1947

Atlantic Prizes

to College Students

The Atlantic Contests for College Students for 1946-1947 (closing date April 10) were open to all students using the Atlantic Monthly in a course during some part of the 1946-1947 college year.

Essay Contest

PRIZE—\$50.00

The Resistance, by Eileen Springstun, Ward-Belmont College, Nashville, Tennessee; *Ivar Lou Myhr, Instructor.*

HONORABLE MENTION

The Coiling Serpent: Fascism, by Gene Leach, State College of Washington; *Dorothy Dakin, Instructor.*

The Parable of the Seat, by Lon Skinner Bond, State Teachers College, Indiana, Pennsylvania; *Rhodes R. Stabley, Instructor.*

In Defense of the Loon, by A. Sparks, Ohio Wesleyan University; *Ben Spencer, Instructor.*

Story Contest

PRIZE—\$50.00

Behold the Brown-Faced Men, by Joseph L. Keller, Montana State University; *H. G. Merriam, Instructor.*

HONORABLE MENTION

Never Tell, by Pat Eldridge, University of Pittsburgh; *Edwin L. Peterson, Instructor.*

Two People, by Kenneth I. Taylor, Hamline University, Saint Paul, Minnesota; *Doris B. Garey, Instructor.*

Roddydenderns, by Betty L. Johnson, Grinnell College, Iowa; *Grace Hunter, Instructor.*

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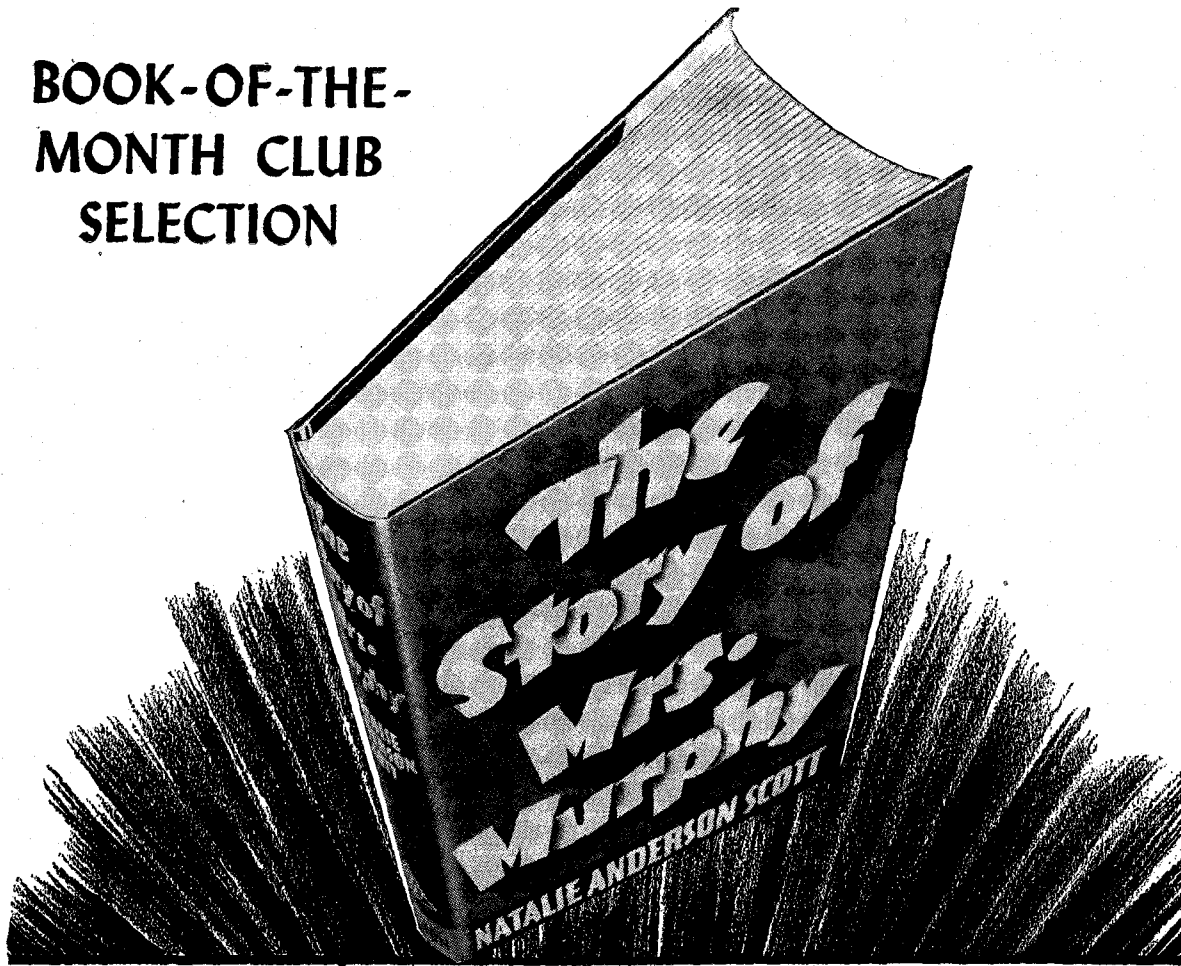
Epitaph (Lyric in Memory of Gertrude Stein), by William Alfred, Brooklyn College, New York; *Catherine M. Reigart, Instructor.*

HONORABLE MENTION

Invocation, by Harold Orel, University of New Hampshire; *Carroll S. Towle, Instructor.*

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH OF MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE, Vermont, announces the award of two scholarships covering tuition for the 1947 session of Bread Loaf School of English: one scholarship to Joseph L. Keller, Montana State University (for his story, **Behold the Brown-Faced Men**), and one scholarship to H. G. Merriam, Instructor of Joseph L. Keller.

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by NATALIE ANDERSON SCOTT

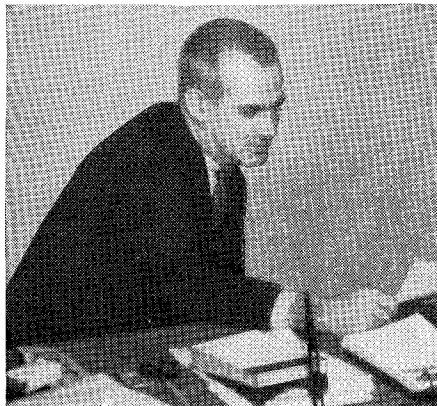
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